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MARION COUNTY, W. Va

CENTENNIAL

863 ★ YEARBOOK ★ 1963

★ *Official Program and Souvenir of the Centennial Year* ★ ★
★ *Published by the Marion County Centennial Committee* ★

1863-1963

Edited and compiled by Joseph E. Hoffmann
with many assists by people of skill, talent, and determination

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A collection of the best Good Morning! *columns by Ned Smith*

SPORTS GREATS	PRICKETT'S FORT	WHEN RELIGIONS CAME
FABULOUS HOMES	VALLEY FALLS	STORY OF EDUCATION
HISTORY OF MINING	BOOTHSVILLE	THE LAST INDIAN
ANTIQUE MAPS	"AUGUSTA COUNTY"	MAFIA OF MARION
TALES OF THE PAST	WHAT TO SEE AND DO	PREDICTIONS-Past & Future

Our non-profit price to you $1.00

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GENEALOGY COLLECTION

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This Book is Only the Beginning

This book is designed to be only a beginning—to set the stage for a do-it-yourself Centennial Year project for you.

Remember back in your school days:—someone always inscribed his book from the infinitesimal to the infinite—like: John Jones, Third Grade, Glover Gap School, Marion County, West Virginia, United States, Western Hemisphere, The Earth, The Solar System, The Milky Way, The Universe, etc., etc.

The Do-It-Yourself project is the reverse pattern:—You're on the way to doing it by buying this book. Earlier, you bought maybe a world history, then sometime or another you bought a United States history, last spring from the Jaycees you bought "West Virginia in Color."

Now you have in your hand the Centennial Yearbook for Marion County which is little less than a harbinger of the authorative History of Marion county which is to be brought out in a shelf-size edition by G. Wayne Smith, Professor of History at Fairmont State College.

Now, for doing-it-yourself, the job for you is to sit down in this Centennial Year—the year everyone becomes interested in history—and set out a history of your neighborhood and of your family.

Establish a scrap book and keep clippings, notes, letters from friends and clever bill collectors, photographs and maybe, if you can trace back far enough, a geneology for posterity. Even if the kids won't enjoy it, you'll get a kick out of looking at it years from now.

Use good paste, (ask the library what kind), but don't use rubber cement, it isn't permanent. Use good photomounts or professional type dry mounting tissue and use a good quality scrapbook paper. Most important—date everything and give a proper source for the information.

Best of all, write something, even if it is just a paragraph or two of daily happenings. Your progeny will know what you look like from a picture but they'll only know the real you as well as you can reveal yourself in the written word.

This Centennial Yearbook wouldn't be possible without the scrapbooks accumulated by E. E. Meredith, the photographs saved by many good people, and the clipped columns of "Good Morning."

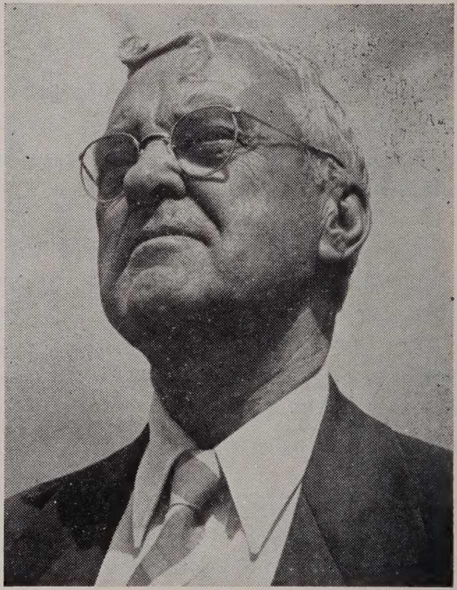
So—Do-It-Yourself in 1963—leave something of yourself and your family to those who will come along in the years to follow.

"Have a good time with your scrapbook," says Your Editor in clipped accents and with a pasty expression.

Editor of the West Virginia Centennial Yearbook for Marion County, Joseph E. Hoffmann, as he looked several years ago. In 1963 he was a member of the public relations staff of Monongahela Power Co., with newspaper and public relations experience at the Charleston Gazette, Wheeling News-Register, Oglebay Institute, Morris Harvey and Bethany Colleges.

The-Getting-Out-Of-This-Book is dedicated to Vada Roberts, who was dedicated to The-Getting-Out-Of-This-Book.

The many hours of art work, done superbly by Mrs. Eleanor Hawkins Baret, shows itself in the center page map of Marion County and the artist's conceptions of Prickett's Fort and possible state park.



E. E. Meredith, newspaper editor, collector of memorabilia, theatrical press-agent, and circus-buff, left to his friends in the Marion County Historical Society several dozen packed scrapbooks, boxes of photographs, and hundreds of ideas. Without Mr. Meredith and his dedication to the preservation of facts, this booklet would not have been possible.

And, with many thanks for the extra hours of night work by the Fairmont Printing Company staff, and by the Clarksburg Engraving staff.

1 40

. . . CALENDAR OF EVENTS — 1963 . . .

MARION COUNTY CENTENNIAL EVENTS CALENDAR

JANUARY 1963

January —New Year's Eve Bell Ringing Ceremony—All churches.

January 1—Centennial Baby—Awards to first child born in Marion County in 1963

January 30—Oberlin Wind Centennial Concert—Fairmont State College

FEBRUARY 1963

February 23—Centennial Hair Style Show—Fairmont Hotel —100 years of hair styles—National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association

MARCH 1963

March 15-17—West Virginia Colleges and Universities Centennial Art Exhibit—Coral Room—Fairmont State College

APRIL 1963

April 1—All Summer—One Room School Museum—Open to public—Authentic furnishings depicting West Virginia education 100 years ago—Fairmont State College

April 6—"100 Years of Talent"—Centennial Talent Show—30 Acts—Sponsored by Fairmont Jaycees—Fairmont Senior High School Auditorium

April 8-13—Currier & Ives Prints Exhibit—Presented by AAUW and Nationwide Insurance Company; Hartley's Department Store.

April 26 and 27—Centennial Flower Show of Marion County —Presented by The Garden Council of Fairmont—Hartley's Fifth Floor—Many classes eligible for Tricolor Award. 26th—2 P.M. to 9 P.M.; 27th—9:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

April 30 and
May 2—"Say It With Music"—Monongahela Girl's Chorus—Also featuring dulcimer music by Russell Fluharty and a hair style show. Monongahela Power General Offices auditorium—8:00 P.M.

MAY 1963

May 2—Monongahela Girls Chorus—"Say It With Music"—

May 3-4—District 753 Centennial Rotary Club Conference, Fairmont.

May 11—Marion County West Virginia Centennial Parade—Largest parade ever staged in Marion County—Featuring the world premiere of the 100 member "Parade of Flags"—10:00 A.M.

May 15—Band concert by Fairmont State College Band featuring first public presentation of Wesley Gregson's special centennial composition for bands. Fairmont State College—8:15 P.M.

May 17—Centennial Marion County Choral Festival—Members include top choral talent from all Marion County High Schools—Directed by Clifford Brown, Music Department, West Virginia University. Fairmont West High School Auditorium—8:00 P.M.

May 20-21—Centennial Courtesy Clinic—Five, two-hour, classes, for all service personnel in Marion County, with emphasis on courtesy and serving centennial visitors. Fairmont Hotel—Sponsored by Marion County Restaurant Association and G.F.D.A.

May 25—Randolph Singers present "John Brown's Body," an epic poem by Stephen Vincent Benet. The mighty impact of the Civil War is portrayed in words and music.

May 26—Dedication of Palatine Park—Site of presentation of The American Wind Symphony. (See details June 1-8)

May 30—Class of 1913, Fairmont State College Golden Anniversary Reunion. Fairmont State College—6:00 P.M.

May 31—Fairmont State College Centennial Commencement —Governor W. W. Barron as speaker. Fairmont State College—10: A.M.

JUNE 1963

Release of Marion County Souvenir Yearbook.—

Antique Cabin Tours—All Sundays in June—Pharoh's Run—Sponsored By Pharoh's Run 4-H Club.

Publication of "History of Marion County" written under supervision of Dr. G. Wayne Smith of Fairmont State College.

Centennial Contemporary Crafts Exhibit—All month—Junior League Community Art Center—Fairmont.

June 1—Cub Scout Centennial Soap Box Derby—Maryland Avenue, Fairmont.

June 1—Roadside Approach Project Beautification of Roadside Approaches to All Marion County Communities.

. . . CALENDAR OF EVENTS — 1963 . . .

June 1-8—Centennial debut of the American Wind Symphony Orchestra concerts on June 5 and 8. Palatine Park—Sponsored by Junior League of Fairmont and Marion County Centennial Committee.

June 12-13—Centennial train visits Marion County bringing eight specially constructed railroad exhibit cars to Fairmont.

June 13—Centennial Breakfast—Sponsored by Business and Professional Women—Methodist Temple—11:00 till 2:00.

June 17—Mock Civil War Battle—Court House—Fairmont—Seventh W. Va. Volunteer Infantry & Twelfth Virginia Calvalry.

June 17-22—Week-long "Sell-A-Bration"—Pet Parade—Carnival—Stores decorated—Costumed clerks—Sales—Street Dances—Sponsored by Merchants of Fairmonts.

June 18-22—Missile Demonstration by U.S.A. at Armory—Jackson Street.

June 20—Concert—249th Armory Band—East-West Stadium—9:30 P.M.

June 20—Flag Raising Ceremony—Court House.

June 20—Free coffee to motorists served by the ladies of the Barrackville Homemaker's Club—Centennial Club.

June 20—Antique Display—Barrackville Community building.

June 20—Fireworks Pageant—"Born of Battle"—The history of Marion County is reproduced in sound, music and Fireworks — Reserved Seats Available — Largest fireworks display ever seen in northern West Virginia—East-West stadium—10:00 P.M.

June 20-22—Centennial Celebration—Mannington—Displays—Sales—Exhibits—Good Food.

June 21—Centennial tea—Barrackville.

June 22—Children's Pet Parade—Fairmont—1:00 P.M.

June 23—All-Faith Choir. 450 voice adult choir and 150 voice youth choir blend their voices to offer one of the outstanding attractions of 1963. Directed by Richard P. Wellock — Rosier Field, FSC—4:00 P.M.

June 27-29—Fairmont State College Summer Theatre.

June will also feature a mock class conducted in the one-room school museum by the Education Committee at Fairmont State College.

The Centennial Poetry Exhibit will be on display the entire month of June at Fairmont State College.

JULY 1963

July 4, 5 & 6—Fourth of July Centennial Celebration—Mannington—A mid-summer festivity with a centennial theme.

July 11-13—Play—Masquers Town & Gown Summer Theatre—Fairmont State College

July 18-20—Play—Masquers Town & Gown Summer Theatre—Fairmont State College

July 25-27—Play—Masquers Town & Gown Summer Theatre

July 28—Pittsburgh Pops Symphony Orchestra presents an afternoon concert. This marks the first Centennial appearance of this celebrated orchestra—Rosier Field.

July will also feature a great-grandmother's celebration in Rivesville. A Centennial Picnic is being planned by the Marion County NAACP.

AUGUST 1963

August 3-4—Old Car Show—Largest Antique Car Show ever held in West Virginia. Prizes—Rides—Over 250 antique cars are expected. Mid-City Parking Lot, Fairmont West Virginia.

August 7-10—Civil War Exhibit—Collection of relics of the war that gave birth to West Virginia. Sponsored by United States Army.

August 8-10—Folk Music Festival—Country and folk music combine with antique sideplays to depict West Virginia folklore.

August 14, 15, 16, 17—Monongahela Pow-Wow. Thousands of Marion County children become "Indians" and present a three day celebration surpassed only by the battle of the "Little Big Horn," climaxed with a giant parade through downtown Fairmont on the 17th.

August 16-17—Centennial Boy Scout Conference—Camp Mountaineer.

August 27-31—Mannington Fair—The third largest fair in West Virginia takes on a Centennial theme for its 1963 edition.

Also featured during August will be:
The Paw Paw Fair and a Marion County Negro Exposition (dates to be announced later)

SEPTEMBER 1963

Centennial Essay Contest for school age children of Marion County—Sponsored by the Fairmont Jaycees.

NOTE: Dates for the Marion County presentation of the Centennial Showboat and Richard Parrish's play "Freedom is a Sometime Thing" are not definite at this time.

Best Centennial Program in the State!!!

FIRST IN MARION

Everyone makes this statement, but we in Marion county can pretty well prove it.

What group from West Virginia did President Kennedy greet at the White House?—The Parade of Flags from Marion County.

Which county had fireworks from a barge, gunfire in the streets, and a ferris wheel in front of the county library?—Marion County.

Which county led the state in money collected for the Centennial Fund?—Marion County.

In which county did the American Wind Symphony play the World Premier performance of Robert Russell Bennett's composition—"West Virginia Epic"?—Marion County.

And, if you don't think this is the best Centennial Yearbook for any county in the State, we defy you try to get your money back!

FUND RAISING

Don Potter, president of Monongahela Power Company, stepped into a vacancy as chairman of the West Virginia Centennial State Fund Raising campaign in September of 1962 and saw the state's drive for Centennial money to a satisfactory conclusion.

This successful conclusion saw Marion County ringing up a state per-capita record that totaled $38,000.

The local drive was opened June 26, 1962, at a kickoff attended by Governor W. W. Barron when George R. Higinbotham was named county campaign chairman.

His group leaders included Don Potter, "Mountaineer" division; Walter Mason, newspaper company manager, "Cardinal" division; and Constantino Potesta, grocer, "East Fairmont" division.

Magnificent support by County Commissioners Harry Martin, Dr. Clyde Wright and John Gill and by City Directors William G. Meyer, E. B. Smith, Albert Robinson and J. Richard Davis saw the county contributing $5,000 and the city contributing $5,000—a precedent for other counties of West Virginia that did much to assure the success of the state-wide drive.

Marion County Historical Society contributed $500.

Marion County Medical Society contribued $500.

Fairmont Field Club contributed $250.

Children of Colfax held a street carnival and sent $29.02 to the fund.

Workers on the fund drive of Marion county included:—

Mountaineer Division:—J. D. Gorman, coordinator; Bernard Sampson, captain; Ray McClintock, William D. Nickles, Robert K. Powell, William T. Nutter, and William McOlvin. Ellis Vest, captain; Chris F. Gore, Dr. E .K. Feaster, F. Kenneth Webb, William Bernard, and Aley Galis. B. Hayes Webb, captain; E. C. Griswold, Charles E. King, William Ayres, Carl L. Snyder, and James M. Knowles.

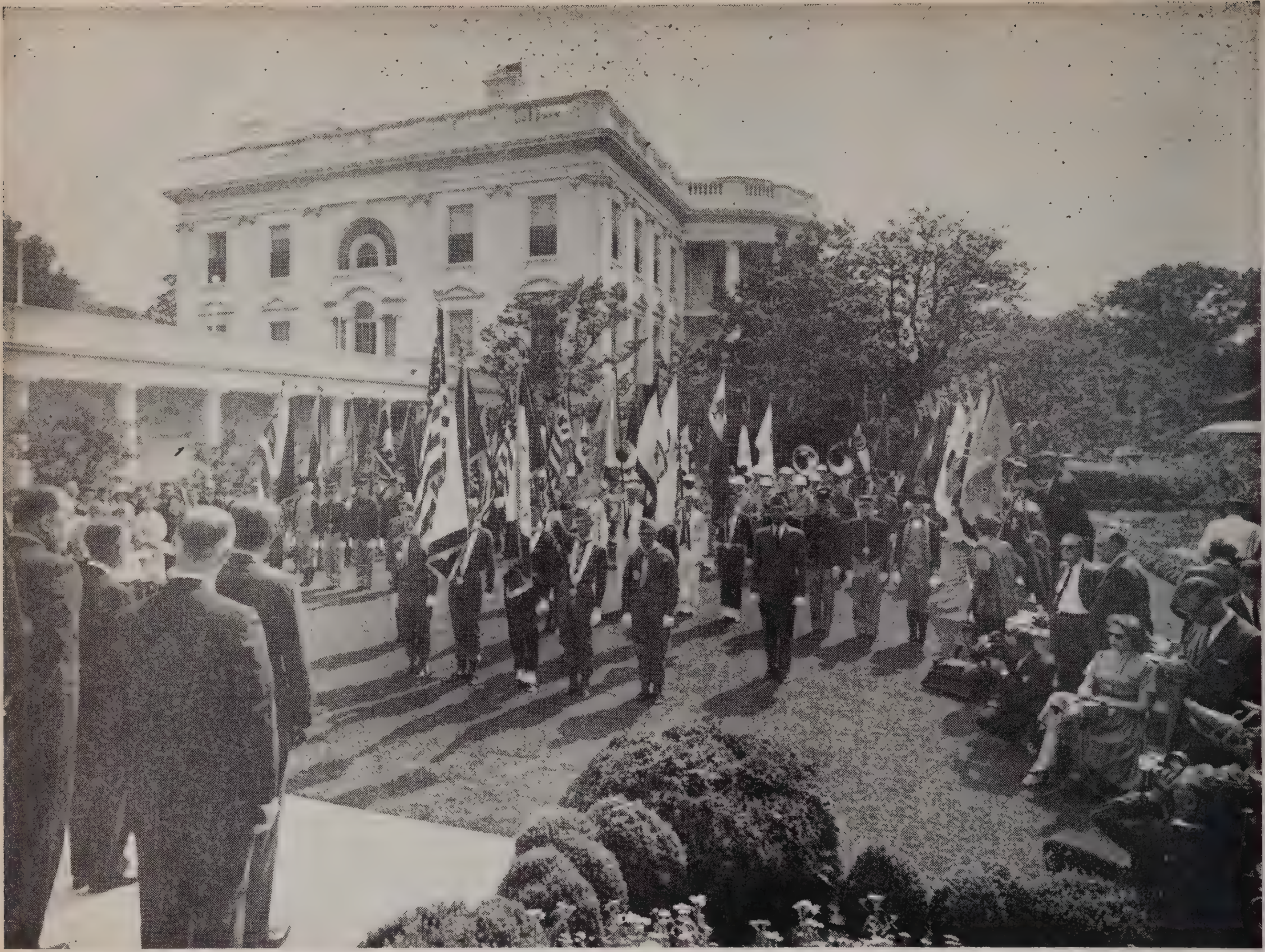
Cardinal Division:—Mrs. Victor Shaw and Anthony Yanero, coordinators: Katherine M. Downs, secretary; Mrs. Carter Cort, captain; Mrs. William Bernard, Mrs. Larry Comstock, Miss Margaret Ellen Copeland, Miss Ann Holbert, Mrs. Harry A. Dodge, Jr., Mrs. Norman Pollock, captain; Mrs. J. Duane Gorman, Mrs. G. E. Lambert, Miss Nan Clark, Miss Hazel Whaley, and Mrs. Dan Swihart. Mrs. G. A. Brown, captain; Mrs. C. E. Queen, Mrs. Burdette Gainer, Mrs. Jemima H. Goode, Mrs. Joseph Ford, and Mrs. J. D. Cain. Mrs. John N. Seifrit, captain; Mrs. Donald Daniels, Mrs. Doris Basnett, Mrs. Helen Brooks, Mrs. Fay Smith, and Miss Mary Hamilton.

East Fairmont Division:—Ernest Berle, coordinator; Charles Jenkins, Jack Wade, William Shingleton, Ronald Roush, Paul Pitrolo, and John Manchin.

MARION COUNTY CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE

The Marion County Centennial Committee: left to right seated, C. F. Gore, chairman, Speakers' Bureau; Russell Fluharty. Mannington, chairman, Special Events; Jack Carpenter, Chairman of the Marion County Centennial Committee; Mrs. W. W. Watkins, chairman for music; Mrs. Norman Pollock, Current Events chairman; Mrs. W. P. Roberts, chairman of the souvenir centennial yearbook and arts & crafts; Lt. Col. Leo Falkenstein, Armed Forces Coordinator; Dr. Eston K. Feastor, chairman. education; Robert W. Bom, treasurer and finance chairman. Standing, Dr. G. Wayne Smith, author of the soon-to-be-published History of Marion County; Harry Wendell, hospitality chairman; Harry Dodge, representing the Fairmont Business Men's Association; L. O. Bickel. chairman of special service groups; Bernard S. Schramm, co-chairman and coordinator, and Earl J. Straight, publicity chairman. Not shown in the photograph are Jack W. Bunner, coordinator of veterans organizations, L. Clyde Riley, roadside improvements and community sign chairman; and Joseph E. Hoffmann, Parade of Flags chairman and Editor of the Centennial Souvenir Yearbook.

Photo by C. Frederick Schroeder



It was a proud morning in May, on the twentieth, when President John Fitzgerald Kennedy received Marion County's Parade of Flags in the White House Rose Garden at Washington. West Virginia's Governor, W. W. Barron, at this occasion presented President Kennedy with a West Virginia Flag and asked him to fly it over the White House on June 20th, the birth date of West Virginia.

. . . The Centennial Year . . .

Marion county was the place of orgin of one of the most spectacular and unusual features of the West Virginia Centennial celebration, the "Parade of Flags."

Flags of the colonies, follow close behind the colorguard. In the next group are the flags of the Original Thirteen Colonies. Revolutionary uniformed guards flank this group.

Then comes guards in the uniform of 1812 with the 15-star and 15-stripe Star Spangled Banner and the flags of the two states that contributed those stars and stripes.

Following this group are the flags of the next 19 states to enter the Union—these being the remainder of the states that preceded West Virginia into the Union.

A massed group of West Virginia Centennial flags precedes the 30 piece marching band.

Then, flanked by guards in Civil War Uniforms, is the Flag of West Virginia along with the United States Flag of 35 stars that West Virginia's admission into the Union created.

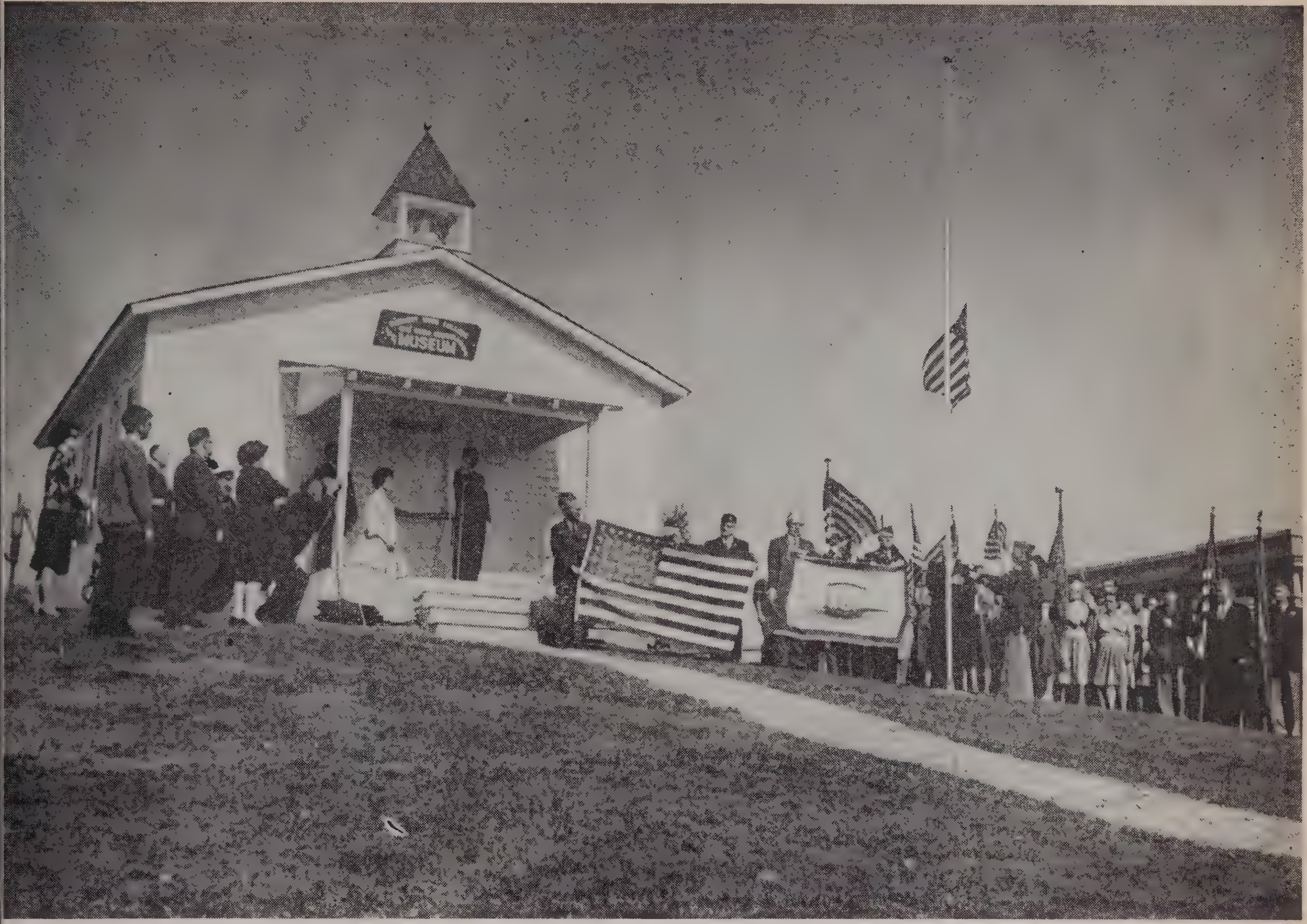
Following this West Virginia flag are carried the flags of the states that have entered the Union since then—including the most recent states, Alaska and Hawaii.

The idea of the Parade of Flags was suggested by William C. Handlan, who is public relations director of Monongahela Power Company and the advertising and publicity chairman of the State Centennial Committee. The idea was given to Joseph E. Hoffmann to hatch and, after several months, the Parade of Flags made its debut on May 11 in the Marion County Centennial Parade.

The program was cooperative:—Flags were donated by about half of the states, Flag staffs and cases were made by the Industrial Arts Department of Fairmont State College with C. W. Johnson in charge, Fairmont Lodge No. 9, Loyal Order of Moose, donated the period uniforms, J. J. Straight superintendent of schools, assigned Band Director Earl W. McConnell as the parade director; The Mountaineer Council of Boy Scouts of America recruited Explorer, Sea and Senior Scouts as flag carriers, the boys from the Monongah High School band became the musical unit, Scouters W. P. Roberts and L. Jay Smith, along with a capable crew of leaders, made arrangements for the scouts with Smith as drillmaster. Frank DeGarmo became tour director.

It was a remarkable idea in 1962 to imagine that President Kennedy would review a group from Marion county, but he did!

Visit The One-Room School House Museum



FIRST COUNTY CENTENNIAL PROJECT—One-room-school museum was officially dedicated by President E. K. Feaster (standing at microphone), with ceremonies on Oct. 20, 1962. Open daily on the Campus of Fairmont State College.

Photo by Dave Springer, West Virginian

Fairmont State's One-Room-School MUSEUM

Completed as a West Virginia Centennial Project, the One-Room-School Museum was a joint undertaking of the FSC Centennial Committee, the Marion County Centennial Committee, Industrial Arts students, college maintenance staff and General Delivery truckers.

The vanishing segment of early American heritage, known as the "little one-room-school," was an institution unto itself. We preserve its precious historical memories here on campus as a visual aid to the many future teachers who will graduate and for the many tourists of this state to view on their way through Fairmont and the Upper Monongahela Valley.

The 23 x 26 foot, white country school was taken down in sections near the town of Rymer, some 23 miles from Fairmont State College's beautiful 76-acre campus. It is known officially as the Snodgrass School and was constructed of fine sturdy timbers in 1871, and was donated to the college by the Marion County Board of Education. Artifacts contained in the Museum were donated by county boards of education in the surrounding valley and by friends of the college.

This one-room school house museum was an early project of the Marion County Centennial effort and marks only one of many ways in which Fairmont State College is cooperating with the town.

"Town and Gown," a summer theatre group that includes students, both studying and vacationing, and interested "townies," will present four shows this summer in a bright candy-stripped tent. Your plans should include seeing these excellent shows.

FSC Industrial Art faculty and students worked to produce the flag staffs for the Parade of Flags and the Journalism Department at FSC provides the news stories on Centennial events.

Centennial Babe — and — Centennial Baby

Official Centennial Queen is Beverly Ann Lloyd, daughter of Mrs. Esther Marple of Rivesville, who is not only extremenly attractive but a valedictorian of her high school class, an Elks scholarship winner, and a DAR citizenship award recipient. Miss Maureen Ann Carr, daughter of Mrs. Hazel Carr of Mannington was second.
Photocrafters

Official Centennial Baby is LaDena June Collins, born at 5:40 a.m at Fairmont General Hospital on the first day, January 1, of th 1963 Centennial year. Parents are Mr. and Mrs. William R. Collins Jr., of Route 1, Farmington, and she is the third child in the family
Photocrafter

What Is History?—Or Who Dun It?—And When?

This Centennial Yearbook is not intended to be history—it is intended to tell you of the events of West Virginia's Centennial Year in Marion County, to better acquaint you with the county, and to entertain.

However, it is related to history in the same manner as trial ballons are related to official pronouncements. There are many tales and many facts about the past in this year book.

If you find that any of the items printed herein are contrary to fact, please do not hesitate to inform us. Don't call;—write. Send your suggestions, complaints, corrections and commendations, if any, to Joseph E. Hoffmann, Centennial Yearbook Editor, Box 1392, (Monongahela Power Company), Fairmont, West Virginia.

We will receive any items sincerely. Should future editions of this yearbook be published, we will make necessary additions, deletions or corrections. And, all correspondence will be passed along to G. Wayne Smith, Author of the Marion County History soon-to-be-published, and to the Marion County Historical Society.

We have discovered one thing, however, local history has about as many versions as there are history buffs to recount those versions.

We have read many pages of debate, articles, and exhortations on whether or not Tygart's Valley River should have an apostrophe. We read many many interesting accounts about the Horn papers only to discover that Horn ha been finally denounced as a fake, an then we read additional pages of debat on why the irrefutable proof was erroneous.

We read many articles on the artifact discovered in the Catawba Mound onl to be told by a geologist friend that th Catawba heap was only a freak of erosion.

In this Yearbook you'll read four o five accounts of the same events—the are included in that quantity becaus that is the proportion they occur in th conversations of history buffs.

If you wonder what is the authoratively acception version—be sure to ge your copy of the Official 1963 editio of the Marion County history.

Good Morning!

January 5, 1926

Sitting up here early yesterday orning in those small hours hen quiet settles down over he little city and about the only ound heard is the passing of a octurnal motor car or the grunt f a big Mallet engine down in he railroad yards, we fell to oking over a scrap book our tenog keeps of the things we ave written in this column.

We were surprised—almost hocked to discover that it has een just one year today since he first Good Morning appeared!

We do not suppose anybody as a copy of the first Good orning, or cares to possess one, ut this is our baby, and we ome from a family that talks bout their children; so here's he first Good Morning which ppeared just a year ago today:

Good Morning!

A little above two years ago hen the Monday edition of The imes was discontinued, Os wartz, looking down his long ose and talking sagely, remarkd that a seven day paper in airmont was merely a metropolitan gesture. We agreed with im. Now Os is a cliff dweller, igh up in the canyons of Wall reet and at the risk of incurrg his approval we are again resenting our "metropolitan esture."

* * *

A good deal of water has passd under the bridge since the onday paper was discontinued. imes in this valley of ours have ostly been hard times. The imetus gained in that golden coal ear of 1920 died out last year. goodly number of people deoted the last part of the year praying, predicting, voting, oping—for prosperity.

Prosperity in Fairmont means rogress for Fairmont. And proress is the participation of ore and more people in more d more of the good material ings of life.

So, here's hoping that our etropolitan gesture will truly e a harbinger of a long spell good times for Northern West irginia and our New Year's ish is that all of you can parcipate more and more in the aterial good things of life.

* * *

But, while most business and dustries and many individuals this section have reported sses and reverses in 1924, still ere are many instances where dustry and effort have been owned by success. We have in ind for one, Brooks Hutchinn, who with Everett Drennen and Gohen Arnold have just effected the consolidation of many big coal properties in the state. We happen to know that these young men devoted months to the work and much of it was hard work. Aside from the thrill they may feel in having accomplished their task we hope their pockets are filled with many shining golden guineas.

* * *

It is also a pleasure to note that Tusca Morris, Esq., continues to climb, rung by rung up the ladder of success and prosperity. It seems that the Consolidation Coal Company has taken him from the three-a-day and put him out on the big time, which in the simple language of the coal industry means that from now on he will do Big Things and chin with Big People, things which most lawyers like to do next to taking shop.

* * *

In making our evening rounds to the abodes of gayety and bright lights we find it pleasing to note the increasing numbers of people who are patronizing the new Fairmont Theatre. We also note more good shows, which is doubtless responsible for the increased patronage. It should be remembered that Fairmont is best known to strangers by its hotel and theaters.

It's not hard to get people to come here; and the job is in getting them to stay.

* * *

Lots of people from all over Northern West Virginia come to Fairmont to buy at Hartley's Store. It is one of the biggest stores in the state and has a faculty for growing very rapidly.

The same is true of Jones' where the window trimmer produces many beautiful effects which people comment upon and tell the home folks about.

* * *

Fine stores, fine theaters, fine hotels enable more and more people to enjoy more and more of the material good things of life.

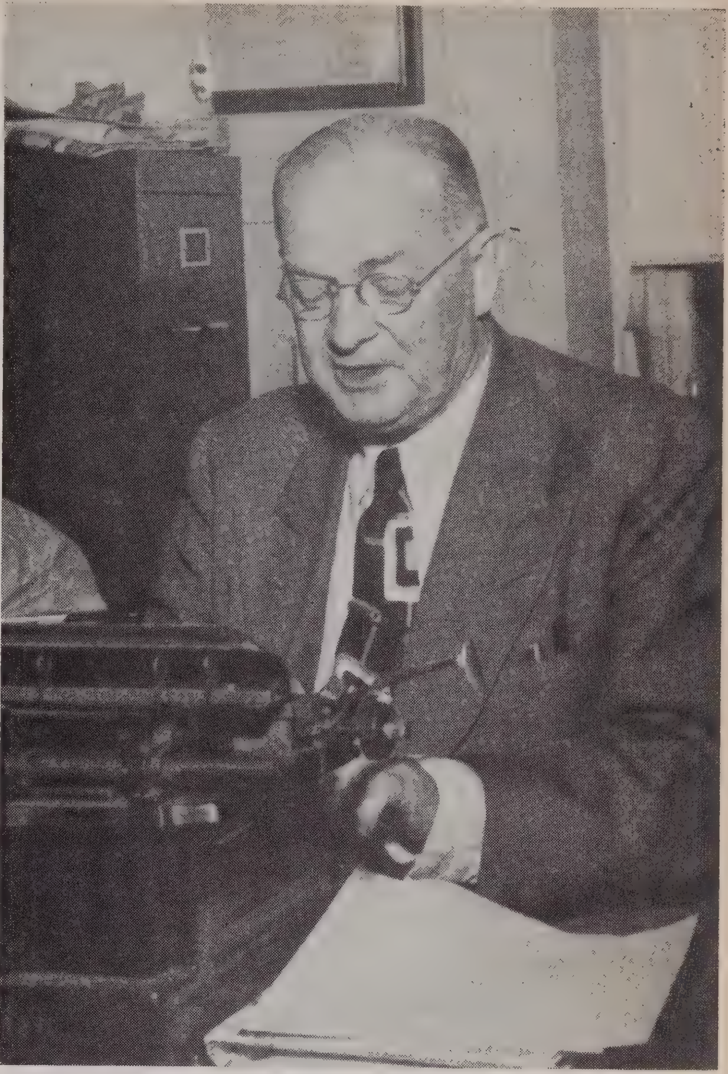
* * *

We have before us a copy of the "Greensboro Daily News," published at Greensboro, North Carolina, a town of 45,000. This newspaper of 68 pages announces that it has just moved into a new $450,000 home; that it has 12 linotype machines and uses a dozen automobile trucks to distribute its editions. Greensboro, and the whole state of North Carolina is enjoying prosperity that will soon come to Fairmont.

* * *

Which reminds us that a few weeks ago we seriously considered the proposition of selling The Times and under the strain of the negotiations grew restless. It was quite a joy when the buyer backed away.

We don't have 12 delivery trucks and only 7 linotypes, but that man talked in sums of money that we haven't heard since coal was $12 a ton.



C. E. "Ned" Smith wrote his first "Good Morning" column in 1925 and frequently from then on. The columns included topical items, reminiscence. crusading, obituaries and musings on life and nature. Nothing printed could ever be found that gives the flavor of Fairmont, practically from antebellum days to almost the present, than does the wonderfully poetic prose of Editor Ned Smith. Here are selected samples that we rescued from the yellowed crumbling scrapbooks that Ned so kindly saved for posterity. (Photo and scrapbooks courtesy of Caroline Smith Jones.)

Good Morning!

February 21, 1925

We view with alarm, as the contribs say, the tendency to put prohibition enforcement in the hands of the state police. We might condone a special hootch squad under the jurisdiction of the Department of Safety, but to make rum hounds of all the troopers would be sad.

We speak with no mean experience when we say that prohibition enforcement is as damaging to the morale of an officer as the movie fever is to a country girl.

The state troopers are forging to the front as a strong, dependable law enforcement unit. Well disciplined and trained these men are fit for almost any emergency.

How long could they be depended upon to retain this fitness, discipline and training if they spent their time prowling around after dry law violators?

We have a reliable conservative estimate from a well-known gent in the moonshine business that the normal daily requirement of the moonshine drinkers of Fairmont does not exceed twelve gallons all told. That quantity or a smaller one represents the daily requisition of the pint peddlers upon the wholesalers who put it out in gallon lots.

There are 23,000 people in this town and all they require is 12 gallons a day. That's almost too small to worry about; yet already we have a force of policemen, a flock of deputy sheriffs; state prohibition officers and national enforcement officers in our midst and at work.

The whole trade does not run as much as the salaries of the men detailed to suppress it!

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Good Morning!

March 18, 1925

No modern milk shake can compare with Mr. Kerr's, who held forth 30 years ago, down where the Exclusive Garment shop now is.

In those days when we walked in our head came just a trifle above the level of the counter.

"Lo Mr. Kerr." "Hello, boy." "Gimme a milk-shake," "What sort?" "Vanilly."

First he would take a glass and place it on the counter; then he would seek among a row of flavoring containers for the vanilla bottle and pour out a liberal quantity. Next he would tackle a big cake of ice with an old fashioned shaver. This he would pass rapidly to and fro over the cake of ice, which produced a sound similar to rubbing a coin over the edge of the piece of glass.

When enough shaved ice had accumulated he would take a spoon and carefully shove it from the shaver into the glass. A pitcher of milk would be produced and the glass filled, not quite to the brim. Then a metal cap would be placed carefully upon the top of the glass which was carefully screwed in a contrivance fastened to the counter. This contrivance had a crank attached, which, when turned, caused violent tremors in the glass. The thing wouldn't work unless there were two glasses in place and Mr. Kerr always preferred to fill two orders at a time, which obviated the use of an empty glass and saved labor.

After considerable turning of the crank, the syrup, ice and milk mixed into a delicious concoction all covered with foam. It took about five minutes to perform the operation, and we know of nothing before nor since that was so well worth the nickle it cost.

Good Morning!

June 4, 1925

Did anything ever happen around Fairmont that a tourist, say from Indiana, would like to stop over and learn about?

If we were conducting a rubberneck bus we would point out the spot near the old Hayden residence, where the last deer was killed in Fairmont. Then we would give 'em a look at Fort Hill where the bones of many a departed Indian brave were buried with solemn ceremony. Next we would point out a spot overlooking the ruins of Barnesville Mill, where the last Indian was seen in these parts.

Next we would drive to the top of Pierpont avenue where old John Tyler made a political speech during the famous "Log Cabin" campaign of 1840.

Pointing out the residence of the War Governor upon our return down the street, we would stop in front of the Exclusive Garment Store, which marks the site of Mr. Kerrs' sody fountain of the old days.

Then at Nelson's theatre we would show where Ashbel Hall sold ice cream and Baltimore Selects to the gentry of this town 30 years ago.

Up Madison street we would pause in front of the Kenyon Hotel and dissertate upon the glories of the old opry house that stood there in the day of George Andy Fleming, Loggy Fagans and Barnum Turner.

A brisk drive out Fairmont avenue would take us to the scene of the Battle of Fairmont in April 1863, and we would point out the Johnstown bridge that the Confederate General Jones destroyed. Part of this battle field is on Fairmont Farms and the rest over the hill toward the Railroad.

Then, of course, we'd go to Prickett's Fort where a monument stands on the spot of Col. Morgan's fight with the Indians.

Bell Leamon's house on Water street should be interesting to tourists. In fact, in a day's drive, we figures we could make a batch of tourists think they had seen some high and mighty historical spots.

Good Morning!

January 25, 1926

There is a facination about reaching out into the air and bringing the distant concerts into your loud speaker, but probably the most satisfactory way to enjoy your radio is to listen to the programs of the stations not so far away.

But when it comes to getting canned music one of these new orthophonic Victrolas has the radio backed off the board. Bill Evans brought in a record the other day called, "I Never Knew," sung by Gene Austin. Folks, when you start to grind out that thing, you're listening to music.

Good Morning!

January 8, 1926

Once, twenty years ago, we undertook to make a collection of books by West Virginia authors. We figured, at that time, there were about 400 such books, and managed, as an avocation during the dull season, to gather together about half of that number. They are now scattered from Dan to Beersheeba.

Perhaps the chief reason West Virginia has been so callous in reference to her history is that the state is just rounding up a three decade period of industrial development. The developers, generally speaking, have been men from other states whose only interest in West Virginia was to extract her natural resources, to devastate her forests, pollute her streams and draw from her "innards" the flowing gold and black diamonds.

For these developers the game was too fast for sentiment. And the native West Virginian, sitting quietly amid the ashes of his boyhood and rich in the folklore of his ancestors, watched Progress smash the shrines of the past.

Another reason is that West Virginia was a war-born state, where, after the Civil War, the Puritan and the Cavalier for many years made uncomfortable bed fellows. And what was a historical shrine to the one gave offense to the other.

But Time, the healer of all things, has brought the light of reminiscence into the eye of the developer and has healed the sores of the war weary clansmen.

The adopted son from Pennsylvania and Ohio is ready to work side by side with the native son in marking his battlefields and preserving those sacred altars upon which the memories of the state have been burned.

The aged man in butternut, who rode with Ashby or marched behind Little Correl will now graciously acquiesce to the marking of a spot dear to the heart of a "damyankee." The old fellow who rode a wheel horse in Carlin's Battery or one who "fought mit Siegel" in the Valley or helped lick old Stonewall in the fallow fields at Kernstown, will now stand at salute while honors are done to Johnny Reb's historical spots.

And their sons and their grandsons, proud of the tradition and the rich heritage which has come down to them, feel no sense of bitterness.

So it is, for the first tim since this war-state began, ther is a spontaneous response t the call of the historian to pr serve forever the history of the commonwealth.

While the state is filled wit historical locations, it would b difficult to find much in Fai mont which bears the mark antiquity or has general hi torical value. There was, course, the skirmish of Apri 1863 when the Conferarate d stroyed the bridge at Johntow Governor Pierpont's house still standing. What else do w have?

There is an unmarked grav in Woodlawn of a girl who gav her life as a nurse in th Spanish-American War.

Throughout the country ar some historical spots such as th grave of the first white chil born west of the mountains, an the sites of certain Indian d predations.

Fairmont is probably not "hi torical" because Fairmont is n old.

This town is only 101 yea of age and the county only 8 In the early days life seems have kept the even tenor of i way here. We do not kno whether Henry Clay ever visite Fairmont. John Tyler did in th great campaign of 1840 an made a speech. Lincoln w never here, and in the electio of 1860 received but one vo in the county, that being ca in Palatine. Perhaps a moumer should be erected to that brav soul, who was probably hisse away from the polls as a "dirt Abolitionist."

The building of the railroa through here in 1952 and th coming of the Irish waked th village from the lethargy years. There was renewed li then and much hilarity, most which was contributed by th Irish, whose rival clans ofte met in battle. More than onc it is said, the sheriff was calle upon to form the **posse com itatus** to restore order.

Some local Irishman, rich i the legend and lore of that gre year should write a history of i It is all but forgotten by th present generation, but it furn ishes a vivid background to pr sent day life.

What we lack in national hi torical values we make up in l cal folk lore. Ere the sun go down on those now living th intimate story of the lives of th early inhabitants should be tol

Even down until our tim were the colorful old characte who should not be permitted pass into oblivion.

Our grandfather, Fontai Smith and his contemporari at the local bar; the old pionee

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Negroes, Alfred Mead and John Jackson the deeds and the days of all these should not be forgotten.

What has become of Polly Q. L. Martin and Banjo Jim?

Where are the Snows of Yeserday?

Good Morning!

January 26, 1926

Two or three people called us up last night and told us of "game-hog" being arrested. It eems he was caught redhanded with a ferret and a bag of rabbits.

Practically everything we eat n this town is said to be shipped n, except, perhaps, the poor litle rabbits. If they are all to be xterminated by game-hogs with errets there will be nothing left, unless, perhaps, folks again take hillside farming seriously.

Good Morning!

February 18, 1926

They didn't build the Fairmont Theatre big enough after ll. Last night, crowds trying to et in to see a vaudeville show nd a local exhibition of the Charleston dance, jammed the idewalk for a half block at two different times.

We reckon the real attraction was the Charleston and if this is rue the management should arange to let 'em dance to their heart's content.

We are pretty keen for the Charleston ourself. We watched hree girls dancing it the other night. They were not professional dancers, or, for that matter mateur dancers, but just nice young girls, who danced to enertain the older folks. They put piece on the Victrola called, "I Won't Go Home 'Till Mornng," which is a right lively piece.

When they started to dance heir feet made a peculiar scrapng sound on the floor. It sounded like they were crunching roaches. There was a grinding ound, then a scrape, then a pause.

They seemed to be dancing for he sheer pleasure of it. When hey began they watched their eet as if the routine of the teps needed ocular guidance. As the motion increased we noticed one girl throw back her head and send her arms flying n perfect cadence with her feet. Now her hands are in the air, far above her head; now at the level of her bobbed hair in the posture of an Egyptian goddess. Now, as her feet fly in perfect time she brings her hands slowly over her breasts and down her sides until they reach her hips. Then they go upward again, while her head is thrown back until she gazes directly at the ceiling.

Another of the girls is bending over and throwing the hands out from the hips while her legs gain momentum and give the impression of a horse on a tread mill.

She is bending to the task as though the feet need constant supervision.

The third girl sways slowly from the hips from one side to the other.

The music stops. The three girls fall into each other's arms gasping from the violent exercise. They eyes have the queerest little glitter, their faces are moist at the temple. their bodies still gyrate as if the stoppage of the feet has not yet reached them; the pumping of fresh air back into their lungs animates their breasts.

What a dance, though we. At what Bacchanalian feast in the dim pagan days in some half barbarian maternal ancestor was this intangible something sown which ten generations of puritanism and 60 generations of life have failed to extinguish!

How thin is the veneer of civilization! In the old days on the court house side walk when the darkies danced the cake-walk it seemed as though the Past cast a spell upon them and the stately tread of the cake-walk would be turned into the wild rhythm of the savage camp-fire.

Yes, we like the Charleston. It provided something to do with the feet.

All glory to Lee Bernard O'Neal and to little Betty Jane Wills, the first prize winners at the Charleston contest. Lee Bernard is 10 and Betty is 5. May their fame increase!

Good Morning!

March 4, 1926

We have just been looking at a newspaper picture of the members of the old Fairmont Development Company taken more than 30 years ago which will likely be printed on Sunday.

In the group are Bill Ohley, George DeBolt, Tom Parks Fleming, Uncle Joe Sands, Owen S. McKinney, Ed Watson, Sam Nuzum, Clarence Smith, Carl Arnett, Gov. Fleming, John Crane, and J. M. Hartley. Of the twelve just half are living today.

From the time of the fire in 1876 'till 1890 Fairmont just potted along. At about the latter date this group of young business men decided something should be done to put the town on the map. Oil had been discovered in Mannington and coal lands in the county were in demand and mines were contemplated.

The Fairmont Development Company was formed and it was planned to develop the briar patch on the other side of Coal Run hollow.

The old pike through that section wound up the ravine past Phil Johnson's and pursued its torturous way through Fairmont Farms and on "over the hill to the poor house."

The new company proposed to build an iron bridge over the ravine at the foot of Main street and to lay out a new addition of which a street called Fairmont avenue would be the main thoroughfare.

Their friends tried to persuade them from going into such a fool venture. "Why," it said, "You fellows are just taking a nigh cut to the poor house."

But the company carried out its plans and succeeded in the face of great obstacles.

The activities of the Fairmont Development Company changed Fairmont from a village to a city.

Two years after the bridge was completed the old shot tower was torn down and the Watson Hotel erected. In three more years ground was broken for the courthouse. In the meantime the Normal School had been built.

In 1900 the tents of the Army of West Virginia were pitched on the South Side for Fairmont's biggest reunion on the same day The Times was born.

Good Morning!

June 4, 1926

Well, what do you reckon Fairmont is coming to anyway? We heard last night from no less authority than Bob Ritchie that they're going to have a polo match at the Country Club; that Melville Davisson Post, the well known gentlemen, democrat and writer of books is going to bring his stable of polo ponies down here from Lost Creek and play a game for the benefit of the Swimming Pool.

Good Morning!

June 11, 1926

We hope the city will get together right away and work out the purchase of Loop park from the board of education and leave the latter free to select any site it dam pleases for the proposed Central high school plant, which will likely be voted for in September.

You see Loop Park is admirably suited for a high school site but it is more admirably suited for a park. In other words the park is one of the prettiest spots in America and there are a considerable number of people who are opposed to building on one inch of the ground. Well, if the board does not build in the park it will have to sell the park, and the chances are, if the city would not buy it, that some real estate guys would buy it in and turn it into home sites.

So the ideal way to get around it is for the city to take it over and then let the board of education select a school site.

If the city should buy Loop Park we think it might be a good stunt to call it Pierpont Park after the distinguished governor and later have all the school children in the county take a penny to school and then put all the pennies together and unveil a pretty monument to the governor.

This town's simply got to start in the monument business some time. The very idea of a place of 25,0000 population having not one monument to a distinguished citizen!

Good Morning!

1926

Speaking of progress, this town is just on the threshold of it. The old days are dead; our generation is passing; we are planning to build a new city and a new culture for those who are coming on.

This was suggested to us yesterday when we spent an hour at the city reservoir on Log Cabin Hill. Every Fairmonter should visit this beauty spot.

The excellent water system today, however, is due to having the right man in the right place.

Clyde Morris' contribution to this town has been great.

In the grove of fine trees surrounding the reservoir which Bill Morgan takes such good care of, is the best spot to picnic we know of. On a clear day the view is sublime. You may not believe it, but from the reservoir you look DOWN upon Palatine Knob!

In the late afternoon when the haze hangs over the hilltops the panaorama from the reservoir looks eerie and unreal, but on clear days one can see, silhoueted against the western sky, range upon range of the high hills which are nature's stairway leading from the Plains to the crest of the blue Alleghenies.

Down the steep slopes where Log Cabin Hill breaks precipitously to the Valley river the concrete road looks like a white ribbon through Pleasant Valley.

Off to the west where through a low gap the houses and the "clustered spires" of the South Side can be seen, one sees, in the Springtime and the Fall, a vista "fair as the Garden of the Lord."

The grove surrounding the reservoir would make a wonderful tourist camp!

And when we came home we passed through Water street as it lay hideous in the glare of the late afternoon sun.

How quickly could a deft hand obliterate this, thought we, and plant this wilderness of humanity with flowers and shrubs and shade trees.

Our friend, Dr. Ketcham should have advised with us for an historical background for the most excellent prohibition sermon he preached yesterday. He said that at one time we had 28 saloons and 10,000 population.

If that was true it was before our time and we were tolerably familiar with the saloons long before we reached the age of consent. Fairmont did have 17 saloons when it had fewer than 10,000 people. Four of them were on Main street — The Watson, Marietta, Fountain and George Stein's. Madison street had Abe Friedman's, The Kenyon, one in the old mill; Murph's, The Red Line and The Tavern.

Washington street had one, we forget. On Jackson street there was the Opera House, the Jackson hotel and Mike Amato's. On Jefferson street there was one at the Manley hotel. Water street had three.

We reckon Dr. Ketcham was mainly right in his contrast of the present days with the old days, but honestly, 20 years ago we didn't have the hip flask, the curb cruisers, the mashers; and the war had come on before we had ever seen a 17 or 18 year old girl take a drink or smoke a cigarette.

One thing we recall vividly. Some of the boys composed a committee that gave some swell dances in the Masonic Temple. The dances cost about $500 each to stage. There was one hard fast rule—any man with liquor on his breath would be ejected from the hall; and some who merely smelled liquor were asked to leave!

A bottle of hootch at one of those dances would have caused a scandal and many of the ladies would have left in disguest.

There has been, as our good friend suggests, a big change; but take it from one' who has warmed both hands before the fire of life in this town, that the change has not been altogether on the side of sprouting wings!

Good Morning!

July 19, 1926

We can remember the two most famous episodes in local theatrical history. The first was when a couple of pious gentlemen took white paper and paste and covered up the chorus girls' legs on a big 32 sheet bill board that stood on Main street next to Jim Anderson's Bon Ton store. The other was when Eva Tanguay rang down the curtain of her show at the Grand Opera House because some of the young bloods were razzing her from the front row. She had the boys arrested and they were tried the next day before Squire Swindler in the First Ward. We were a witness for the defense.

We never took much stock in Eva Tanguay since. The very idea!

Fairmont was more or less a pious community in the day of the pasting episode, but the act itself seemed to swing public sentiment the other way. Lots of jokes were cracked about it and some of them have come down through the years.

In those days there was a board walk out Locust avenue in the place of the present sidewalks, and also in those days the fashions decreed that the ladies should wear their skirts dragging the ground. The board walk in many places was all most hidden by the rank growth of elders and ironweed, and early of mornings when the dew was on the weeds, it was necessary for the ladies of the Locust avenue section, coming to town for their shopping, to hold their skirts very high to protect them from becoming sodden with the dew.

One very old and devout lady living out there announced to her friends that she didn't intend to come to town any more. Previous to that time she came over every day. The folks wanted to know the sources of cause of her present resolution to become a recluse.

"Well, I'll tell you," she snapped, "I don't want a couple of them preachers to lay in the elder bushes and paste paper on my legs!"

Those golden, glorious days of the Nineties! America may never see anything like it again. The day of Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley and George Ade and Alfred Henry Lewis.

The days of "Quo Vadis?" 'The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Hugh Wynne." The golden Nineties with the yellow backed novels, the preposterous fashions and the prudery.

In the Nineties came Richard Mansfield and his incomparable "Cyrano." Came also Ellen Terry and Minnie Maddern Fiske; came Julia Marlowe, Joe Jefferson, Davis Belasco, Mrs. Leslie Carter and John Drew.

Weber and Fields came in during the Nineties and so did May Irwin and the Victor Herbert operas. The Nineties also saw the old high wheel bicycle soon to be replaced by the safety model.

And the songs of those days! "Daisy Bell," "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," On the Banks of the Wabash," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "The Sidewalks of New York" and many others, including "Little Annie Rooney," which was our dad's favorite song and was till the day of his death.

Our acquaintance with the Nineties was a childhood acquaintance. When the decade dawned we were not yet five; when it ended, nearing fifteen, but well can we remember "After the Ball," "Sweet Marie,"' "Break the News to Mother" and "The Pardon Came Too Late."

Good Morning!

July 24, 1925

Well, as we were saying, we were out at Highgate and Mr. Watson told us about the time the old Development Company sold the normal school site on Fairmont avenue to the state for $4,500 and of the difficulties of making the sale.

The South Side was a briar patch then and the state officials could not see $4,500 in the property. It was not until Mr. Watson, as president of the development company, offered to execute a bond that the company would take the property back at twice the purchase price, if, after two years, the state did not want to keep it, that the sale was made.

Now this same property can be bought for $170,000.00 and people say it is dirt cheap.

Mr. Watson had the photographs of the members of the Fairmont Development company all grouped on the same card. He thought the pictures were taken in 1894. There was John B. Crane, Uncle Joe Sands, Cal W. Arnett, George DeBolt, Clarence L. Smith, all dead; and O. S. McKinney, Tom Parks Fleming and Sam R. Nuzum, living.

These people were the real founders of Fairmont. In the first place they borrowed the money to open the South Side and build the bridge. In the second place they had faith enough in the proposition to agree to buy back the property at twice the purchase price.

Good Morning!

August 1, 1926

About 9 o'clock last night we were sitting on the sofa in Jock McNeil's house in the patch about Number 8 Mine. We had been upstairs talking to Jock as he lay in bed. He still had a pain in his chest caused by black damp and was nervous from his harassing experience. He had told Bob Lambie, Bob Lilly, June Clark and ourself the whole story from kiver to kiver. He told us of how all the trapped men had prayed for deliverance and how their prayers had been answered. At first he pitched his voice in a high key as is the custom of old men who work amid the noise of machinery. But as his narrative came to a close his voice modulated. He spoke in deep reverence of how the little group of miners, foreign born, native born and Negroes—all Americans, had sat through the long hours in the icy darkness, trembling upon the brink of eternity. "I am going to do a lot more reading of the Bible than I used to," he said simply.

In the whirl of our thoughts we can see a score of blackened men walking Indian fashion through the murk of a blasted mine. We can fancy something like it on Judgment Day—men walking out of the Darkness into the Light.

We can see these 20 men walking through the darkness, Dad Fetty leading the way, like a modern Moses, and old Jock McNeil, with his lungs filled with fire damp, limping along in the rear. Two old shepherds guarding their sheep! In our mind's eye we see them splash through the water hole at 16-Left and grope their way down the long stretch to the turn at No. 10.

We can see in them the sublimest story of simple heroism our eyes have ever beholden.

On Thursday night, shortly after 10 o'clock there was a local explosion in some new workings of the No. 8 mine, known as the 7th Right Heading or Entry. The explosion killed every living thing within an area as big as the business section of Fairmont.

In such mine explosions Death ravels upon a path of dust. In No. 8 there was no dust and only those whom death could reach with his fiery tongue were aid low. A mile away, down near the face of the coal in the workings centering around the 0th right entry, 20 odd men were working.

We, on the outside, didn't hink these men had a gambler's chance to be alive.

Just about dawn Bill Riggleman, the veteran mine inspector, old us he thought they might be alive and this cheered us, but while we were talking to Bill hey started to bring out the bodies of the dead. Each poor ellow was wrapped in canvas and lay upon a stretcher. One at a time they came up the coal haft till we counted ten.

Curiosity led us to follow the irst one into the improvised morgue. He had been killed by oncussion and flame, but his watch was still ticking away as f to boast that neither fire nor lame nor blast nor death can halt Time in her flight.

Then they brought in a young ellow, badly blasted, but whose iny electric safety lamp still burned brightly in his cap.

What a grim old monster is Death, we thought, to snap out a man's life without breaking he filiment of a tiny light bulb on his brow. Perhaps, we hought, the light is symbolic; hat it burns in death as a sign hat God is not far away and is moving in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

The third blackened form was aid beside the first and side by ide lay the father and the son.

For the moment our eyes were almost blinded by tears. We eemed to picture this father and his boy, working side by ide, and the pride that must have been his to have a son who could do a man's work.

There was comfort in the hought that their end came in he twinkling of an eye; that neither lived to see the other suffer.

The morning wore away. We oined a circle of sad faced officials. "Let nothing stand in the way of reaching the score of men beyond 7 Right," was the order.

"We will have all the bodies out by midnight," an official said to us. "And are they all dead?" we asked. "Yes, they are all dead."

We came home just before noon and slept and we dreamed of two things. We saw the play "The Miracle" where the vast array of moving lights approached the cathedral, but in our dream of the play the lights were on the heads of dead men. It was grotesque. And then we saw over again a picture of De Mille's called "Feet of Clay," where a great procession moved up to the Throne of Judgment· Slowly and listlessly they marched; suddenly large numbers stopped, turned back and ran in the opposite direction.

Then from far off we heard a voice. We came back to consciousness like crawling out of a well into the sunlight. We were called to the telephone.

The voice at the other end tried to be calm. "Those men in the mine are alive!"

A minute later we had the mine office on the phone. We tried to make our voice calm.

"Flossie McCullough Prim," said we, tensely, to Dobbie's stenog, who answered, "Tell me yes or no. Are those men alive?"

"Yes. there are twenty men coming out of the mine now; two of them are sitting right here by me."

Her voice was calm.

So we went out there again and talked to Bob Lambie and he showed us the slab of timber where Jock McNeil wrote his eloquent message.

Such a contrast from the morning! Men shook hands and then shook hands all over again.

They told us of the Negro preacher, Rev. John Thomas, who walked to his death in the simple faith that the Lord would lead him to safety. Lonnie Bee followed him and they died, one beside the other; how Bill Fluer also followed, but at a distance, and how when the others fell, the fleetness of the feet saved his life.

And then we went with Bob Lambie up the sheer hillside to see the two old shepherds.

Lee Fetty was surrounded by his two boys, miners at Brady and rescue workers who never lost faith that their dad would be found alive. Four hours earlier they had proudly led him from the pit, one on the one side and one on the other. Now, with their wives and babies, they heard from his lips the story of how the miracle was done.

Jock McNeil, who is John H. McNeil, Sr., was surrounded by a happy family. His boys and girls were there. Harry, who brought the glad news home; Mrs. Ed F. Capet, whose husband was the first to reach him and Agnes, Ethel and Johnnie, Robert, Minna and Mary, who live in Ohio, had telegrams. Mrs. Brooks, a niece, was also there. My husband was close behind, said she proudly. It was a happy household.

A newspaper (we believe it was yesterday's Times) with glaring headlines proclaiming that all were dead, lay on a chair, a sad commentary of man's knowledge of the unknown.

Good Morning!

August 10, 1926

The first actual telephones to be installed in this county was a circuit between the Farmington drug store and the residence of the druggist, a short distance away. This was about 1877, and the name of the druggist is not known to us. But anyway he put in a regular telephone and people came from miles around to listen to it. The late Carney Carr was said to have been among the very first to have talked over it. He called up the druggist's wife, with whom he was well acquainted and she recognized his voice right away, which was considered as nothing short of miraculous. Later, when they asked her how she came to recognize the speaker, she is quoted with saying that she knew it was Larney Carr by the onions on his breath!

The first "commercial" telephone line in all this countryside was installed in Fairmont about 1877. It started at Governor Fleming's office, which was in the "front room" of his residence on Jefferson street and ended in the office of the old Gaston Mine, a mile and a half away, with a connection at the Otis Watson homestead, which is now Fairmont Farms.

Three of the new fangled telephone instruments had been purchased in the east, together with sufficient wire for the installation. An old Western Union lineman from Cameron was engaged to install the "system" and Clarence Watson was hired as his assistant. The poles were stretched from the Fleming home through the town and up the Coal Run ravine and across the briar patch to Watson and then over the hill to Gaston.

In those days Governor Fleming's law office was occupied by Otis Watson and Andrew Stone, each of whom had "desk" room, and from there, by means of the telephone they directed the operation of Gaston Mine, which had been opened in 1870.

A single wire was stretched, which was grounded on each end in order to stimulate the batteries. To make the voice "carry" they had to pour water on the grounded wires.

One night young Clarence Watson, then about 14, was at the mine trying to phone the car numbers in to Governor Fleming. Andrew Stone was with him and for some reason the phone would not work. Finally the Watson kid turned and yelled out the window to Mr. Stone.

"Mr. Stone, pour a whole bar'l of water on the — — — thing!"

He didn't know that his father, "listening in" at his phone had heard every word even if the phone was "dead" at the governor's.

Anyway he got a severe lecture for the use of profanity, which, we are sad to relate was like the vaccination that "never took."

Good Morning!

September 26, 1926

And so, folks, we rolled in yesterday morning along with a score of others who had taken the worst that old Jup Pluve had to see First Lieutenant Tunney take the worst Private Citizen Dempsey had. We all survived—that is, the gallant twenty of us and the nimble Lt. Tunney. As for Mr. Dempsey we think he will get well, too.

To those of us who are getting older there is a bit of pathos in the sight of a champion being tumbled from his pedestal. It comes to each and every one of them sooner or later. As we turned away from the ring the last thing we saw was poor old Dempsey sitting bleeding and blinded in his corner. By his side were but two men; the rest had left him.

Most of the Fairmonters fared pretty well at the fight and most of them had seats within the three mile limit. From where we sat it was as far as from here to the courthouse to the topmost row of the stadium where the sun-fish sat.

As we say, most of the Fairmonters fared very well. One of them, Osman Swartz by name and by profession a lawyer, left his hotel room door open while he snatched a couple of winks of sleep. Between the winks a clever burglar came into the room, seized his money and watch and disappeared. Philadelphia people were very indignant about it till they found out he was a lawyer and then they sort of lost interest.

Dr. E. W. Howard passed off very nicely as Governor Gore. He didn't want to impersonate the governor very badly, but Jim Thomas, Robert Watson and W. T. Smallwood who were with him thought it would be very nice to have a governor with them. So they represented the doctor as Governor Gore and referred to themselves as his official staff. Jim Thomas, if we remember correctly, was a major general. They had their picture taken and impressed the natives considerably.

Tommy Murray and Frank Jacobs, et al, drove down in Murray's car. Instead of going down the Main Line to the city they detoured by the way of Baltimore on account of Tommy Murray wanting to see the Stafford Hotel once more. Well he saw it all right but when he came out his car had disappeared. Somebody had made a mistake and thought it was a stranger's car instead of a home-town boy's, and when the police heard about the mistake they located the car, snatched it away from the bandit and they are sending it back to Tommy with apologies. It must be an awful thing to be taken for a stranger in one's home town!

Brooks Fleming was quite an optimist. He decided it wasn't going to rain. Based on this decision neither he nor Murray Dickerson, Tusca Morris and Frank Lyon took their rain coats to the stadium. They were very nice rain coats, too.

But speaking of the rain there were only two wetter spots in the United States than that Sesqui Stadium during the big fight. One of those places is the Atlantic Ocean and the other the football field at Morgantown yesterday.

Honestly we didn't think there was a living man who could whip Jack Dempsey. And that seemed to be the trouble with most people including 99 out of 100 sporting editors. We had seen Dempsey knock out Luis Angel Firpo in New York three years ago and we had the impression that no man, least of all Gene Tunney, could top him. But we were living in the past. We failed to note the ex-Marine coming up; we refused to believe that Dempsey was going down.

On Thursday morning we rolled out of bed in New York and in an obscure corner of one of the papers was a paragraph to the effect that Abie Attell and his crowd of "sure thing" betters were going the limit on Tunney. That gave us our first hunch that there was going to be another fighter in the ring besides Dempsey.

Going over on the train with Bert Watson and Os Swartz we read in the New York Journal a "concensus of opinion" of the sporting experts of the country. All but one was for Dempsey. That strengthened our belief that Tunney would win.

Our seat at the fight was about 60 feet from the ring and the view was about uninterrupted. At the tap of the gong when Dempsey bounded into the arena we reached for our hat. "It won't be long now," a man behind us said . . .

Three minutes later the killer was stopped. Tunney, near the ropes, dodged a vicious blow the champ let loose and Dempsey fell into the ropes. Tunney was on him like a panther. As they met they exchanged blows and then Tunney drove a terrible right to the jaw. Dempsey staggered and wilted. His star of destiny had set. Tunney squared himself to finish the job but the gong sounded. Ten seconds more and the fight would have ended there at the finish of the first round. But to all practical purposes the fight did end there. Dempsey never recovered from the right to the jaw.

Good Morning!

November 29, 1926

The worst that can be said of the new white way lighting is that Quincy street loses her prestige as the trysting center of this town. Otherwise the improvement, which affects not only Quincy street but Jackson street and Cleveland avenue, as well, is a notable one and is another one of those little bits of progress which mark the present city administration.

But every city has its trysting spot and Quincy street has had this honor for several years. The turning on of the white way lights, however had driven the lovers elsewhere . . . Here in the dark and the shadows the bashful boy "picked up" his shy date for that first clandestine motor ride. And here it was that intrigue stalked and Sin held a rendezvous with the night. Here also strolled the birds of the night, known to every generation and every age, since God made woman . . . The sidewalks of Quincy street could they speak, would have a tale to tell —but when told it would be a story grown old when Babylon built her hanging gardens!

Good Morning!

March 14, 1927

Mass hysteria at the Glory Barn soared to the zenith yesterday. It was a wonderful March day. The air was warm and there was a gusty, warm wind from the southwest. A bright sun beat down from a clear sky. Nature's miracles were being performed on every side. One could almost see the grass coming up in the yard and the buds forming on the shrubbery.

From our open window snatches of the Glory Barn music caught in gusts of wind were blown into our room. They were snatches of a mighty chorus, but the thousands of voices could not drown the tintinabulation of the barn piano.

The music came to us in a mighty roar and then died down completely like the big waves which roll in under the boardwalk at Atlantic City at night. All would be still for a moment and then a few notes of the chorus would blow across to us. Then silence again, then the tinkle of the piano and the massed voices.

The crowds were immense. Pilgrims from Wheeling by the train load came to the local Barn to renew their faith at the feet of one whose shield has not yet been hung amongst those here who are of the annointed of the Lord. They came, big and little, old and young, hale and frail, devout and curious, and their voices swelled a chorus, the theme of which was "Come Unto Me!"

There was no let up all day; that is, from early afternoon till late at night. During the supper hour the pilgrims and the others of the multitude descended the heights long enough to meet the requirements of nature. But there was small need of food and refreshment for the body when the soul had all but escaped in a dizzy flight to the realms beyond our ken.

It was the queerest, most oddly assorted crowd that has ever sought God on Quincy street. The Puritan was there and the Cavalier, and so was the foreigner from every land that has yet made a contribution to the legions who mine our coal.

The aged were there ears cupped by hands, eagerly listening for a single word that would serve as a clue to the destination of a long journey they are about to take.

Bodies twisted by illness or malformed at birth did all but quiver at the thought that the hand of mercy was about to be laid upon them. Young girls, red of cheek, vivid of lip, strong of body and gaily bedecked, sat, fasinated but not understanding that ten thousand years ago they were vestal virgins in marble temples where God's attention was sought by the dripping of blood of the human sacrifice, and not by the murmer of a fervent prayer.

Good Morning!

August 13, 1927

If we Fairmont people were not dead both ways from the belt buckle we would have had the band out to celebrate the opening of Seventh street between Walnut and Fairmont avenues. From the standpoint of the motorist and that of convenience, it is the outstanding piece of work done in this town in many months. It gives a direct cross-town route from Locust to Fairmont avenues, passing Loop Park and the pretty residential section, including (in a whisper) the new Oakwood Road coal mine.

We drove out that way early yesterday morning, or late the night before and the big, full moon in a white veil was hanging so low in the sky that the tall Lombardy poplars fringing the park looked eerie in the pale light. There was a fog, too, coming up the hollow where Carl Martin is going to build his new home, and wisps of it were floating across the road and into the park, and one big, old oak-tree upon a knoll looked for all the world like it was perched upon a little island surrounded by water.

But the moon hanging behind the park and squinting through the tall tops of the poplars made a picture like an old Italian painting. The only thing missing from the picture was a girl with a flowing white gown leading a greyhound. But two rabbits scurried from the high grass fringing the road and disappeared in the hedge.

As we say, it looked like an old Italian painting, but it did not look like West Virginia.

Good Morning!

August 29, 1927

Fairmont's oldest landmarks are the graves in the old cemetery of the Flemings. We are not very well acquainted with it, that is, with the history of these old folks, we are sorry to say, but we do know that our own children can look back through six generations of Marion County ancestry to one grave out there.

This cemetery has long stood in the way of extending Mt. Vernon avenue, but looking around there yesterday we could see no reason for the Flemings to make an arrangement with the city to extend the street and to receive in turn assistance in putting the graveyard in proper condition.

We think it is silly to talk of removing the cemetery. This is Fairmont's one mark of antiquity and in the years to come it will be visited by people from far and wide . . .

Good Morning!

March 3, 1928

At this hour Judge William S. aymond still lingers on the rderland. The family are at his edside. The end is near.

"Although I was a boy of bout his age when the civil war roke out," writes John A. Bock, Farmington, "I well remem- er when, with his honored fath- ; the honorable James Nee- on, an eminent lawyer of Fair- ont; George Kerr, sheriff of arion County; William F. rinkard, publisher of the True irginian; Dr. Z. Kidwell and any others from this county ast their lot with the south. any of these never came back, ut the citizenry of Fairmont as greatly enriched when Dr. idwell, A. F. Haymond and his on, "Willie," who wore his "lit- e gray jacket" with such hon- , returned. I have known him most all of my life, was intim- ely acquainted with him, and an truthfully say a more hon- rable and upright man I never new. Should he die at this time e town, the county, and the ate will suffer an irreparable oss."

Fairmont these last few years as been as one standing at a oor through which many peo- le are making their exit. In act, she is watching a whole eneration depart. J. M. Hartley, e merchant, J. E. Watson, the apitalist, Sam R. Nuzum, the romotor, Clyde H. Hutchinson, e coal producer, Owen S. Mc- inney, the journalist, Winfield . Meredith the jurist—these e but a few of the many she as seen pass through the door.

Good Morning!

November 28, 1928

We are indebted to the Rev. . E. Pierce of Cameron for the nteresting information that the oad from Fairmont to Wheeling as recently been designated as U. S. Highway of the first class which means that it will be re- uilt with federal and state oney spent on a 50-50 basis.

This would mean a consider- ble picking up of the tourist rade in this section because this ew designation would put Fair- ont on a direct route from De- roit, Toledo and Chicago to lorida and the south.

The way we figure it on the ap, after talking to Dr. Pierce, s that the new road would start t Wooster, Ohio, and following hio Route 6 to Wheeling, and hen follow West Virginia Route to Cameron, Mannington and Fairmont, to the Northwestern Highway (U. S. Route 50) just west of Pruntytown. At Fairmont, however, a more important connection would be made with U. S. Route 19, the most direct route to Florida.

The opening of this new route would place Fairmont on a tourist trunk line between the north and west and Washington on the east.

Good Morning!

December 2, 1928

In many ways Mannington is a nicer place to live in than Fairmont. Home life in Mannington is developed to the nth degree. By this we mean that Mannington wimmin pay a lot of mind to being hostesses and to making their homes places in which to enjoy hospitality. And in other ways life in Mannington is farther advanced than in Fairmont. For instance up there they have a community radio. A railroad towerman whose first name is Heck has a central receiving station for all radio concerts and all one needs to do in one's home up there is to install a loud speaker and Heck does the rest for a dollar fifty per month. The only drawback to the system that we noticed was that Heck is the sole judge of what you get. In other words you either take what Heck gives you or turn off the switch.

This man Heck has what one might call a variable taste in music. Last night he ran to the sentimental. Silver Threads Among the Gold and When You and I Were Young, Maggie, were carefully snatched from the ether and delivered with much eclat to his customers. Night before last, we are told, he ran to jazz. Later in the Winter when the revival season hits Mannington with its usual intensity, Heck, we are told, becomes pious and combs the ether with a fine tooth comb for hymns and spirituals., and there have been times of a Sunday when he has furnished no fewer than three sermons by the air route regardless of the fact that his customers have already sat through a morning and an evening sermon.

Good Morning!

December 20, 1928

Well, folks, we haven't had a real white Christmas since 1839. It was white enough for our great-grandfather, Thomas Barns, to make a notation of it in his Bible.

According to this faded record which we ran onto last night, fifteen inches of snow fell on December 21, 1839, and stayed on the ground, white and crisp, until two days after Christmas when 17 more inches fell. This made a Christmas snowfall of 27 inches but our great-grandfather with great fidelity to the truth recorded the fact that after the snow had "settled" it remained for quite a spell at the depth of 27 inches.

We have heard our grandmother, the late Caroline Malinda Barns Fleming, tell of this white Christmas. She was fifteen years old at the time and she always maintained that it outdid the Winter of '52, both in depth of snow and duration of the cold spell. This big snow of 1839 drove many wild animals from the forest into Barnsville. Hungry wolves were about that winter as well as wildcats, bears and deer.

That was the Winter William Henry Harrison was nominated for President and John Tyler for vice president at the convention of the Whigs held at Harrisburg on December 4. The following Spring John Tyler stumped through this section and made a speech from a platform built under a big oak tree on Pierpont Hill just back of Quincy street.

We told them of Neil Carney's Drug Store and the old courthouse where our dad used to be circuit clerk. We told of how he used to make frequent trips over to the drug store and when anybody would ask him what he had in the package he would say, "Ink for the Co't," which was a big joke then because everybody knew that the bottles he carried for the court didn't contain ink but something rather more in keeping with the spirit of that time. We told about the Mountain City Hotel, Ed McCray's harness shop and livery stable and of the mare, Minnie, that bit us on the arm. We mentioned Hot-Cat-Polly-Q-L-Martin with his cane, and Banjo Jim, who swore that when he first came here the Monongahela River ran South instead of North. We told of the 4th of July when Howard Fleming had his arm broken and of Captain Tom Reed who was always grand marshall of the patriotic and republican parades, and of our grandfather Fountain Smith, throwing an inkwell at another lawyer who called him a liar, and about how Harry Hartley, Murray Dickerson and Kip Fleming played in the band and tooted all day to celebrate the election of Cleveland and never got paid for it.

We recalled the old-time colored people, Dave Petty, Uncle Alfred Mead, Uncle John Jackson, Joshua Hawkins, Ben Jenkins,, "Old Wat" and others, and some of the younger bucks of that day, including Pop Ike, Boss and Gaiterbait Petty and Piggy Ike. We mentioned the ornate hotel busses and the first shiny, black cabs and who they hauled and whence they hauled them. We brought back to the mind opening of the Thomas F. Watson Hotel and later the great vogue of Skinner's Tavern. We dwelt briefly of the day of the wide-open town, of the saloons, the gambling places and the sporting houses.

Good Morning!

February 3, 1930

In the first place we question if there is a district anywhere in the country where the national prohibition laws are so efficiently and as decently enforced as in this section of West Virginia, and we will venture the assertion that if prohibition remains on the statute books for fifty years this section is dryer today than it will ever be again.

Prohibition conditions as the country at large knows them, are non-existent here. We have very few bootleggers and to our knowledge not one open speakeasy in this entire town. Drinking, of course, is almost universal, but the day of the blatant and conspicuous bootlegger is, for the time being, over in Fairmont.

The appointment of any unofficial body of snoopers in the town, regardless of how high their motives might be, would only aggravate what otherwise seems to be from the dry standpoint, a very satisfactory condition. In the first place there is probably not a single bootlegger or whisky maker in this town that the federals do not know about and are abiding their time to knock him off. The committee of 100 could not possibly assist them in this regard.

The day of window blind peeping and key-hole snooping is out of the fashion in this town and this is about the only thing we can conceive for a committee to work at.

Our advice to the good people of this town is to turn their attention from such futile things and to concentrate on restoring Fairmont's institutions to their old time strength and to unite in bringing the old town back to her old time glory.

In Fairmont and West Virginia prohibition is already as much a fact as it will ever be.

Good Morning!

December 3, 1930

Yesterday in the great grazing areas of our back counties where in the Spring the meadows are deep in grass and rich in clover, and where, on the steep slopes of the ridges the blue grass lays a verdant carpet, the folks sitting about their firesides spoke to one another and said that next year Mr. Watson would not drive up to the gate in his big, green Packard and buy "that bunch of 3-year-old Short Horns for the Baltimore market." Yesterday also in the mining camps along the river old men with gnarled hands sitting before their grates where big lumps of gas coal sputtered and crackled, told their women folks that "on a Thursday they were a goin' down to town to see Bud Watson for the last time." And then, chances are they lighted their pipes and told tales of the days of the giants when the Watson boys, Bud amongst them, fought for P and R railroad cars for them to load in Gaston or Montana. And they told of nights when men were men, and spoke of great election days when men fought in the streets and blood was spilled. They sighed for a day that is gone forever. Yesterday also in the paddocks at the race tracks pinched faced jockeys warming up for the afternoon races told one another that "the old Colonel" has cashed his last ticket, played his last favorite. And also on yesterday in a thousand Fairmont homes the older folks talked of the "good old days" when the land was prosperous and the word of "The Boss" was passed down the line to the men in the mines and the boys in the streets, and there was peace and plenty in the valley and much leisure. Jobs could be had and pay envelopes were fat and the "Fairmont crowd" sat upon the top of the world.

In those days The Boss was supreme. Once an Italian appeared in the Circuit Court to be naturalized. In the course of his examination the judge asked him who he was going to vote for for president.

"Big Bud", the Italian replied.

And yesterday on Fairmont avenue 'the old Colonel' lay sleeping in a big casket and his face was in repose like a Van Dyke painting and those that passed sorrowfully by spoke of his great kindness, his great generosity and of his unselfish devotion to his family and his friends. They spoke of his long and happy life and of the things he had given to the world and the rich pleasures he had derived from it. Some could recall him as a young "home guardsman" with long rifle who single handed tried to stop the Confederate invasion of General Jones. They spoke tenderly of his courtship and marriage to Jane Fleming and of the long life they lived together in happiness and peace. His cronies of the "good old days" told of happy nights about many a festive board where the clicking of ivory chips was the leit motif of a symphony of happy days. They spoke tenderly of the old Colonel (He was "S.L." to them, not "the Colonel.") as one whom they loved well, and many an eye grew dim as anecdotes were told of nights and days when white mile posts were passed along a happy way that seemed then impossible of an ending.

They looked upon the face in repose and at the hands, now cold, which had grasped theirs in the warmth of friendship and sympathy; they sought in vain for the little smile that always lurked behind the sober lines of the face. He would always take a chance, they said, but he was never reckless. In the betting ring at the race tracks where he was a familiar figure for 30 years, he always played the favorites. Unlike the rest of us who walked with him and felt we were walking with tall men, he would never risk his money on the long shots. And in the old poker days when he sat side by side with Charley Powell, Walton Miller, George Alexander, Sam Iseman, Pop Race and the rest, he sometimes called with three aces . . . And on Monday night when he heard the bugle blow for the last race and he stood with a jostling crowd in the land of shadows before the booth of Him who makes the Books and writes the tickets for the greatest race of them all, we have an abiding notion that he received a winner!

Tomorrow they will lay the old Colonel to rest in Woodlawn and he will become another tender thought in our gallery of memories; but after awhile when we, too, have grown old, he will have become a legend about which the folklore of a community is built.

And, as we say, in the cattle country where the three-year-olds are nibbling at the scant stacks, the folks will miss the purr of a big green Packard; up and down the Valley old men will tell the young folks of the days of the giants; before firesides in homes whose very walls are altars of the Past upon which have been hung the memories of a happy day, graying men will reminisce over the recollections of festive nights, and in paddocks filled with the pungent odors of thoroughbreds hatchet faced jockeys will look in vain for a familiar figure.

The old Colonel has cashed his tickets and has gone Home.

Good Morning!

March 8, 1931

According to the newspapers the other day a local policeman doffed his uniform and in plain clothes walked out Washington street where the bawdy houses are in Fairmont's red light district. Painted women behind drawn blinds beckoned to him seductively, and, according to the evidence, they used the age old methods of the profession to entice him into the house. As a result the women were jailed and fined out of all proportion to their offense.

What the police department seemed to be trying to convey in the manner in which the story was given out was that if a policeman had not been sent in plain clothes to the red light district the department would not have been aware that women with painted faces sat behind drawn curtains and lured men to their dens.

Personally we don't know, not having been on Washington street since the joints moved there from across the river, but we'd bet a thin dime that a blind man with his cane could walk out that street and become fully aware of the existance of those places.

Good Morning!

October 9, 1931

We had been making some plans this past summer to write a couple of yarns about the Fairmont as we knew it 25 to 30 years ago. They were going to be colorful yarns about Ashbel Hall's Ice Cream Parlor (Oysters in Season); Cole Kerr's sody fountain with its famous milk shakes; the Red Line Saloon with the knockout drops; the Fountain Saloon and Restaurant; and Hot Cat Polly Q. L. Martin. The younger generation and the newcomers have little conception of what a lively place thi town used to be and it was ou notion to dig up a little plo in the garden of our memorie in which we would sow lavishly of the seeds of reminiscence But yesterday we ran into ou cousin Elizabeth Watson Randall, who has just traded in her pre-Volstead Packard for a new Ford, and we flagged her down and demanded the news.

"I've got the most interesting thing to tell you," she said bubbling over with enthusiasm she never inherited from the Watsons. "I've joined Stella Morgan's short-story school and I am already engaged in writing a most interesting narrative. It tells about the old days in Fairmont when we girls went to Mr. Kerr's for milk shakes and to Ashbel Hall's for ice cream and . . ."

"Oysters in season," we growled.

"Yes," she said, "Oysters in season. And its about that grand day when the New Addition Bridge was opened, and there's something in it about those terrible saloons that used to be here and the gilded gambling houses and other heavenly dens of wickedness And do you remember . . .?

"Cousin my memory is a blank. I'm not interested in the past. What I want to know is what Santa Claus is going to fetch me for Christmas,' said we sourly.

"Then you are not interested in my story?"

"Well, I wish you luck."

And now doggone Stella Morgan's short-story school anyway. If she hadn't started it Cousin Elizabeth would have let the past alone for us to dabble with to our heart's content.

Well, anyway, there was enough to the Fairmont of 30 years ago for two historians.

We'll let her take the high spots whilst we shall dwell amongst the minor memories The old pear tree in Crane's yard; the Lyceum and Mozart Societies at the normal school the girl who sang in the choir in the old side Methodist church on Main street; the grape arbor in Newt Snider's back yard with its view backstage of the old op'ry house Sam Clemens and his cab; skating on Will Moose Fleming's ice pond and the Granny Fisher Road.

We know some things to write a yarn about that Couı Elizabeth never dreamed

Good Morning!

January 26, 1934

Most people who have men-
ned the matter to us do not
ieve the time has yet come
plug for a bigger and better
rmont. In fact, the best
nion seems to be that too
ch effort was wasted in the
rs preceding the Depression
trying to overemphasize the
ilities Fairmont had to offer
the way of business oppor-
ities and social culture. To-
very few people have the
htest inclination to do any
ificial stimulation of the old
n. It is the general impres-
ı that better times are al-
dy here and that much bet-
times are coming, but that
il a real come-back has been
ged there should be no
lyhoo used to stimulate
e hopes for the future. In
er words the tendency
ms to be to let prosperity
ep up on us and say nothing
atever about it lest it take
ht and beat it again.

airmont, it must be remem-
ed, was in the throes of the
ression long before the
of the country. To prove
we have a framed picture
wing the ceremonies on the
rthouse lawn in 1928 when
d Man Gloom" was buried.
eteen twenty-eight will, of
rse, go down in history as
ing been one of the most
tantly prosperous years the
ntry ever enjoyed, and yet
rmont was so despondent
t it was deemed necessary
hold a public ceremony to
e her tears away.

airmont's depression actu-
started about May 1, 1924
en the mining and shipping
coal ceased to be profitable
in order to meet the
nging conditions in the coal
le and to meet lower prices
producers decided to break
ir ties with the union and
s was precipitated a long
disastrous labor war.

Good Morning!

February 8, 1934

t was a long time ago in
town when the script of
Elk's show had to be
nged after the first per-
mance because a line spok-
by Uncle Tom was offensive
the very pious Fairmont
l Company.

hat thing is worth repeat-
for the benefit of those who do not remember the days when free speech was not permitted in this community.

The Elks were giving a burlesque on Uncle Tom's Cabin. Sam Leeper, we think, was Simon Legree and Ed Mayers Uncle Tom.

In the original script Simon Legree says:

"An't I your master? Didn't I pay twelve hundred dollars, cash, for all there is inside your cussed old black shell? An't you mine, body and soul?"

Tom replies: No! no! My soul an't yours, mas'r; you haven't bought it—ye can't buy it; it's been bought and paid for by one that is able to keep it, and you can't harm it."

In the Elk's version, which caused the trouble, Uncle Tom's reply was in these words:

"Yes, Massa, you might own dis ole body of mine but my soul belong to de Fairmont Coal Company!"

After the first performance and before the boys had removed their blackface and make-up a coal company bull brought in the orders to change that speech or else. The speech was changed. The next night it was God and not the Fairmont Coal Company who owned Uncle Tom's soul.

Good Morning!

March 9, 1934

Ed Meredith's "Do You Remember" is one of the most enjoyable features The Times has ever printed. It seems to have a distinct appeal to all classes of people. Naturally the natives love it, but we have been greatly pleasured to learn that the "furriners" get a big kick from these intimate glimpses into the community's past.

Our reference to "furriners" above brings to mind that something ought to be done to clarify the status of furriners. Personally, we think everybody who is not native to these hills is a furriner, but we have found, in these changing times, that some compromise is demanded by those who have been here quite a spell.

The other night in a sleeping car we ran into Dave Brown of Grant Town. He has been here seven years and has put on most of the airs of a native. When we told him that being here but seven years was simply nothing he wanted a movement started that anybody who had endured five years in this valley was entitled to the status of a Native Son. Fred Krafft had the same notion, and we found, upon making a canvass of the sleeping car that something of the same sentiment was expressed by Truman Johnson, Frank Day, Clark Dobbie and some others, all of whom, it seemed were in the coal racket.

It developed that these furriners are sensitive to being such. Some of them say it has been bad enough to live down here without being looked upon by the natives as newcomers. They also say that if it weren't for the furriners West Virginia never would have been developed, but when we come right back at 'em and said that what they refer to as development was nothing more or less, in many cases, than devastation, they bit their mustaches and said no more.

But really we are getting around to the viewpoint that when a furriner has been here long enough to become interested in Ed Meredith's column there ought to be some way to naturalize him and make him indigenous to the soil.

We would say, off hand, that the best test of a furriner becoming native is the menu of the turkey dinners that he serves. If say, Dave Brown would give a turkey dinner with creamed hominy, kraut, escaloped oysters and cranberries, he would be pretty doggoned near a native. It is not that their turkey dinners aren't good; it is just that a lot of people come down here bringing their Yankee notions with them.

Good Morning!

April 15, 1934

We've often wondered why some of the regular boarders at the old Manley hotel never got together and held a reunion. Let's see. There was Scott Lowe, Bill Powell, Benny Holbert, Jack Rownd, Carl Lowe to name a few. There were others, too, but we disremember their names. Meal tickets were dispensed by Uncle Charley Manley at the rate of 21 meals for six dollars, and there was everything on the menu from soup to nuts. For convenience the first two courses were served together. That is, the waitress would fetch you a dish of soup with crackers, olives, celery, pickles or radishes, and on the same tray she would bring a dab of fish. You were supposed to eat your soup first and then the fish. The fish was usually sprinkled with paprika and garnished with a sprig of parsley. The crackers that were served with the soup were supposed to be eaten separately. It was distinctly bad table manners at the Manley to break the crackers in the soup. Those who did were given a certain look not only by the waitresses but by the regular guests as well.

While the soup was being eaten and the fish contemplated, the girl came along and took your dinner order. This consisted of a remove, a meat dish or chicken, three or four vegetables and a dab of salad. Later the dessert was served and ice cream with frosted white cake was more popular than the pie. It was considered good form to have your "coffee, tea or milk" either with the dinner or the dessert. A diner was not held to be snooty if he took his coffee later.

Smoking, we are quite sure, was not permitted in the dining room, and if a lady diner would light a cigaret sheer consternation would follow. Drinks were never served in the dining room in the presence of ladies. In fact, there was no provision made at the Manley for women to drink. The men were served at the long bar adjoining the office but it never seemed to enter anybody's head that the women might need a snifter.

In the summer time the office chairs were carried out onto the sidewalk by the porter and the guests either sat facing the street or they placed their chairs into the street and faced the sidewalk, resting their feet upon the curb. A good many girls ran the gauntlet between the hotel door and the line of chairs, especially if they were girls with pretty ankles. Skinny girls and bowlegged ones, having business in the neighborhood, used the opposite sidewalk.

The Manley didn't cater to the chorus girl trade or the cheap trade generally. It was the Mecca, during the annual fairs, of the harness horsemen who were a picturesque group in those days when the best trotters and pacers in the world raced at Fairmont.

There was a time when the "ballroom" in the Manley was the social center of the community. Both the girls and boys were under the closest observation. The boys particularly were watched lest they danced with liquor on their breath. The best way in the world to become a social outcast in Fairmont then was to go to a society dance smelling of strong drink.

The Manley bar wasn't much as first class bars went in those days. It gave you the impression of being run by a man who didn't like the business but had to stay in it on account of the hotel, which was doubtless true of Uncle Charley. He was right strict with habitual drunks, too, and had his own black-list of those to whom no drinks would be served.

It is related that one day a black-listed drunk came in, ploped a dime on the bar and demanded a drink of whiskey.

Uncle Charley pushed his dime back. "That won't buy a drink here," he said.

"Won't sell me ten-cent whiskey, eh? Well, you can't get me to drink that nickel stuff." And the drunk walked out with great dignity.

In those days good bar'l liquor cost a dime a drink with some special brands at 15 cents. That same 15-cent drink now costs 55 cents in Washington, the dime stuff 40 cents. Two bits would buy a half-pint of Uncle Charley's liquor. The best imported champagne ran around $4 a quart, which everybody thought was high.

Rooms at the Manley ranged from a dollar a day up with very special rates for regular roomers.

Good Morning!

April 22, 1934

We have just been thinking of the great Monongah explosion which cut across the happiness and prosperity of this valley, 27 years ago.

We arrived about an hour after the explosion on a trolley car filled with men. Everything seemed to be in a state of great disorder except one thing: The mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts of the men had gathered above the mouth of the mine to begin their vigil. They were in every state of disarray. Many were weeping quietly. One or two shrieked and could not be quieted. Some paced the cindery hillside, keening imprecations and prayers. Some sat quietly, stolid, staring with vacant eyes. Men walked amongst them, speaking cheerfully and trying to reassure them. A few women gave them wan smiles, others cursed them.

Wraithes of smoke curled from the mouth of Number Six. It was said there had been two great explosions, that a "strip" of runaway cars had raced from the tipple for seven hundred feet to the bottom of the slope of Number Six and immediately thereafter a great blast had occurred. This was followed almost at the same instant by a similar, but greater explosion at the mouth of Number Eight mine, a mile farther up the river. It was as though cannons of the gods had gone off.

As we stood at the mouth of Number Six mine rumors spread as to what had occurred at the mouth of Number Eight. When the blast came they said, the fan at Number Eight had been blown across the river and that the bodies of men had been seen high in the air.

It was a damp, muggy day, the sixth of December Nineteen Seven. In the world of bituminous coal the mines of Monongah were known as the last word in efficiency and safety. Men came from all over the country to see and to admire. Al J. Ruckman was the superintendent at Monongah and to operate those mines was an honor hard to excel in our valley. When coal men from far places came to Monongah they were personally escorted through the workings by Mr. Ruckman. The trip would be made in a mine wagon hitched to a motor. As the motor would grind and hiss through the dark tunnels Mr. Ruckman would indicate the fine points of the mine. Once he arranged a trip for us—it was about a month before the explosion—and a girl in the party, who had never before seen a mine, asked him if coal mines were not dangerous. He said some mines might be dangerous, but this one was as safe as her parlor at home. He spoke of the workings as one mine, as indeed they were, because away back under the hills, Number Six Mine connected with Number Eight Mine to make one, and on his motor trips, he would enter Six and come out Eight or visa versa . . .

In the first hour after we arrived at the scene of the explosion a party of men was organized to make a trip of exploration through the blasted workings. In the meantime some men had penetrated to the bottom of Number Six slope and carried out the bodies of six men which were found there in the wreckage of a shanty. The word was spread that these men had been killed by the runaway trip and the chances were that the rest of the men were alive, save a few, perhaps who had been caught in the path of the explosion.

About 400 men had gone to work that morning, they being the wage earners of the 2,000 people who made up the population of the town

The exploration party, illy prepared for their venture into the silent halls of death through a lack of proper safety equipment, soon got underway. Climbing over the wreckage at the foot of the slope they made their way down the main headings toward the distant mouth of Number Eight, pausing here and there to penetrate the lateral headings where the men had worked.

First to be found were the bodies of the men caught in the blast. There was a leg or arm here; a torso there, and in one spot a grinning head was found atop a dinner bucket. Here and there a mule or a horse with outstretched legs impeded the progress of the explorers. Back where the lateral headings appeared like cross streets, the bodies became thicker. Unmaimed men whom the black-damp had killed, had laid them down in a peaceful sleep; others who had fled from the terror of the blast had died in the pitiable postures of their fall. There were places where groups of bodies were found. It seemed as though when Death had beckoned, these men had fled to one another for comfort. One man was found who had hidden his eyes with his hands as if he had seen something he was afraid to look upon. Another stood erect with his hand upon the rib of the coal. In this posture of death his head was thrown back as though he had hurled his defiance in the very teeth of the Old Man. A boy and his mule lay side by side, and the hand of the boy which was on the mule's head gave the suggestion that in the last moment he had reached forth in the dark and found comfort.

In every direction the wreckage was strewn. Cars were piled up, rails twisted, brattices cut into ribbons. great masses of coal chewed down. There was not a sound save the kush kush of the feet of the living explorers, the distant sound of dripping water and the occasional dropping of bits of charred slate from the roof of the entry. The air was hot and dank. In certain spots the safety lamps went dim. The tempo of the heart beats of the living men rose and fell. And the deeper they penetrated the faster they stumbled along. At first they had stopped to examine the bodies they found to see if they could read in dead eyes the answer to the mystery of what had occurred. They would also pause at crossways for a sound of a living voice. Once they saw a man kneeling on one knee and they thought he was rising from a prone position to greet them, but in their dim lights they saw that his head was missing and one man with a shiver suggested he had knelt to find it.

After what seemed interminable hours the men saw before them a pin point of light. They made exclamations of relief.
One man grew sick and voi
ited. All were dizzy and th
groped towards the growi
light with outstretched arm
They passed the last body
the last few yards of darkne
It was a huddled, blacken
something, they supposed w
a body.

One imagined it to be a se
tinel placed there by Death
warn the living not to intru
In those blackened pits the
was then no living thing. T
men had come down the la
mile and were headed to t
living with their backs to t
Stygian bivouac of the dead.

Behind them there was t
dripping of water, the holl
thudding of charred slate a
the silent forms.

Beneath those hills, far b
low the fog and the dank of
December day Death held
limitable dominion over all.

Good Morning!

May 22, 1934

Some of our spare-tin
reading lately has been abo
the Civil War, which probab
came from the fact that
Meredith's reminiscenses
the affray at Fairmont gave
the clue. The other day
wandered in a second ha
bookshop in Washington a
picked up a copy of Col. Lan
"Loyal West Virginians," whi
is very rare and hard to fi
these days. This book is valu
mostly for its regimental a
organization history of the va
ious West Virginia units in t
Union Army. In addition
that he tells a pretty intere
ing story of his own expe
iences and includes sideligh
on certain achievements of o
state regiments, which are
but lost to the modern stude

We were especially intere
ed in the dramatic meetin
between the Third West V
ginia Infantry of the Nor
and the Thirty-first Virgir
Regiment of the Southe
Army. These regiments, it
curious to note, were bo
formed at Clarksburg and th
ranks were filled by boys fr
Marion and the other counti
in Northern and Central W
Virginia. While Col. Lang d
not go into details, it is assu
ed that in numerous instanc
families were divided a
brother fought against broth
There were other similar i
stances in the Border Stat
of the same thing occuring b
probably no more striking o
than this. In at least two
the larger battles of the w
these two regiments foun
themselves opposite to o
another. At the Battle of M

(Continued on Page 96)

COAL

KING IN MARION COUNTY

By Elinor W. Carroll

The use of King Coal's rich storehouse of solar energy goes far back in man's history. In recorded times Roman armies dug out fuel from visible outcropings for their campfires. The pioneers who forged across the Alleghenies found and used veins of coal. It soon supplanted wood in the early iron furnaces. The first settlers in Marion County found outcropings, and in the early days nearly ever farm had its "coalbank." Dwellers in the small towns were supplied by neighbors with coal dug with pick and shovel and delivered by horse and wagon. Or they could dig their own coal at a penny a bushel, perhaps hauling it home on a sled.

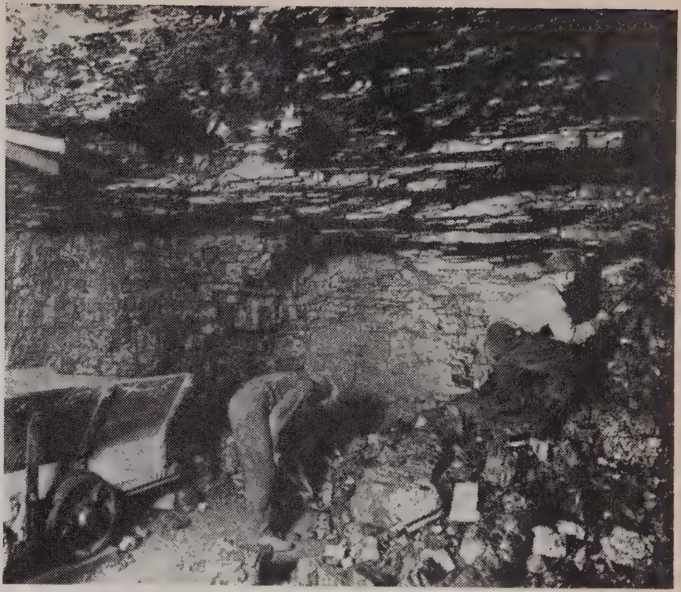
Even before 1750 maps of Maryland showed many small mines in the Cumberland region, and George Washington sponsored surveys of the field and investigations of its development. First shipments to the population centers of Baltimore and Washington were by flat bottom boats down the Potomac River. The boats were built along the streams, and sold with contents at their destination, Georgetown. A few wagonloads were hauled overland, but this was not commercially feasable.

George Washington, president of the Potomac Company, attempted with government funds, to make the Potomac navigable to Cumberland, but this effort was likewise unsuccessful. In May, 1825, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company was organized, and the resultant canal served for coal shipments from 1850 to 1924, until finally supplanted by the railroad. The coal industry was thus ever approaching Marion County.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was organized in 1828. English and American experiments with the steam locomotive found that coal was a more efficient fuel than wood. Even the wind filling large sails had been used for the run of some of the first cars in 1831, between Baltimore and Washington. The first terminal of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was Cumberland, and the first major coal mine, the Eckhart mine, between Cumberland and Frostburg was the first to ship coal by rail when it opened in 1842.

Ten years later, in 1852, the Baltimore and Ohio reached Fairmont, providing transportation to take the local coal to centers of industry. Two local coal mines vied for the honor of shipping the first load by railroad. Perhaps the honors should go to the O'Donnell Mine, with the eight tons shipped to Baltimore where it was used to extract gas to light the streets of that city.

The records show that on September 21, 1853, Nelson Brummage and wife sold to Columbus O'Donnell of Baltimore, 15 acres of coal under land on the East bank of the Monongahela River. On February 17, 1874, Marcus W. Haymond sold 63 acres adjacent to O'Donnell, and on May 8, 1854, the Baltimore and Ohio sold two tracts of more than 66 acres total to Charles Oliver O'Donnell. This land was on the Monongahela at the mouth of Pumpkin Run. Here the O'Donnell mine operated under Palatine Knob, with Lawrence Henry, a Scotchman, as superintendent, using all Scotch workers. A railroad siding was constructed to it in 1863.



This is the hand method of mining coal. This picture, taken underneath Fairmont in Mine No. 26 in the year 1912 shows the men digging and loading coal by pick and shovel. This hand method would see a good man loading from 8 to 10 tons of coal per shift. The coal car would hold 2 tons and was pulled by horse. Hand loading had this advantage—the men could sort the coal as they dug and loaded. Consol Photo

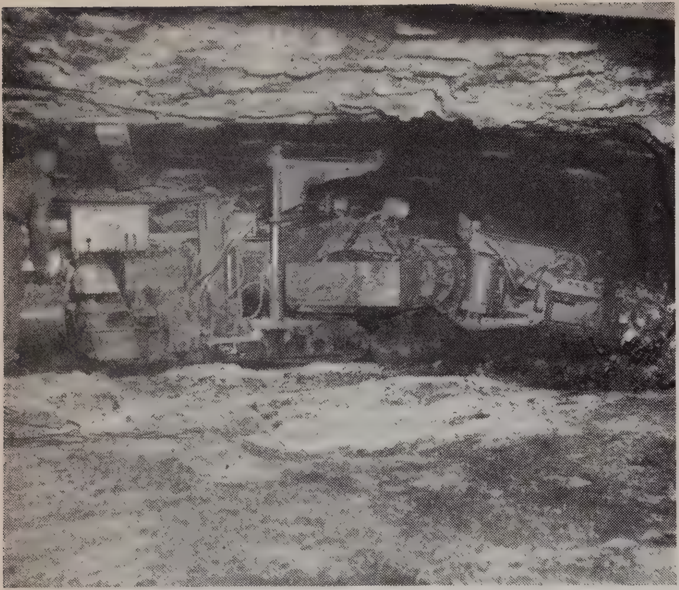
Meanwhile James Otis Watson (1815-1902), who was known as "the father of the West Virginia coal industry," formed the American Coal Company, with a mine located on the land of Governor Francis H. Pierpont on Washington Street. Coal mined here was dumped down to the railroad one hundred yards below. Mine workings extended under Pierpont Hill, Hamilton Hill and came out on Coal Run near the present Cleveland Avenue.

In 1858 Watson discovered cannel coal at Nuzum's, where he had started a brick kiln. Petroleum had not yet been developed, but oil could be pressed from the cannel coal. This opened a new market, with this coal being sent to Baltimore and thence to the New England states.

Shortly before the Civil War, Oliver Jackson opened mines at the mouth of Buffalo Creek and built the first coke ovens, fifty, to heat the coal and by driving off volatile matter, provide a smokeless fuel which burned like anthracite.

In 1861 James Burns built a business place on Madison and Washington Streets, one of whose rooms opened into a coal bank, where buckets of coal could be obtained for heating and cooking. There was also an operating coal bank under the residence of Zadok Jolliffe, on the site of the present Fairmont Hotel. During the Civil War period Samuel and William Ellis opened banks along Coal Run and sold coal at from $1.00 to $1.25 for a load of twenty-five bushels.

At this period a new figure came into the field



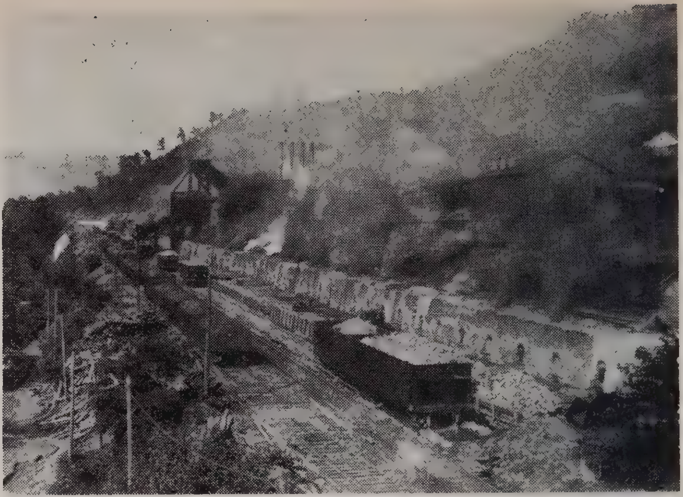
This is the machine method of mining coal. One man runs this ripper type continuous miner that will chew some 350 tons of coal out in a one shift period. Other men with other machines load the coal and send it to the surface by electric-powered trains. This machine, however, sends up "blood, guts, bones and all" and makes it necessary for the extensive outside cleaning plants.
Consol Photo

in the person of Peter Yost Hite, who went from Virginia to Hite, Pa., near New Kensington, in 1855. In the year 1864 he bought 600 acres of coal in Grant District, becoming associated in 1871 with James J. Burns and Ballard Johnson. He bought a further 1,100 acres in 1885, and in 1889 opened the mines of the Virginia and Pittsburgh Coal and Coke Company. He also developed the Morgan Mine in Paw Paw District. Associated with him were four sons, Rolf M., Sam, Marcus and John, and one of his four daughters, Virginia.

In 1867 James Otis Watson and his son-in-law, Governor A. B. Fleming, with James Boice of Baltimore, formed the Gaston Gas Coal Company, with operations on the West side of the West Fork River near the old Hunsaker bridge. The following year Henry Y. Atrill, of New York, opened a mine of the New England Coal Company across the West Fork on its East bank. He also attempted the first shaft mine in 1868 at Barnestown, on Buffalo creek, but it was not a success until it was taken over by James Edwin Watson's Montana Coal and Coke Company in 1885. Two hundred beehive coke ovens were built here in 1886.

The West Fairmont Gas and Coal Company had mines under the Old Fairgrounds with an opening at the mouth of Buffalo Creek and its shaft and ovens a mile up the creek. The Marion Coal Company later merged with this concern. Another early company was the New York, and Oliver Jackson formed the Central Coal Company.

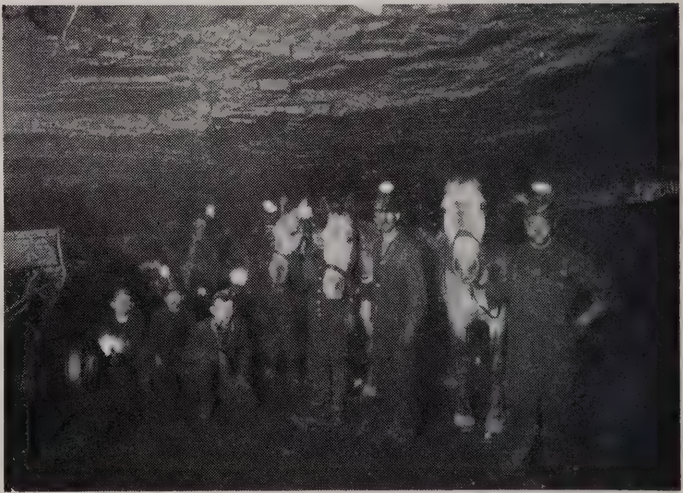
The first regularly incorporated coal company in America was the Maryland Mining Company, formed in 1828, direct parent of Consolidation Coal Company, which was chartered by the Maryland Legislature in 1860, but which, because of the Civil War did not come into being until 1864. It owned wharves and canal boats, purchased schooners to carry coal to seaboard cities and had access to the Great Lakes. A large block of Consolidation Coal Company stock was purchased by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1875. It was later to be acquired locally.



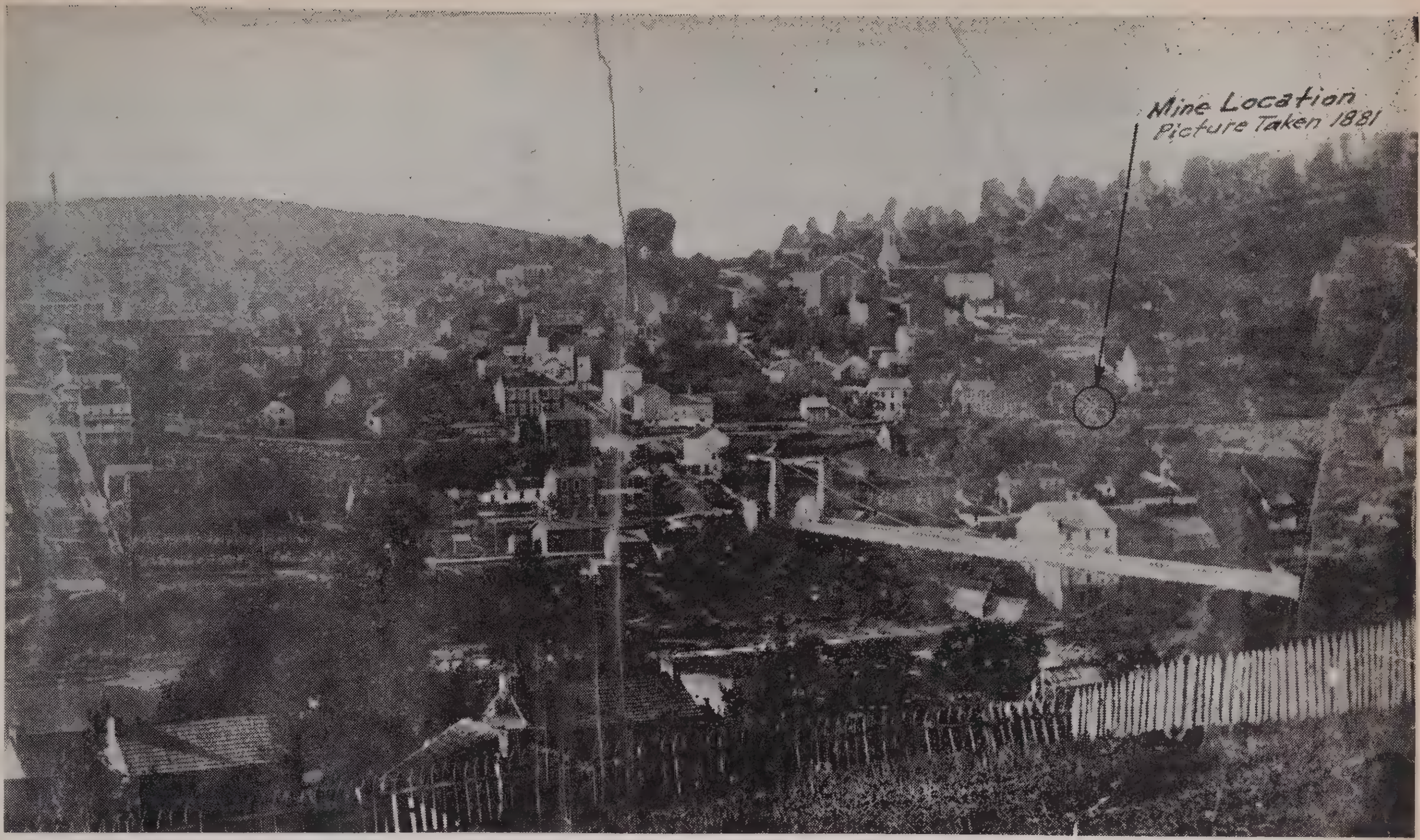
Bee Hive Coke ovens at Monongah in 1910. These beehive coke ovens with their acrid smoke were a familiar sight in those days around every mining town. Now coke is made by a far better and cleaner method in such plants as Sharon Steel in Fairmont.
Courtesy of Elinor W. Carroll

In 1889 Senator Johnson Newlon Camden of Parkersburg, an associate in the Standard Oil Company, became interested in the local field. It is from his initials that the suburb of Jayenne was named. He persuaded Sylvanus Lamb Watson and James Edwin Watson to buy for him seventy thousand acres of coal on the East side of the West Fork River for the thirty-three miles of river frontage between Fairmont and Clarksburg. For this he paid from five to ten dollars an acre, and leased the properties of the "Mine a Mile Stretch" to thirty-three mining concerns at a royalty of five cents a ton.

Because the Baltimore and Ohio was unwilling to build a railroad from Fairmont to Clarksburg, Camden built the line himself, later selling it to the Baltimore and Ohio. Camden organized the Monongah Coal Company at the little settlement of Briartown and started operations in 1890. Matt Taylor was the first superintendent, and all the first winter Mrs. Taylor, "a delicately raised Virginia woman," lived in a tent in the mud on the East Bank of the river.



This interior scene in the New England mine shows men using the lard oil miner's lamp and some of the mine horses. The horses stayed underground—they were stabled underground, fed underground, and often buried underground. To bring them topside after a long period in the dark of the mine would affect their eyes.
Courtesy of Elinor W. Carroll



Fairmont was the site of the first commercial coal mine west of the Allegheny mountains and it was located practically on the town's main street. The mine was opened in 1852 and located one block below the Watson Hotel on the Monongahela River and at the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad passenger station.

Courtesy of Elinor W. Carroll

Workers for the expanded operations came to the new town of Monongah by the shipload from Europe, mainly from southern Italy. Previously mine workers in Marion County had been largely native born, or Scotch or Welsh miners, experienced in mining in their own countries.

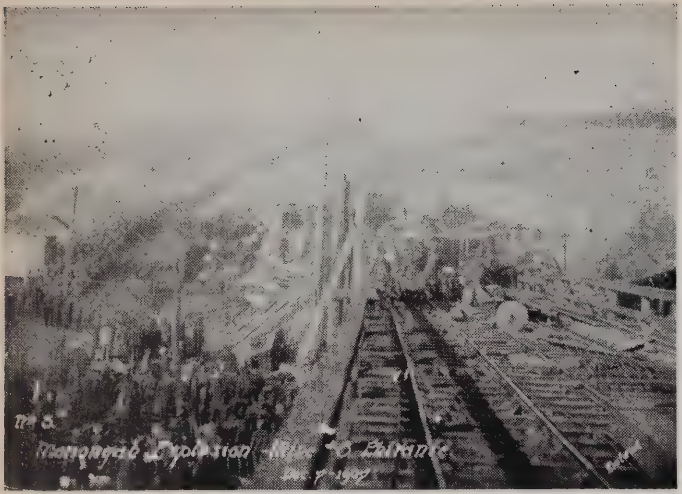
Meanwhile the coal interests of James Otis Watson had been taken over by his sons, James Edwin, Sylvanus Lamb (Big Bud) and Clarence Wayland, and his son-in-law, Governor A. B. Fleming. In 1901 they organized the Fairmont Coal and Coke Company. The following year he acquired the Consolidation Coal Company of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which feared its ownership of the coal would be opposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. C. W. Watson, as the new Consol president, bought the Somerset Coal Company of Pennsylvania and opened the Elkhorn field in Kentucky, but a deal with the Carter Coal Company of Virginia was forfeited.

In 1915 the Rockefellers acquired a ten million dollar interest in Consolidation Coal Company, and were concerned in its operation until the early 1930's. Over-expansion of the industry following the boom of World War I and the early 1920's brought about voluntary receivership in 1932 and reorganization in 1935. Demand for coal rose with World War II, and Consol, now a part of the Hanna interests, under former Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, aided by George H. Love, started on a new and stable career, merging with the Pittsburgh Coal Company, to form the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company.

The Carolina and Ida May mines, as well as Kentucky properties, were sold to Bethlehem Steel; The Christopher Coal Company was formed as a Monongalia County subsidiary. Hanna mines in Ohio were added. In 1954 No. 9 mine at Farmington was bought from the Jamison Coal and Coke Company and Loveridge Mine was started near Fairview. The Pocahontas Fuel Company was acquired in 1956 and more recently the Truax-Traer Coal Company with holdings in Central Illinois has become a part of the complex. In Marion County operations are conducted as the Mountaineer Coal Company.

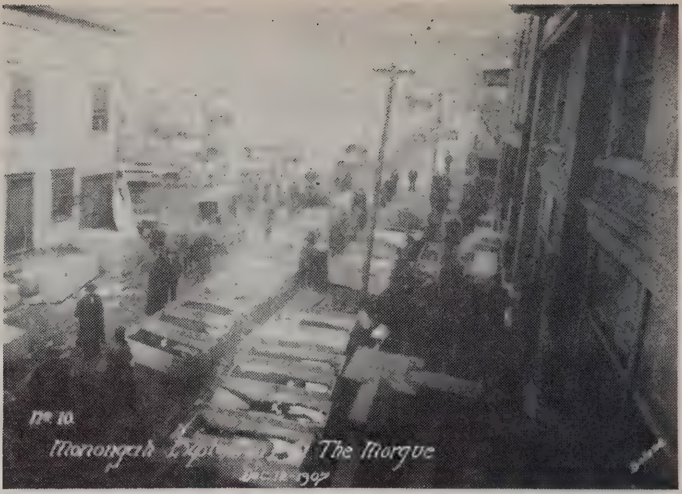
Other coal barons of Marion County rose as the field developed. Clyde E. and M. L. Hutchinson, originally from Smithtown on White Day Creek like the Watsons, started coal operations at Beechwood before opening a mine at Hutchinson in Grant District and in Harrison County at Mt. Claire, Erie, and Laura Lee, the latter being named for Mrs. Carl Carter. Many local mining towns were named for the ladies in the owners' families, Ida May and Carolina being named for the two oldest daughters of James Otis Watson. The Hutchinsons sold their Beechwood and Hutchinson mines to the Fairmont Coal Company and their Logan Mining Company in Logan County to the Jewel Ridge Coal Company.

Another coal dynasty was that of John A. Clark, Sr., who was with the Newburg Coal and Oil Company from 1877 until 1889, when he came to Monongah in connection with Senator Camden's new mine. The next year he leased fifty acres from Camden and opened the "Double X" Mine at Pritchard. In 1894 he opened the Anderson Mine in "The Bend" of the West Fork River and in 1896 the Chiefton Mine, also in "The Bend." These he sold to the Fairmont Coal



The burgeoning coal industry was not without its tragedies. Worst of all was the Monongah explosion on December 6, 1907 with 361 fatalities. This is a view showing the hole blasted by the explosion at the entrance of Mine No. 8. The site of the explosion was marked during the 1963 centennial year by a historic plaque.

Marion County Historical Society



An informal morque was laid cut on the main street of Monongah after the explosion. Identification of the victims was made largely by relatives or payroll clerks. The first recorded mine disaster in Marion county was at the Gaston mine in 1880 when two men were killed.

Marion County Historical Society

Company in 1901. He then opened a mine at Etna, on the Monongahela, shipping by barge. He had mines in Somerset, Pa., as well as Harrison County, selling them to the Fairmont Coal Company. Another of his mines was at Luther, across the river from Jordan. Associated with him were his sons, John A. Clark, Jr., (June), Harry and Kenna.

The Jamison family of Pennsylvania, originally from Ireland, came into the local field via the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, which, in 1900, purchased 5,000 acres of coal from Dakota on the Monongahela to Bassnettville. Half of this acreage was later sold to the New Central Coal Company. The Jamisons bought property at Georges Creek in 1910, and within the next two years also opened their Mine No. 7 at Barrickville, No. 8 at Farmington and No. 9 "Over the Hill." Pittsburgh-Consol acquired No. 9 in 1954. Bethleham Steel earlier took over over No. 7 and No. 8.

The Lewises of Pennsylvania, about 1898, bought 2,500 acres of coal in Paw Paw District at Federal. This property was purchased, about 1908, by the New England Coal and Coke Company and renamed Grant Town in honor of the president of the new firm. It was later acquired by the Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates, a Koppers affiliate.

Another pair of brothers prominent in coal in the early part of the century were Clarence D. and Harry Robinson. During the period of World War I they had twenty big mines in operation. Among their companies were the Robinson Coal Company, the Delmar Coal Company, the Hughes Coal Company, the Lambert Run Coal Company, the East Side Utilities Company and the New Superior Coal Company.

Other names which played their part in local coal development include those of Showalter, Lyon, Brady and Dobbie, as well as countless others. By-gone companies number among them the Hutchinson-Ehlen Coal Company, the Middleton Coal Company, the West Fork Mining Company, the Worthington Coal and Coke Company, the Palatine Coal Company, and many others. Coal properties in Marion county have changed hands and names many times in the past 111 years.

Methods were primitive in Marion County's first mine. Ventilation was achieved by lighting a fire under an opening to the surface which would draw off exhausted air. Canaries taken into the mine were the sole check on dangerous air conditions or the presence of gas.

The first mines were all slope or "drift" mines, in which coal was approached from an outcropping. These operations could proceed in only one direction. Later shaft mines permitted working in all four directions.

Bad periods in the coal business have resulted in unemployment of men and bankruptcy of owners, as in 1923, 1929 and 1933, when all suffered alike. There was also an era of labor conflict, before the rights of the United Mine Workers of America were established and the men who dug the coal were assured of a fair wage and good standard of living. More recently the increasing mechanization of mines has been a source of dislocation of work. The pick and shovel days are gone, and costly machines operated by skilled technicians do the work of many men in a small fraction of the time once required to mine coal by hand.

Development of the industry which started in 1852 has affected the lives of every Marion Countian. Coal is still basic to our welfare. Horizons for its use are nearly limitless. Coal, electricity and transporation facilities afford Marion County a rich future. For three decades this section has led the country in coal production, and the underlying seams are still present in abundance.

Elinor Watson Carroll is a Fairmont native and the daughter of James Otis Watson, II, one of the active pioneers in the coal business and the electric power industry. She was born in the Watson residence at 802 Fairmont Avenue and grew up while some of the events related were taking place. She has taught in Marion county public schools and at colleges at Glenville, W. Va., and LaCrosse, Wisc. She has written as a member of the staff of the Fairmont West Virginian and of Radio Station WMMN. Her husband, Logan Carroll, a native West Virginian, is a veteran newspaperman, an attorney, and author of fiction in the "Saturday Evening Post" and other national magazines.

SPORTS

A catalogue of the great in 100 and more years of athletic competition.

By Neil H. Shreve

LEVI MORGAN

Although thriving many years before the advent of radio, television and nationally organized athletics as we know them today, undoubtedly the "granddaddy" of all great athletes in Marion County was Levi (Chunk) Morgan, and no listing could be complete without his name.

While residing in the vicinity of Prickett's Creek in the early pioneer days of the territory, Morgan's fantastic exploits spread by word of mouth for hundreds of miles, and during his lifetime he became a heroic figure worthy to stand beside Lew Wetzel and the Zanes.

Standing only 5-7 and weighing some 145-150 pounds, Morgan was a "little man" by today's standards, but he was certainly one of the finest physical specimens of his time. Never defeated in a race, Morgan once outran some 300 Indians in a tableau that would have delighted Hollywood movie-makers —the prize, a coveted musket.

He was the only man ever known to run at full speed and leap between the top and second bars of a rail fence and **land on his feet**—an almost unbelieveable feat of agility. One would-be rival, Billy Snodgrass of what is now Upshur County, in an all-out attempt to duplicate the trick, died of a ruptured spleen.

Morgan was a catch-as-catch-can wrestler without a peer, and was never known to be defeated. In a much-publicized race with his reputation at stake, he ran two Indian champions to death in a marathon.

In addition to his athletic ability, in a more deadly field Morgan was one of the most fearsome Indian fighters in all history, and authenticated records show that he killed more redmen than any other single man who ever lived.

Levi Morgan, fabled athlete, born 100 years too soon, "died with his boots on." He froze to death in a hollow tree while on a hunting trip—at the age of 89.

Today in the center of New Martinsville, where he spent his later years, a tall monument stands in permanent tribute to this, the first of the Marion's great athletes.

DAVE TORK

Because track and field, unlike football and baseball, commands world-wide interest and participation, David Earnest Tork is undoubtedly Marion County's foremost internationally known athlete today.

A former West Fairmont High and West Virginia University performer who was considered good but not great, Tork shot into the global spotlight in April of 1962, when, as a member of the U. S. Marine Corps, he set an outdoor world record in the pole vault with a leap of 16-feet, 2-inches at Walnut, California.

Since that time the whipcord-lean, spring-legged blond has soared over the once "impossible" 16-foot mark four times, including an indoor world record of 16-feet, 2¼ inches set in Toronto on January 25, 1963.

During the current year, at this writing he has captured first place in six additional meets held in Boston, Los Angeles, New York, Cleveland, Chicago and Winnipeg, and garnered world-wide attention for winning the pole vault in the recent Pan-American games held in Brazil.

Noted for his longer run-up and high grip on the pole, Tork's burning ambition is to become the first vaulter to break the magic 17-foot barrier.

Born and reared in Fairmont, Dave's father, Patrick A. Tork, is a well known sports figure in his own right. A former standout at Fairmont High, the elder Tork organized and directed the largest playground athletic system (per capita population) in the nation. He is currently Assistant Dean of Physical Education at West Virginia Unieristy and a nationally known official and rules authority.

SAM HUFF

Of all the athletes in Marion County history, the one who has perhaps reaped the most publicity and personal following is Robert Lee (Sam) Huff, perennial all-pro guard of the New York football Giants.

Born and reared in Farmington, Huff's inborn ability on the gridiron earned him a passport from a life of anonymity in the coal mines to become the national figure he is today, where, among the aficionados of pro football, his name is a household word.

One of the super-stars of West Virginia University's second "Golden Era" on the barred field, Huff played guard and later tackle on four of the Mountaineers' greatest teams (7-2 in 1952, 8-2 in 1953, 8-1 in 1954 and 8-2 in 1955), for a cumulative total of 31 wins against seven defeats.

In his senior year Huff received high ranking on five All-American selections and wound up on the Consensus second team.

However, it was in the pro ranks that the brash and brilliant Huff achieved a meteoric rise to the heights. Now a rugged 230 pounds, the one-time "Smilin' Sam" took little time in becoming the "Hatchet Man" of one of football's all-time great defenses. Converted into a linebacker by then Coach Jim Howell, Hull's uncanny diagnosing of plays, amazing pursuit and smashing tackling carried him to the top of his profession.

Colorful both on and off the field, the outspoken, tree-legged Marion Countain has been probably the most widely publicized lineman in pro football annals; his head-to-head duels with Cleveland's tremendous Jimmy Brown, and the spontaneous chanting tribute by thousands of Giant rooters forming his "personal fan club" of "HUFF—HUFF—HUFF" have become a part of the legend of the game.

Huff, by starring on a World Champion team (and being a signal caller for its defensive unit), being chosen all-pro several times during his seven-year career, climaxed by his selection on one ALL-TIME football team, has reached the absolute pinnacle of athletic fame.

FRANK GATSKI

Standing shouder to shoulder with Huff in the football world is Frank (Gunner) Gatski of Grant Town, another powerful athlete from a coal mining community who made it all the way.

A rough-hewn, broad shouldered giant with a mane of corn-yellow hair, Gatski went from the Marshall campus directly into the play-for-pay ranks as a virtual unknown, but rapidly became one of the most feared and respected figures in the pro circuit.

For many years Gatski was the pivotal hub of Paul Brown's superb offensive line at Cleveland, where he gained all-pro honors on more than one occasion. Virtually indestructible, Gatski never took time out for an injury during his entire career. Best known as a crunching blocker and protector on offensive pass patterns, the Gunner closed out his professional career with the Detroit Lions, and at present is Director of Athletics at the Industrial School for Boys at Pruntytown.

SAM JONES

Sam Jones, a native of Grant Town who now makes his home in Monongah, is the claimant of two distinct honors—that of being Marion County's greatest baseball player and its foremost Negro athlete.

As the only area native who has played regularly in the major leagues over a span of years and achieved national stardom, Jones has etched his name indelibly in the record book.

A solemn-visaged, toothpick-chewing right hander, Jones in his prime possessed one of the fastest and sharpest-breaking curves in the game. High on the list of strikeout artists for several seasons, Jones reached his pinnacle on May 12, 1955 when he hurled a magnificent no-hitter against the Pittsburgh Pirates while on the mound for the Chicago Cubs.

Later Jones contributed heavily to the success of the San Fransisco Giants before being traded to the Detroit Tigers. Until recently he was the property of the Los Angeles Angels.

FIELDING H. YOST

Fielding H. (Hurry-Up) Yost, legendary pride of Fairview, was a member of West Virginia University's first winning football team in 1895. He later became mentor at the University of Michigan, where he established himself as one of the game's immortals.

For twenty-five years Yost was at the helm of the Wolverines, molding the famous "Point a Minute" teams that became the scourge of collegiate football. He inflicted a 130-0 defeat on his alma mater in 1904, the worst beating ever suffered by West Virginia to this day.

Among the first elected to Football's Hall of Fame, Yost's name is still magic in the gridiron world. He stands alone as Marion County's greatest coach.

Other County figures who left their mark in the world of sports include:

Russell D. Meredith, captain and tackle of West Virginia University's only undefeated team in history (10-0-1), which climaxed its 1922 season with a post-season 21-13 victory over Gonzaga University on the Pacific Coast. Under the leadership of Meredith, the Mountaineers shut out eight of the eleven opponents during their finest year.

John Meredith, younger brother of Russell, captain and outstanding tackle of Jock Sutherland's Pittsburgh Rose Bowl team of 1932.

Olan G. Hedrick (now State Senator), all-state football and basketball star at Fairmont High, standout grid center at West Virginia in 1935-36-37 and later a member of the powerful Chicago Bears pro eleven.

William (Big Bill) Leskovar, possibly the finest all-around athlete in Fairmont history—a high school all-stater in football, baseball and basketball, who wound up his career as fullback on one of Kentucky's finest teams by starring in the Sugar Bowl game.

Lee King of Monongah, who reached the big-time with the New York Giants under John McGraw, noted for one of the strongest throwing arms of all time.

Ronnie Retton of Grant Town, luminary of Fairview's state champion basketball team, sparkplug of one of West Virginia's greatest cage squads, currently in the New York Yankee's minor league chain.

John R. (Benny) Thomas, all-state halfback at Fairmont High, fullback at West Virginia (1932-33-34), called by famed Pitt coach Jock Sutherland "one of the country's best."

Dr. F. F. Sowers, internationally famous rifle shot and big-game hunter.

Robert Pence, all-state forward at Fairmont State, one of the all-time top scorers on the court at Fairmont State, outstanding softball player and sports official.

The Hill Brothers, George and Pierre, who went from Fairmont to football and basketball fame at West Virginia University; George gained a slice of "immortality" with a kickoff return for a touchdown against Pitt.

SPORTS

Cecil J. Urbaniak, powerful blocking back who paved the way for All-American "Shipwreck" Kelley at Kentucky, and a crack baseball player.

Ben Gatski, brother of Frank, one of nation's top performers in the field of archery.

Lee Satterfield and **Joseph Folio**, leading lights of Fairmont High's legendary state basketball champions of 1927, who lost to the national titlists, Cicero, Ill., by only two points in Chicago.

Jasper H. Colebank, powerful lineman at West Virginia, and for many years coach and athletic director at Fairmont College.

Paul B. (Biz) Dawson, West Virginia U. quarterback, one-time property of the Cincinnati Reds, outfielder on the Fairmont Black Diamonds Mid-Atlantic League team, and coach of five state championship clubs in football and basketball at Fairmont High.

Frank (Bird) Ice, whose name lingers to this day in West Fairmont's "Polar Bear" tag—coach of the 1927 near-national champions and former star tackle at West Virginia.

Ward Lanham, all-round athlete and successful coach.

James Cale, two-time all-state basketball player at Fairmont High, leading softball pitcher, outstanding catcher for the Fairmont Pirates semi-pro baseball team, present East Fairmont High coach.

J. Carney Davis, guard on Fairmont High's state basketball champions, later star backcourt man at WVU.

Harold (Deacon) Duvall, one of the area's all-time great softball pitchers, all-around star at Fairmont State, currently successful football coach of the Falcons.

Albert (Buzzy) Fultz, all-state basketball player at Fairmont High, all-WVIC at Fairmont College, crack baseball and softball player, current coach at Rivesville High.

Gail Barnes, outstanding basketball player at Fairmont College and County tennis champion for many years.

William (Bones) Blosser, all-state guard at Fairmont College, and an all-time top softball player.

Earl Keener, great running back at Fairmont College, top softball and baseball player.

Larry Drake, all-time great halfback at Fairmont High, West Virginia "player of the year".

Bill Glover, all-state high school fullback at Fairmont High, twice state wrestling champion, 1962-1963.

Peter Mastrodonato, crack softball pitcher who later starred for many years with one of the nation's best teams in Washington, D. C.

Lest we forget the ladies—**Anna Lou Ballew** of Mannington and **Marilee Hohmann Veasey** of Fairmont gained national recognition on the rifle range. **Melrose Thomas** and **Mrs. M. M. Foster** were leading names in the local golfing world; **Marietta Hervatin** was the county's finest female tennis player, while **Elaine Shriver, Bertha Osco, Kate Saban** and **Mildred Yost** were outstanding softball and baseball players.

Several outstanding sports figures, although not natives of Marion County, became adopted sons through (in most cases) many years of residence:

The late **Ellis (Red) Vest**, who captained the Davis & Elkins basketball team when the "Scarlet Hurricane" was the terror of the small-college world, following all-state honors in both basketball and football at Elkins High.

Charles (Chub) Watson, top-flight court man at Marshall, later starring with the Clarksburg Pure Oil club.

Fred T. Schweitzer, football captain and outstanding tackle at West Virginia, where he also won honors as Eastern Intercollegiate wrestling champion in the heavyweight division.

Louis D. (Oogie) Meisel, standout football guard at West Virginia, 1926-27-28, and one of the few who were chosen high school All-State for three consecutive years.

Richard E. Kesling, starting guard on the West Virginia "Cinderella Team" of 1942 which swept to fame as winners of the National Invitational Basketball Tournament in Madison Square Garden.

The late **Romeo T. McDonald**, powerful tackle at West Virginia, 1932-33-34.

Gary Moyer of Fairmont College, for two years running a national finalist in the small-college wrestling ranks and an outstanding football player.

Clarence Murrin, crack end at West Virginia, 1925-26.

Dr. Edward Vacher, star wingman at West Virginia, 1927-28, later coach of the Mountaineers' Eastern Intercollegiate Boxing Champions, developer of several national title-holders.

Robert R. DeLorenzo, powerful guard at West Virginia, 1960-61-62, state heavyweight wrestling champion at Fairmont High.

Many other Marion County athletes became standouts at West Virginia, including **Joe Papetti**, end on the 1954 Sugar Bowl team; **Mason Ashby**, a fine wrestler; **Bill Chaff** and **Don Eddy**, basketball; **James Priester, Art (Horse) Swisher, Norman Laughlin, Ike Lewis, Gene Wright, Harold Hutchinson, Lee Hutchinson, Wylie Garrett, Fred (Chief) Nebera, Fred Wilson** and **Clarence (Cassy) Ryan**, football.

Nick Moreman, all-time great gridiron star at East Fairmont High, also a fine basketball player.

Tony Mustachio and **Frank Bilotta**, all-state tackles at East Fairmont High; Bilotta later starred at Fairmont College, while Mustachio was one of the county's leading softball players.

James J. Barry, top basketball, baseball and softball player, successful coach at St. Peter's High.

Julius (Lemons) Solters, powerful slugger of the old Fairmont Black Diamonds in the late 20's, who made the grade in the major leagues with the Chicago White Sox, Cleveland Indians, Boston Red Sox and St. Louis Browns, and was well on his way to becoming one of the game's leading figures when a tragic injury led to eventual blindness.

Other well remembered Black Diamonds who are either natives of Marion County or who later made their homes here include **Anthony P. Cyran**, rifle-armed third baseman; **Harry Dean**; **Charles (Chuck) Trader**; **Dean Morrison**, who once shut out the barnstorming Chicago Cubs 4-0 in a game that raised eyebrows from coast to coast; **Chris Lolos**; **Jake Heffner**; **Arthur Cousins**; and a pair of shortstops, **Pete Jones** and **Chick McKnight**.

Names that stood out through the years on the East Side of the Monongahela River in Fairmont are those of **Carl Newbrough, Russell (Reb) Nuzum, Rex Keener, Louis Ribel, Bob Prim, Robert (Hayseed) Hawkins, Don West, Wayne Morgan, Gerald Keller, Charley Mitchell, Pete Combs, Robert (Tub) Stealey, Charley Layman, Bob Jenkins, Ralph Hammack, Jim Sypult, Gene Hill, Ray Glasgow, Victor Securro, Walter (Maggie) Glenn, Bob Bosley, Leo Woods, Charles Riffle, Carl (Pete) Williams, Ralph (Soap) Williams, Dick Steele** and **Jobey Wade**.

No list of sports figures could ever be called "complete" but any permanent roster would certainly include the following:

Jerry Debar, Lyndall Debar, Robert Lowe, Don Satterfield, Eddie Kosko, Bob Herbert, Sam (Duke) Manley, Gatha Hoffman, Gomer Smail, Anthony (Cotton) Delligatti, Tony Forte, William G. Meyer, Jimmy Ayres, Frank Belot, James Feltz, George T. Cooper, Frank (Cupe) Ridgely, Frank DeMarco, Charles Terry, Guy Mason, William Kirk, Sam Rizzo, Dewey Hawkins, Tim Arbogast, Pat Mezzanotte, George Davis, Dick Schooley, Corley Fleming, Wayne Carroll, Jimmy Knight, Harold (Goat) Ridgely, H. Pete Hamilton, Clark Brown, Moses Guin, Jess Borowski, Jack McIntyre, Harry Hall, Ray Hedrick, Alpheus Haymond, Bill Kirchman, Frank Seccuro, James DeBrucque, Dominick Agrippe, Robert Michie, Joseph T. Andrews, Berkeley Davis, Albie Adams, Art Ammons, Frank A. Jaynes, Marvin (Goose) Wilson, Joseph Muto, Eugene D. Nay, Ben Kahn, Carl Turnley, Albert Strimer, James Lipinski, Frank (Sneezy) Retton, Dick Retton, Ron Everhart, George Jeffries, John Hession, Edward G. Shahady, Mason Beafore, Bill Zappacosta, Wilford (Squibb) Wilson, Mike Pollack, Harry Bane, James Urbaniak, John Brzuzy, Ted Hart, John Gouzd, Martin (Sonny) Bartic, George Judy, Marvin Whetsell, John Trach, Tony Morosco, Dominick Scartz, Matt Kolish, Carl Coleman, Donald B. Potter, Hugh Sprinkle, Jack Nixon, George Nichols, Frank DeMoss, Donald Shotts, James J. Murphy, William Hayhurst, John Carbone, John Seifrit, George Calich, Frank Belcastro, Robert Conaway, Sandy Welton, Robert Tedrick, Carl Beaty, Marshall (Ningy) Parrish, Herb Bonar, John (Butch) Hornyak, Thomas W. Powell, William H. Ullom, Rex Manley, Jim Weaver, Tom Newbrough, Sam (Ace) Julian, Ken Whisler, John Tatta, Joe Garcia, Roy Peters, Jake Romino, Eugene Sutton, Walter Mason, Delmar Yost, Bill Watson, Ivan Ball, Joe Serdich, Phil Kurlich, Pat McGee, Robert Barry, Dave Banker, James McKain, Harold Trader, John Vaughan, Harry Pickus, Charles Nuzum, Charles Vaughan, Skip Stalnaker, Sinclair Jones, William H. Kerr, Frank Scagnelli, Robin Hood, Homer (Sandy) Toothman, Fred L. Doringer, Clare Abbott, H. N. (Doc) Pierce, Ernest Bell, John Warash, Walter Kloc, Dwight Lafferty, Aubrey Taylor, Jack Tennant, James Reddick, Emanuel Bear, John Everson, Robert (Bud) Heffner.

Special mention should be made of William Dent Evans, Jr., veteran Editor of The Fairmont Times. After 40 years in the writing game, Evans is generally acknowledged as the top sportswriter in West Virginia, even though his widely read column "Sport Talk" is now only a sideline. Evans' innumerable contributions to the world of sport via his facile pen have assured him of a permanent seat in the Mountain State Sports Hall of Fame.

Many a final whistle has blown between Levi Morgan's heyday and Dave Tork's pole-vaulting in far-off Brazil, but in the meantime Marion County can point with pride to its hundreds of athletes who have written shining pages in local, state and national sports history.

Neil H. Shreve has been prominent in West Virginia athletic and sportswriters' circles for many years. He played in the first game of the City Softball League's first season in 1932, winding up his career in 1949, the last of the original players to hang up his glove with unbroken participation. He was an all-City selection several times, served as Manager for 14 years, including four City and two Northern State championships. He was a member of the "YMCA Comets," Junior Independent Basketball Champions of West Virginia for three years. Following V-E Day he managed and played first base for the XII Corps softball champions in Germany. In the writing field he has covered sports since 1929, his first assignment being with the Fairmont High State football champions. He has covered West Virginia University games for the United Press on many occasions, as well as High School state tournaments; has served as "spotter" and color-man for Radio Station WMMN for major football games and tournaments; has covered countless West Virginia U. and high school games for the local papers, including the N.I.T. in 1947; has had many articles in the Mountaineer Sports Review, West Virginia Sportsman, and in one national magazine, Sports Stars. Since World War II has written play-by-play of all home football and basketball games for West Virginia University; was City Editor of the West Virginian in 1955; at present is City Clerk and Secretary of Fairmont Lodge No. 294, B.P.O. Elks.

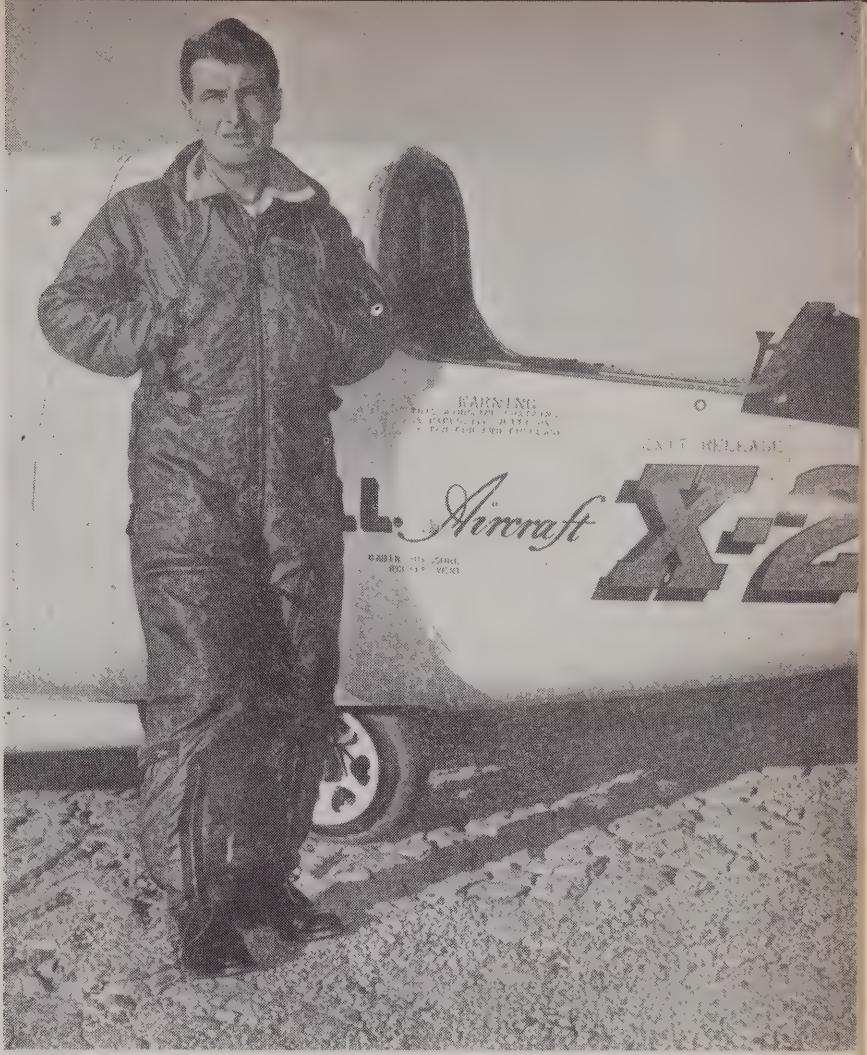
"THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE"

On an overcast July morning in 1956, miles above the California desert, Lt. Col. Frank K. Everest, Jr., for five years chief test pilot of the United States Air Force, achieved a victory which opened the way into boundless space. The aircraft was the Bell X-2, a sleek rocket plane, its wings swept sharply back and weirdly striped with heat resistant paint. The fantastic speed achieved was more than 1,900 miles per hour.

That flight won for the 36-year-old pilot the 1957 Harmon International Trophy as the world's outstanding aviator and the title of "The Fastest Man Alive." It also won for him the distinction of having a short cut through Fairmont named in his honor—"Everest Drive"—a route that makes it possible to go through Fairmont the fastest.

Frank K. Everest, Jr., grew up in Fairmont where he is known as "Pete". His parents live here and his father operates an electrical contracting business.

Pete wrote a book, "The Fastest Man Alive," and he gave us permission to reproduce part of it:



COL. FRANK K. EVEREST AND THE X 2

The X-2 leaped forward convulsively, eating air, and I knew at once that I could not hold it down. Today it hungered for the whole sky. This appetite for speed was ravenous and would not be denied. Again I attempted to keep a predetermined climb schedule, and again the airplane was running away from me. Fighting the controls, struggling to hold a steady flight path, at 50,000 feet I was already supersonic. Very carefully now, afraid of overcontrolling again, slowly I began the familiar push-over toward level flight.

Automatically I discounted the time lag in my altimeter and machmeter. Speed was such that my instruments could not keep up with the fantastic acceleration. Altitude was 50,000 feet indicated, 55,000 true altitude. Rounding out now, I would be straight and level at 60,000 feet indicated, true 65,000.

All the instruments were lagging. I held the control stick with both hands, still pushing forward. My senses were extremely acute and drawn to one point in time, luminous and aware and waiting for the unknown to happen. In my hands I held the reins of 100,000 horses I was driving.

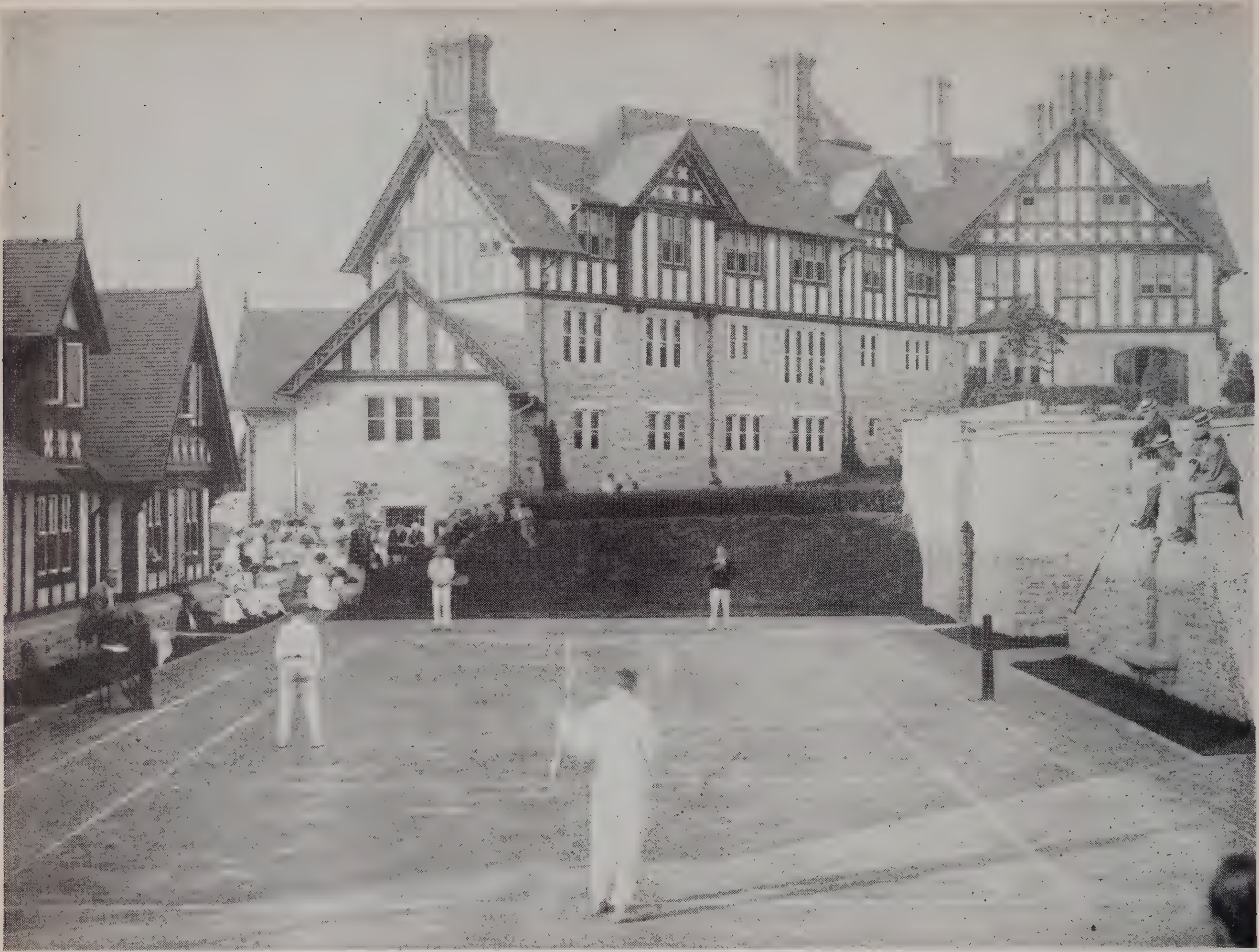
Level—now. Ready—now. The airplane accelerated on up and I watched the machmeter climb to a speed I knew had never before been flown by man. I observed some debris coming over the nose of the plane and hitting the windshield. Worry now, until I thought of paint blistering and coming back over the cockpit. This was the heat barrier. A moment's quick concern, then my mind dismissed it.

I had no time to think about it now, I was too busy flying. The airplane handled beautifully. Still in level fight, it continued to drift on upward, hurled skyward by the incredible momentum of its climb. Speed was over 1,900 miles an hour. I felt like an explorer, like Columbus and Magellan. I was both awed and proud.

Except for the hiss of air over the cockpit and the faroff crackle of static over my radio headset, I heard nothing. Alone in a silent world, I was acutely conscious of absolute stillness and calmness, a solitary world above the earth and everything human. An occasional clicking whispered in my ears as the electrical instruments fed their invisible energy through the headset. Otherwise there was perfect silence and I had a suspended feeling of being alone in time and space and away from all things living.

When I finally broke radio silence I said one word, "Bingo!" Unless I reported in code, which I forgot to do in my excitement, that was all I could say in the open. But to the listeners many miles below me, it said what they were waiting to hear. This was it—this time we had done it! They knew then that I had approached the higher Mach numbers we hoped to reach.

At 30,000 feet now, I did more maneuvers, approaching stall and then pulling up to test dive recovery, but my mind wasn't really on my work today. Instead my head was filled with thoughts of the speed I had just attained, faster than any man had ever flown, and my heart was filled with emotions of awe and pride. I felt that I had made a contribution to mankind, a small step forward in aeronautical science—in space. This was a niche I had made for myself, and I was proud of it. It was a warm happy feeling, one that I did not want to have alone.



This is High Gate—the most fabulous private residence that Fairmont has ever seen or probably ever will see. The scene is the finals in the Fairmont Country Club tournament of 1916 with players competing for the $1,000 Tiffany Cup. Referee is George T. Watson. Receiving in the back court are A. Jack Colborn and Frank Haymond (in the dark sweater). In the forecourt are Billy McElroy of Pittsburgh at the net and another Pittsburger serving.
Courtesy of Elinor W. Carroll

The Fabulous Homes of Fairmont

By Elinor Watson Carroll

First settlers to Marion County built homes of readily available material—logs. A virgin forest covered the territory, and great trees were felled to clear the land and to provide building material. Log cabins sufficed for hunters, traders and trappers, but when the pioneers brought their families from the East and engaged in agriculture, they constructed better homes as rapidly as they were able.

Settlers from sections east of the mountains brought with them the memory of the fine buildings which they duplicated in materials they found at hand—stone and brick—as soon as they became sufficiently established. The usual pattern was for the head of the family to come across the mountains, perhaps with younger men of his family, friends or slaves, and acquire his land. On this first, log cabins would be raised before he returned for the women and children.

Sometimes several seasons were spent in quarrying store and dressing it for a home, or in making and firing bricks from a nearby clay deposit, and constructing a durable home before the family was brought to this section. Sometimes a pioneer bride would share the first hardships with her husband, but often she came from the comforts of the East to find comparable accomodations awaiting here.

So it is that as long as one hundred and fifty years ago there were a number of fine homes to be found in Marion County, replicas of Colonial houses that had been left behind. Some of these became victims of time and neglect; others made way for progress and changing styles; a few were pulled down because of a misconception that their "dampness" caused the "consumption" that decimated many of the original families here. The county now had its sawmills, and logs could be turned to lumber. Frame buildings were put up in the stead of the lovely early homes of brick and stone.

THE FABULOUS HOMES———

One of the original families to come to this section was that of James Green Watson, who was born at Port Tobacco, Maryland, in 1756 and died here in 1834. He obtained a large "plantation" on White Day Creek in 1799, but did not bring his family here until 1803, when he came over the mountains with his three sons, Thomas, Henry and James Dent, and his two daughters, Margaret and Mary Green, his second wife, Ann Reeder, and a large retinue of slaves.

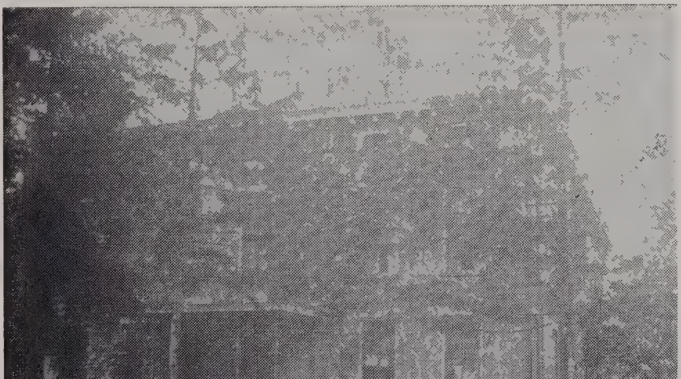
Thirty years before this time William Haymond, who had fought with General Braddock in 1755, came to Quiet Dell, Harrison County, from the family home, "Constant Friendship," near Rockville, Maryland. His son, William Haymond, II, and wife, Cynthia Carroll, settled in Palatine, and raised ten children. Two of James Green Watson's sons married Haymond daughters: Thomas married Rebecca, while James Dent married Anna Maria. The third son married Celia Molineaux Reeder. All built fine homes on White Day Creek in their turn.

FAIRMONT FARMS

James Otis Watson, 1815-1902, was the eldest of Thomas Watson and Rebecca Haymond Watson's ten children. He married, in 1841, Matilda Lamb, daughter of Leonard Lamb, one of a family prominent in the early iron industry of the section. They acquired a farm then two miles distant from the little town of Fairmont, on the Beverly Turnpike. This property was brought from Alexander Fleming, nephew of Nathan, Boaz and Benoni Fleming, who settled here in 1789.

The original home in which James Otis and Matilda Lamb lived was a big two story log house, built in 1817. It was later weatherboarded over. Here were born their ten children: William, Caroline Margaret, Ida May, Sylvanus Lamb, George Thomas, Lucy Lee, Mary Rebecca, James Edwin, Frank Ellsworth and Clarence Wayland.

A new home was built on the farm in 1865. This was a spacious house, constructed of brick from the brickyard of Maxwell Fleming across the Beverly Turnpike. This yard furnished bricks for many of the finest structures of a century ago, and the pit from which the clay was dug became a pond which afforded recreation for neighborhood children. James Otis Watson named his home "La Grange", in memory of the home of the same name his grandfather, James Green Watson, had left behind in Port Tobacco.



"La Grange" before becoming Fairmont Farms

"La Grange" was a building of three stories, including a garret with little "eyebrow windows" and a cupola. There were many other buildings on the premises, including barns, a smithy, quarters where the former slaves had lived, pens for livestock, a smokehouse, washhouse, cellarhouse, a granary, lime kiln and a maple sugar camp. A few neighbors had adjoining farms on the Turnpike, but thick woods stretched in other directions.

During the Civil War James Otis Watson and his partner, Governor Francis H. Pierpoint supplied horses to the Union Army. One account says that at the time of Jones' raid the Confederates confiscated a number of the Watson horses, but another tradition has it that the horses were taken to an abandoned coal working in Coal Run Hollow and were not captured.

In the Eighties the first telephone line in the section was built to connect La Grange with the home of Watson's son-in-law, Governor A. B. Fleming, now the American Legion home, where the coal company offices were then located, and with the Gaston Mine. This three-party wire was quite primitive, and one first talked into the receiver and then held it to one's ear. In order to make ground contact it was sometimes necessary to go outdoors and pour water on the ground.

After the death of James Otis Watson in 1902, his youngest son, Clarence Wayland Watson, later U. S. Senator, remodeled "La Grange" into a showplace in the Spanish Mission style, and it acquired the name of Fairmont Farms, although it had by then lost its rural character.

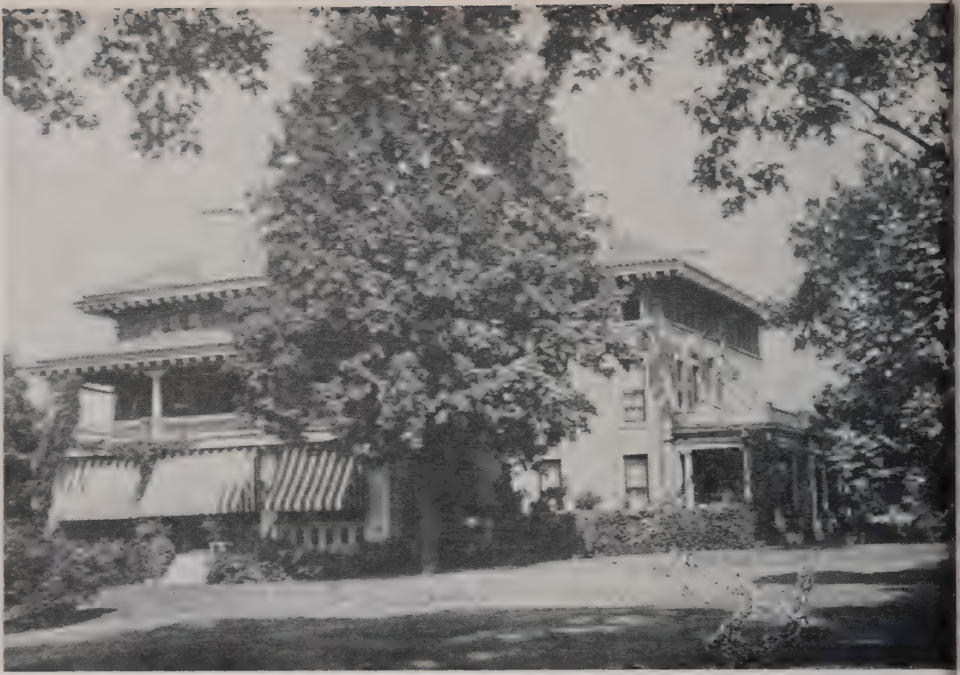
The cupola was removed, the bricks were covered with stucco and Spanish Mission stables and carriage house replaced the old farm structures. An iron picket fence along Fairmont Avenue between Ninth and Twelfth Streets was covered with rambler roses. From Ninth Street a winding gravel drive led to the home, and along it rhododendron grew in profusion, with groves of great maples and elms and evergreen plantings.

A greenhouse and a large vegetable garden were used for experiments in hybridization. Here in the new stables Senator C. W. Watson maintained his famous show horses, including the world champion Lord Baltimore, and such prize winners as Kitty and My Maryland, which were exhibited in America and in Europe. Mrs. Watson drove in many of the major shows, and cases in the carriage house held approximately one thousand ribbons and cups which the horses won.

The interior of the house was modernized as the same time the exterior was remodeled. Old cabinetry mantelpieces were removed and the twenty rooms were brought up to date and magnificiently decorated and lavishly refurnished. Fairmont Farms became the center of social activities, not only for Fairmont, but for countless prominent figures from the East. Mrs. Watson shared duties as hostess with her sisters-in-law, who continued to live in the old home.

Senator Watson continued to have his home at Fairmont Farms, when not in the East in connection with his coal interests, until his death in 1940, after which Fairmont Farms passed out of the family and an era came to a close. The main house is now known as the Homestead, and the property has become a gracious sub-division of Fairmont, where many attractive modern homes have been built.

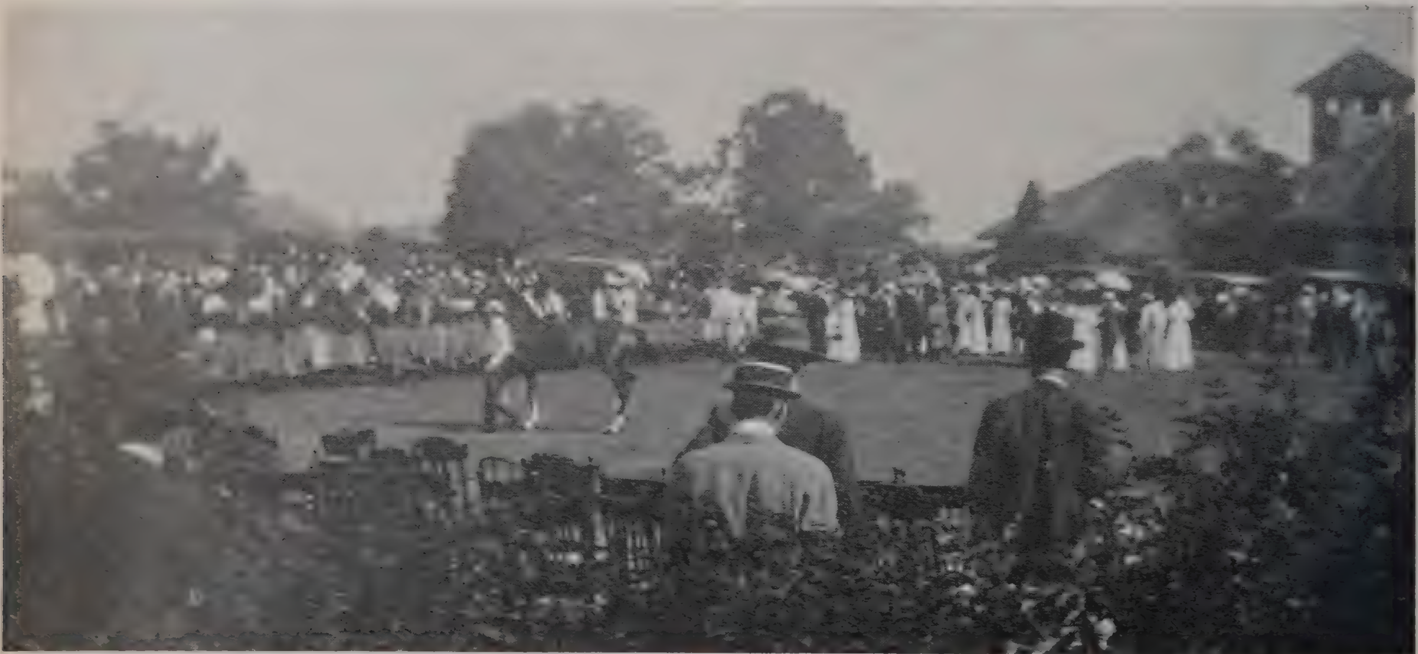
When Fairmont was enlarged with the development of the South Side in 1892 a new avenue, Fairmont, was opened up, replacing the Beverly Turnpike as the route to town. An iron bridge over Coal Run now led directly into the older business section, and farms gave way to city streets lined with modern homes.



The remodeled "La Grange" that became the central building of the showplace "Fairmont Farms"

Several hills were cut down and their tops used to level the new residential section. The hilltop where Marmaduke Hoult had lived was lowered by thirty-five feet between the new Eighth and Ninth Streets, and the surplus earth filled in to Walnut Avenue. It was here that the sons and grandsons of James Otis Watson built new homes, adjacent to the old family homestead.

In 1893 Sylvanus Lamb Watson, second of the sons, built a large frame house on the corner of Eighth Street and Fairmont Avenue on an elevation where the Anthony Chevrolet Company is now locoated. In 1902 James Otis Watson II, son of Sylvanus, built frame and shingle house on the adjacent corner. It is now the V.F.W. home. In that same year Sylvanus' youngest son, George Thomas, built a fine brick home next door. It was later the offices of the Marion County Board of Education, and more recently has been replaced by the Goodyear Service Store. A third corner was occupied at one time by Albert T. Watson, the other son of Sylvanus.



One of the horse shows at Fairmont Farms where blue blooded horses from throughout the world competed for honors. In turn the horses from Fairmont Farms competed for ribbons in shows the world over. Notice the big lamps on the horseless carriages in the background. The barns at the right of the picture are now homes and apartments.

THE FABULOUS HOMES——

HIGH GATE

It was not until 1910, however, that the most magnificent home of all was built. This was High Gate, the mansion of James Edwin Watson, fourth son of James Otis Watson, and his capable successor in the coal industry. This imposing structure occupied the entire block between Eighth and Ninth Streets and Fairmont and Walnut Avenues.

Designed by Horace Trumbauer of Philadelphia, it is one of Elizabethan half-timber style. The walls of the first story are veneered with native rubble stone and above the first floor are stuccoed between six-inch strips of stained chestnut. The red tile roof is broken into innumerable gables, and all the host of windows are composed of many small panes. Indiana limestone trim is used around windows and doors, and for the carved porch entablatures. Scrolled verge boards of chestnut ornament the gable eaves.

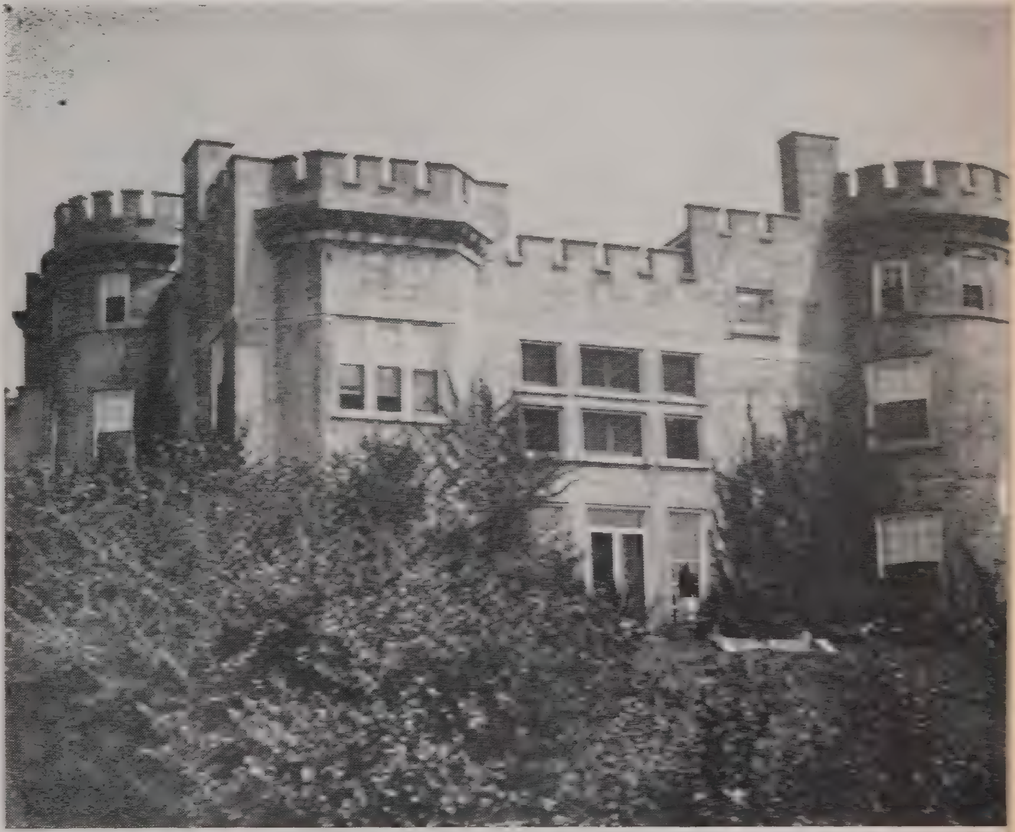
The entrance vestibule is paved with white Vermont marble and trimmed with pink Tennessee marble. The floors are of parquetry design with mosiac of oak and mahogany; the interior walls are paneled in oak; handrails of the stairway and moldings are hand-carved; mantelpieces on the first floor are of elaborately carved Italian marble; a butler's pantry contained a sink of German silver; ceilings are ornamented with plaster designs of oak leaves and acorns. There was an elevator. In all, the house had twenty-five large rooms and every modern convenience of its day.

The coach house, also of half-timbered design, was almost as elaborately furnished as the house. The grounds of the estate were terraced and formally landscaped with shrubbery, boxed hedges, scattered flower beds, and magnolia, white birch and catalpa trees. Between the coach house and the house was a fine tennis court, where many of the country's leading players competed for the coveted thousand dollar Tiffany cup. Here President Taft was entertained, and many other famous figures. High Gate was the scene of many social activities, behind its iron picket fence.

James Edwin Watson died in 1926. In 1929 Higate was sold to the Sisters of St. Joseph as a rest home, and the Watson family moved to First Street. Many of the fine works of art were sold to leading Eastern dealers at this time. For a time the Sisters maintained a kindergarten at St. Joseph's Villa, as it was then named. It is now the location of the Ross Funeral Home, while the old coach house has been turned into the Walnut Avenue Nursing Home.

Sonnencroft

By Susan H. Hutchinson



Sonnecroft—the home of sons—was a showplace of the early 1900's. Now the building has been razed and the site is owned by the Marion County Board of Education—destined no doubt to be the site of some future educational home of sons—and daughters.

One of Fairmont legendary landmarks, "Sonnencroft," came into being, flourished, and disappeared during the second half of the state's first century.

Fashioned after the Scottish castle "Inverness," Sonnencroft—more familiarly known as the "Hutchinson Mansion" reached it's glory during the reign of King Coal in the early 1900's.

The idea for the "home of sons" sprang into being in the mind of Mrs. C. E. Hutchinson, the former Lyda Watkins, mother of eight boys, when she and Mr. Hutchinson visited Scotland on a world tour in 1910. In 1912 architects Holmboe and Lafferty of New York City began the task of constructing "Sonnencroft."

Sonnencroft began her memorable career at a fashionable ball on New Year's Eve of 1914. The romatic castle of stucco on red tile had 28 rooms with numerous large pantries, cubicles and closets.

Included was a conservatory which extended the entire height of the house. It had a balcony encircled by a railing on the second and a glass cupola in the ceiling. The floor was of red tile and there was a fountain where water spouted from the bill of a swan.

THE FABULOUS HOMES———

The front entrance to Sonnencroft was on Morgantown Avenue where wide flights of cement steps and walkways led to a white double door with small squared leaded panes of glass. The entrance hall projected from the house and its roof formed a parapet accessible from the second floor.

The gigantic entrance hall, flanked by portiered sliding doors on the left, opened to the living room, on to the conservatory, music room, dining room, breakfast room, kitchen and servant quarters in the rear. On the right, a doorway opened to the library, the billiard room, sunporch and side entrance. This was known as the east wing. Above it were the bedrooms of the boys, Claude, Brooks, Frank, Harold, Lee, Paul James and Robert, and a long dormitory or sleeping porch enclosed in glass.

The 35-foot living room had the tower projecting through the far corner. A 14 by 30 foot tile swimming pool and billiard room provided ample indoor recreation space.

Outside were two broad driveways, two terraces with rose gardens, a sun dial, beautiful and well-tended flower beds. Water lilies floated on a crystal pool and willow and other trees graced the spacious lawns.

As did the Hutchinson fortune, made and lost in coal, the "home of sons" sparkled brilliantly for a time, but after Mr. Hutchinson's death soon was snuffed out.

The mansion was razed several years ago when the property was acquired by the Marion County Board of Education for a future school building, but the memory burns bright in the minds and hearts of many native sons who remember the elegant years of a lost era.

EARLY LOG HOMES

At least three of the log homes built by the original settlers, years before the Centennial Year of 1863, can be seen in Marion county.

The log cabin in Fairmont Farms, probably because of its convenient location, has been kept in good repair and has been modernized from era to era and today it is as modern in conveniences as any of its neighboring houses.

The Thurman Fletcher cabin was built in approximately 1826 and it is still very near its original condition. Mr. Fletcher has furnished the home with antiques and uses no electricity—lighting with oil lamps. The 102 acre tract on which the cabin was originally built was purchased for $300 in "lawful Virginia money."

The Musgrave cabin was built about 1800 by Elijah and Basheba Musgrave. Research by Glenn D. Lough gives the following facts about the Musgraves:

It is known that Elijah Musgrave, born about 1750, died about 1854, took squatters' rights to 400 acres of land on Pharoah's Run, adjoining lands of John Smith and James Snodgrass.

"David Morgan surveyed Elijah's land in 1779. In the 1780's, Elijah became ill with recurrent fever and returned to the Musgrave homestead in Hampshire County, Virginia (West Virginia). In 1810 he and his wife, Besheba, and their children, were living in a 'wickiup,' on his original lands on Pharoah's Run. A few years later they erected a 'double--house,' two separate log cabins joined by a gallery or a 'dog-walk,' on the site of the wickiup.

THE LOG CABIN OF FAIRMONT FARMS

This is the old log cabin in Fairmont Farms—now a modern home owned and lived in by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond M. Patterson. The log cabin was built about 1817 by Alexander Fleming son of Nathan Fleming. It is probably one of the oldest residences in Marion county. James Otis Watson bought the cabin in 1844 and lived in it until 1865. The log house was kept on Fairmont Farms all through the days of La Grange and the opulent period.

LOG CABIN OF THURMAN FLETCHER

Completely furnished with antiques, uses oil lamps. This picture was taken in 1921. The cabin is in better condition today and is located on Route 19 about two and one-half miles north of Rivesville.

THE ELIJAH MUSGRAVE CABIN

Located about 100 yards from the Fletcher cabin, it was one of the pioneer cabins in the county.

First Faulkner Award Winner

Proud of Being A West Virginian

by John Knowles

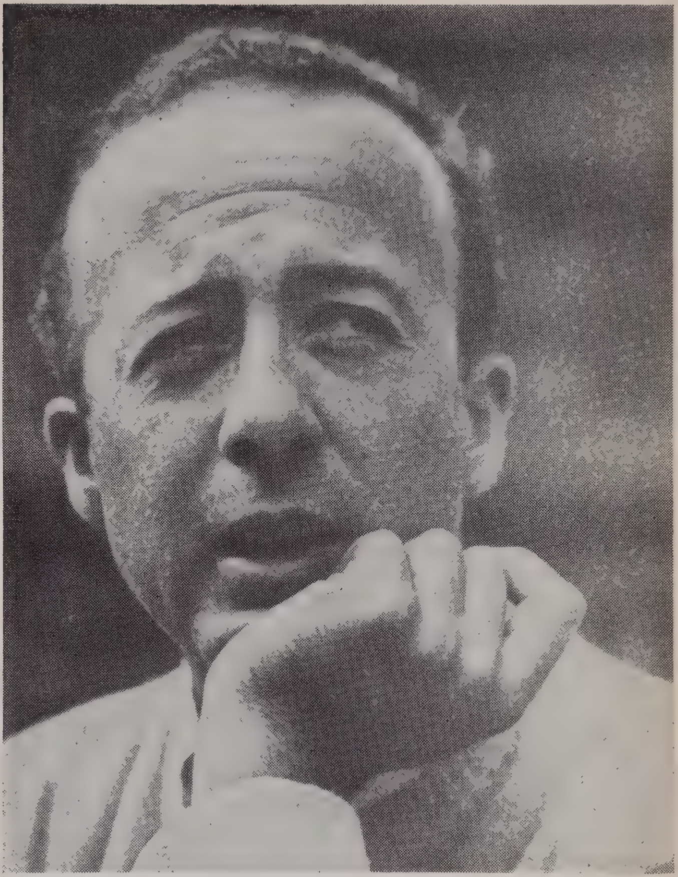
As everyone ought to know by now, West Virginia is one of the most significant states in the Union, and its hundredth anniversary deserves wide national attention. The country has to be reminded from time to time what a significant state it is, and now seems another good opportunity to do it.

First of all, what did the greatest war ever fought in America produce that was new? West Virginia, of course. Who was the war's greatest tactician? Stonewall Jackson. But most important of all, what other state in the Union is both Northern and Southern, Eastern and Western? None.

West Virginia is unique. The Kennedys, and all the Democrats, and all the Republicans for that matter, were aware of this during that primary in 1960 when West Virginia decided who the next President of the United States would be. I myself happen to like Our Man in the White House, but that of course is beside the point; the point is that West Virginia was the barometer which could tell the political weather in all parts of the country, and all the politicans knew it.

As a writer, I was very lucky to grow up in West Virginia because it gave me a feeling for life in all those other parts of the country, as growing up in, for instance, Massachusetts or California or in fact any other state could never have done. American literature already has a school of Southern writers and a school of Midwestern writers, but a West Virginian, sprouting between the two, escapes being stuffed into either of these pigeon holes. He is himself, special and independent, because he comes from a special, independent-minded state.

It is especially meaningful that West Virginia came into being in 1863, the turning point in the Civil War. It immediately became and has remained the symbol of the Union which that war saved, because it reunited within its borders both Yankees and Rebels, Northern factories and Southern farms, elements which had lived together in peace before and needed to go on doing so. These counties were pivotal, key, and no one made that clearer than John Brown. When he set out to try solving by himself the problem which was to cause the Civil War, he struck at Harper's Ferry in what was to be West Virginia. The state has now endured a hundred years, and so has the Union.


JOHN KNOWLES

The most recent of Fairmont-born authors to distinguish himself in the writing profession has been John Knowles — his Centennial impressions are printed here on this page.

John Knowles is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Knowles of Coleman avenue. He went to St. Peters school here and then to the Phillips Exeter Academy.

A brief session in the Air Corps separated his academic experience at Exeter and Yale. From Yale he joined the editorial staff of the Hartford, Conn., Courant.

For three years he was associate editor of Holiday magazine, but since the success of his first novel he has been a free lance writer.

His first book "A Separate Peace" was one of the most highly acclaimed first novels of recent years and captured the first presentation of the William Faulkner Foundation Award and also the Rosenthal Award of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. It also was named one of the best ten books for adults in 1960 by the Independent School Education Board, a national organization of English and Literature teachers and Librarians.

John Knowles has published a number of short stores and many nonfiction articles on his travels. Recently he has been at work in the Middle East. His deep interest in France, where he spent so much time during the past decade, has resulted in "Morning in Antibes," his second novel.

WRITES

AGNES SMITH

(Mrs. Richard Parrish)

Viking Press, Inc., New York, has provided the following about Agnes Smith of Fairmont whose book, "An Edge of the Forest, was pubished in 1959:

"Agnes Smith was born in Clarksburg, W. Va., and has spent most of her life in that region. She lives on a farm between Fairmont and Clarksburg with her husband, Richard Parrish, editor of The West Virginian and The Times-West Virginian, newspapers published in Fairmont.

"Theirs is not a working farm, although the land works very hard to turn itself back into the forest it used to be. With the exception of a few meadows, which are kept clear, and a rather extensive lawn to discourage the neighborly impulses of cooperheads, little is done to thwart the natural growth of shrubs and trees.

"Agnes Smith remembers that it was in her sixteenth year that she definitely decided that writing was her work. "An Edge of the Forest" is her first (and, to date, only published) book and she is now working on another.

"When she is not writing, the author works in ceramics, designs furniture, and does woodworking, carving and finishing. Her ceramics have been sold in America House in New York." (None of her ceramics are on sale there now; the author has not worked in clay for several years, but hopes soon to return to it for a while.)

Since 1959, "An Edge of the Forest" has been published in Canada and Great Britian. Translations in Finish and Japanese are being made and it is hoped will soon be published in those countries.

In 1959 the book won the New York Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival Award in its age classification, and in 1961 it was given the American Library Association's Aurienne Award, which is presented two years after publication for "the best children's book on animal life which develops a humane attitude."

During November of 1961 the British Broadcasting Corporation presented a condensed, dramatized version of the book in four twenty-minute episodes, at intervals of a week, in their Schools Program.

The author has been pleased by her book's reception and has been especially warmed and encouraged by the interest of friends and neighbors in the county and state.

Of course, the author had hoped for another publication during the State's Centennial Year. That possibility has not, so far, developed, but she is happy that "An Edge of the Forest" appeared in time to express, in its way, the admiration and affection she feels for the hills and forests and people of West Virginia.

SINGS

LEYNA GABRIELE

Soprano

Leyna Gabriele of Fairmont is recognized as one of the most exciting lyric coloratura sopranos in America, receiving critical acclaim for her outstanding performances in concert, opera, radio, and with symphony orchestras. The unqualified success of her Town Hall recital has established her as a concert artist of the first order, with enthusiastic audiences continuing to praise her charming appearance and obvious love of singing as well as her vocal excellence.

Since her debut at the Teatro Nuovo in Milano, Italy she has won an international reputation for her interpretation of operatic heroines in such standard works as "La Traviata," "Lucia Di Lammermoor," "Martha," "Die Fledermaus," "Gianni Schicchi," and "La Boheme"; and for her gifted interpretation of the works of such contemporary composers as Persichetti, Moore, Beeson, Hicks, and Bergsma. Acclaimed for her creation of Baby Doe in the world premiere production of Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe" and for the girl in the original production of Jack Beeson's "Hello Out There," her most recent successes have included leading roles abroad at the San Carlo Lugano, and Trieste Operas, and with the Central City Opera and Cleveland Festivals at home. Her excellent voice, superior acting ability, and personal charm combine to make Leyna Gabriele one of the outstanding singing talents of our day. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Costanzo Gabriele of Quick Shoe.

MEDAL OF HONOR

1530301

CITATION

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as Demolition Sergeant serving with the First Battalion, Twenty-First Marines, Third Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on Iwo Jima, Volcano Islands, February 23, 1945. Quick to volunteer his services when our tanks were maneuvering vainly to open a lane for the infantry through the network of reinforced concrete pillboxes, buried mines and black volcanic sands, Corporal Williams daringly went forward alone to attempt the reduction of devastating machine-gun fire from the unyielding positions. Covered only by four riflemen, he fought desperately for four hours under terrific enemy small-arms fire and repeatedly returned to his own lines to prepare demolition charges and obtain serviced flame throwers, struggling back, frequently to the rear of hostile emplacements, to wipe out one position after another. On one occasion he daringly mounted a pillbox to insert the nozzle of his flame thrower through the air vent, kill the occupants and silence the gun; on another he grimly charged enemy riflemen who attempted to stop him with bayonets and destroyed them with a burst of flame from his weapon. His unyielding determination and extraordinary heroism in the face of ruthless enemy resistance were directly instrumental in neutralizing one of the most fanatically defended Japanese strong points encountered by his regiment and aided vitally in enabling his company to reach its objective. Corporal Williams' aggressive fighting spirit and valiant devotion to duty throughout this fiercely contested action sustain and enhance the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

Personal history. Herschel W. Williams entered the U. S. Marine Corps May 27, 1943, and was released November 6, 1945. He was born in Quiet Dell, Marion County, October 2, 1923. Married to the former Ruby Dale Meredith of Meadowdale. Has two daughters, ages 16 and 9. Employed by the Veterans Administration, Huntington, West Virginia, as Contact Officer. Mother, Mrs. Lurenna Williams, lives at Quiet Dell.

HERSHEL W. WILLIAMS

This is how Marion county's Medal of Honor winner feels about his awards:—"Every serviceman whether Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard or Air Force served America with youthful determination and patriotically stood between the enemy and America. While some of us were fortunate enough to receive the Medal of Honor granted by gracious people, we are yet mindful that millions of others have served with highest honor and esteem.

"These men all appreciated the responsibility that every citizen has for serving his country. They realized that the Nation had given them equality of privilege and the Nation had the right, in return, to ask equality of obligation for service. There has been much sorrow that such sacrifices were necessary, yet thanksgiving by all America that she produced men so worthy of immortality. Those of us who were fortunate to survive still have our greatest duty to perform. That duty is now to live and do for our country. America does and should mean to all of us—everything worth fighting for—everything worth living for—everything worth doing for—and if necessary everything worth dying for. There is no greater privilege short of God's blessing than being an American."

ANTIQUES

They Made 'em and Brought Them in, Too—.

By June Stout

Owner "Stout's Den of Antiquity". One of the largest Antique Shops in the State. A collector for many years she became a dealer three years ago.

It is at the same time a delightful yet bewildering array that presents itself when one is introduced to the world of antiques. Because it is usually a hobby, and not a business venture, "How old is an Antique" is not involved. Being first a collector and enthusiast, and then letting it turn itself into a business, we have met this siuation at every turn. Life has become a constant parade of "Antiques"—be it hand-painted china of the early nineteen-hundreds, matching suites of over-whelming, hand-carved, marble topped furniture, Kentucky rifles, McGuffy Readers or the occasional quiet spoken slant front desk of the eighteenth century, Marion Countians love every facet of it!

As with treasure hunting since time began, reward comes after long and patient searching. Not only Beauty but Knowledge must be in the beholder's eye.

Our geographical location, being close to Pennsylvania, resulted in the presence of many pieces of Pennsylvania Dutch origin. Their identity is very conspicuous in the painted pieces, because of the use of color and decoration. More prevalent, however, are the unpainted chests, dressers, corner cupboards and dry sinks. Made of walnut or pine, these fine pieces have a more Continental character than English, being made by makers who used as models pieces which were remembered or brought by them from Europe.

Schmidt corner cupboard and Ironstone Pottery.

In our posession is a corner cupboard which was originally owned by Henry Joseph Schmidt. Schmidt served as the model for the farmer who appears on the West Virginia state seal The seal's designer, United States Immigration Commissioner, Joseph Diss Debar, was a neighbor, friend and hunting companion of Schmidt who was one of a group of fifty families brought to America from Germany. They founded the community of St. Clara in Doddridge County and a great deal of their original culture still exists there. The cupboard was brought from Henry Joseph Schmidt's grandson, who lives on the original home place. Its plain black walnut form is typical of the country furniture-maker's art and makes it an ideal background for a display of ironstone china which is of the same period. There are many many cupboards of this type in this area.

Also to be found are a limited number of pieces of the Federal period. The families who came into the area originally brought with them pieces from the East. Examples of the styles of Hepplewhite and Sheraton furniture still are treasured in the bosom of families who are descendents of those early settlers.

There were also many fine makers of cabinets, carriages and musical instruments who worked in Marion county during the early years. A carriage maker who designed and made coaches for at least three presidents was a native son. William Hunter, who died about 1793 in Philadelphia, spent the years 1771-1781 making fine cabinets and coaches in this region.

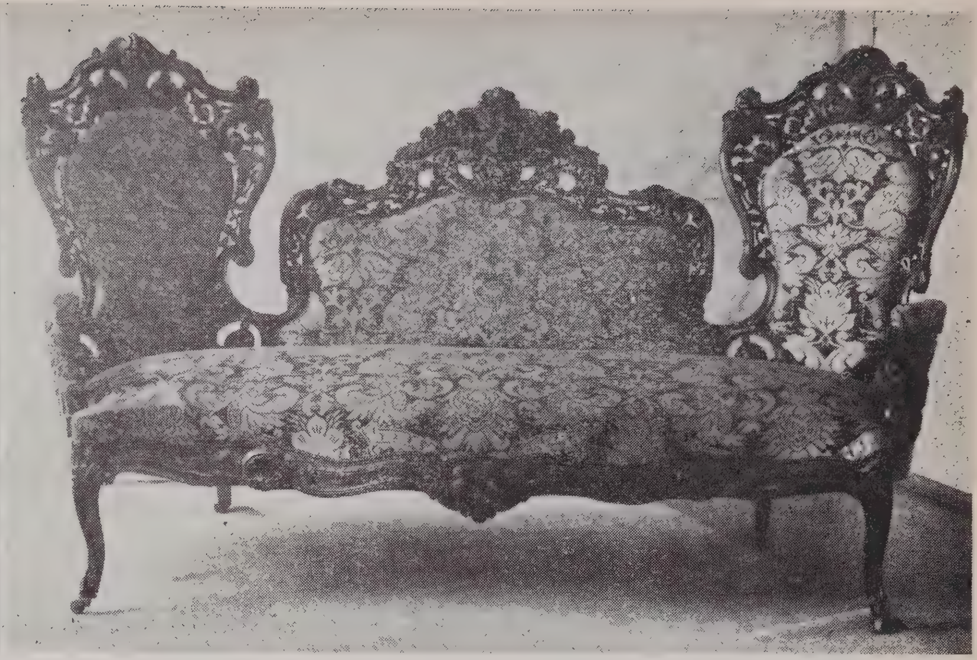
Levi Shinn and Benjamin Shaw Hill from nearby Harrison County produced many good pieces. In our knowledge there are several examples of their work, owned and treasured by their great-great grandchildren.

Other furniture makers were Barton Clark and Barton Black. We recently acquired a charming child's rocking chair with the original decoration done in the Pennsylvania Dutch manner with the signature, Barton Black, still legible on the underside of the plank seat.

The prevalance of potteries and glass plants in the area make it a veritable treasure-trove for collectors of these things. Marvelous paper weights and free blown end-of-day whimsies are tucked away in many cupboards or proudly displayed in windows.

Modern machine age living creates in people a nostalgia for the past. Living in today's small, chaste houses necessitates restricting the collecting of antiques to small items which will add beauty and warmth to a house but will not crowd its occupants. This accounts for the popularity of colored glass pieces and decorated oil lamps. Even the most modern house needs lamps and our grandmother's oil lamp is easily converted to the use of electricity. The handsome uncomplicated lines of pieces of Ironstone make them a natural choice for displaying in the picture window of a house which has to depend on such a touch to make it different from the dozens of others which group around it.

So—as we start into another century—Happy Hunting!



Around the turn of the twentieth century a class of wealthy Marion countians erected splendid spacious houses, and brought in furnishings from Baltimore, Virginia, Philadelphia and even numbers of things from Europe. Art objects, Oriental rugs and crystal chandeliers found their way to Fairmont, and although the crash of the big fortunes took its toll, closing many houses and scattering their treasures, it is still possible to find beautiful objects which were brought in to grace these mansions.

Pictured on these pages are two pieces of a set of Belter furniture. These were once in the possession of the Watson family who built and lived in what we now know as Fairmont Farms. These fine examples of the work of John Henry Belter were obtained from descendents of the Watson family.

Belter's work is especially important because he is credited with the earliest example of laminated plywood in America. He patented this method in 1850. He achieved the serpentine curves by a secret steam method. The ornate, luxuriant patterns, executed in rosewood, were saved from vulgarity by their delicacy. He was the last of the great New York cabinet makers and the documentary value alone makes any example of his work desirable and rewarding to find.

More common around this area are the pieces in the Empire style. From 1825 to 1850 country pieces were made of walnut, and frequently we find chests of drawers made in a bold combination of wild cherry and tiger-stripe maple. The large top drawer, with three smaller ones below, and framed by turned posts give them very easily identifiable characteristics. They offer wonderful storage space and are quite handsome. However, they are frequently too large for today's small houses.

Another elegant example of the Empire period frequently found in this area is the pedestal based console or card table. They feature veneering in elaborately grained rosewood and graced the hallways or stood in pairs in the living rooms of our more well-to-do families. They were products of furniture factories in the cities, however, not made by local makers.

How Well Did Mr. Boyd Prophesy?

The cornerstone of the old State Normal School at Adams & Quincy contained a prophesy made by J. N. Boyd in 1867 as to what would come about in the next 100 years.

Mr. Boyd was publisher of the Fairmont Vedette at that time and printed what he had prepared for the cornerstone in his paper dated August 17, 1867.

Attention was called to the fact that West Virginia had passed its fourth birthday on June 20 of that year and in connection with the state he prophesied:

She still distinguishes her voters by the color of their skin and their sex but this will not be the case 100 years from now.

Handsome and accomplished women will occupy seats in the legislature which will meet only once in two years. [At that time the legislature met annually.]

The state capital will be at Clarksburg. [There was a movement on later to fulfill this prophesy but an election turned down the central West Virginia point.]

The state will have 12 members of Congress.

Every child will be in easy reach of a school house.

There will not be Methodist, Presbyterians, Baptist but all Christian people will be united in a single church.

Women will eschew hoops, long dresses, waterfalls, palpitators and false and senseless things generally.

Women will propose marriage.

The national debt will be paid.

Letter postage will be one cent instead of three.

A railroad will connect Fairmont and Pittsburgh.

The Monongahela will be slacked to Fairmont.

There will be no railroad at or near Buckhannon.

Parkersburg will be larger than Wheeling.

Clarksburg will be the third city of the state and Fairmont fourth.

There will be 15 daily papers in West Virginia.

There will not be less than 50 weeklies.

Family names of Fleming, Barns and Hall will be almost forgotten.

Research Brings New Facts About Early County

Glenn D. Lough Adds To The Details of Settlements Here and Nearby

As an area, Marion County, West Virginia first assumed a jurisdictional identity on October 20, 1747, when Thomas Lee presented the Ohio Company's original petition for land to the Governor and Council of Virginia, and Thomas Cresap and Lawrence Washington went to Williamsburg to lobby for the "great" grant.

In July, 1749, 200,000 acres of land in the unsettled part of western Virginia was granted the Ohio Company by the British Crown. The later petition, as it affected present Marion County, follows:

"To Wm. McMachon, Jn. McMachon, Rich. McMachon, Lewis Neal, Jn. Neal, Mark Calmees, and Company, leave is granted to take up 60,000 acres of land . . . upon the waters of the Potomac, the Youghiogheny, and the Monongahela river . . ."

George Washington, William Crawford, George Rogers Clark, Daniel Boone, David Morgan and others, surveyed on these lands while they were being managed by the Ohio Company and later. David Morgan was a surveyor for the Company as early as 1747.

In 1750, Washington recommending his friend David Morgan to Christopher Gist, as a surveyor, wrote: "D Morgan is the most qualified surveyor I know of. He is also the bravest, and when aroused, the most dangerous man I ever met." On this recommendation, or in spite of it, Gist hired Morgan as his third surveyor and first scout, for the first Ohio Company's expedition.

It is well known that amongst the earliest settlers in (now) Marion County, David Morgan was a strong leader. Jacob Prickett, his lifelong friend, and a man of like calibre, is quoted as saying of Morgan: "In peaceful times, Davy was little heard of. But when trouble came, he was our hope, and the name Davy Morgan was in everybody's mouth."

David Morgan, Jacob Prickett, and James Booth, were the captains of our people in the terrible bloody years of those first lonely settlements.

James Booth was murdered and scalped by Indians while defending settlers' homes on the creek now bearing his name in Marion County. Jacob Prickett risked his life many times in his dispute with Jim Walker, when it was up to him—Jacob Prickett—to save the settlements on Prickett's Creek. And there were others, many of them, who were just as brave, who risked and suffered just as much.

In 1787 depositions were taken at Morgantown from William Williams, David Morgan, Nathanial Springer, and others, toward settlement of the Prickett-Walker dispute. Walker was "lawing" to repossess 1400 acres of land on Prickett's Creek, which he had abandoned in times of danger, or because he was a Tory. He fled into Pennsylvania, lived there a few years, then, when peace was declared, returned, and attempted to destroy the settlements on Prickett's Creek. Following is that old venturer Nathanial Springer's deposition in the case:

"In summer 1747, Jacob Prickett, John Snodgrass, David Morgan, Pharoah Ryley, and I, explored on the Monongahela from Evan Morgan's on Cheat, and on the Buckhannon to Billy Burris'. And found no one by the name of James Walker living anywhere in the country.

"We wicky'd in for ten days on a small dreen after Ryley was snake-bit, and thought Ryley would die, and called the dreen for him—Pharoah's Run. And so it is now called. We prayed for Ryley day and night. He was in fantod[delirious] at times, when Davy would hold him and soothe him with songs and prayers, to keep him from hurting himself. I cut the wound and sucked it and doctored it with herbs, and Thank God, Ryley recovered. It was a remarkable thing, for the rattlesnake was old and wrothy, and the sting was high on poor Ryley's thigh.

[Pharoah Ryley died in Augusta County, Va., in 1761. See Augusta County Court Records, vol. 3, pages 61-73.]

"I was up the Monongahela again in summer 1763, with Evan and David Morgan. We chopped a clearing on the creek where J. Little died [Catawba], and raised a cabin for me, as it was my squat-out. On this venture we went again to the high forks, and up the Buckhannon twenty miles to Billy Burris'. Twenty-four men were then living on Richy Claiborne's land there, but none was named James Walker.

"James Taylor and John Beall went down the river with us, and we stayed by Evan Morgan's store for three weeks, and at the Wilsons' and Ices', where land-clearing was going on. There was no James Walker in those parts, as we met all the men there, but met no one by that name."

(Bert Knight and Adam Heck owned copies of Nathanial Springer's deposition. This deposition, and others, was obtained by Stephen Morgan when he was sheriff of Monongahela County. Boaz and Elijah Burris called Billy Burris "Uncle Billy").

During the Indian alarms of 1774, settlers in what is now Marion County, and many in present Monongalia, Harrison, and Taylor counties, abandoned their homes and gathered at Prickett's Settlement at the mouth of Prickett's Creek, where, on order from the Governor of Virginia, they erected a large stockade and fort, with sixteen cabins on the walls, and two large buildings, one for storage, the other for community affairs, meetings of all kinds.

There is positive evidence that not less than one thousand persons were living at Prickett's Settlement when Prickett's Fort was built, in the summer of 1774.

Following is one of several depositions on record, which shows how the people here, in the various settlements, reacted to the dangers of that time:

"David Rees, Henry Bickel, and Sarah, his wife, and Jacob Rees, adults; Nathan, Joel, Hanna, and Jesse Rees, infants, by their brother Jacob Rees, heirs and devisees of their father, Jacob Rees, deceased, vs William, Benjamin and Mackinney Robinson—O. S. 44; N. S. 15—from Harrison County. Bill filed in Harrison 21st August, 1797. 'At a very early period of adventures into the Western County Jacob (senior) came into the country now Harrison County, and on the 31st of July, 1775, purchased of William Williams a tract on Ten Mile Creek which Williams had bought from John Jones, who purchased of John Simpson, the original improver, by bill of sale dated January 8, 1774. Jacob Rees lived on the land two years and agreed upon a division line between him and William Robinson. When the Indians became active (Jacob being aged and infirm and his family numerous but young) Jacob removed to

Frederick County, whence he came and remained there until 1784. In spring or summer of 1789, Jacob died testate, and proved in Harrison County.

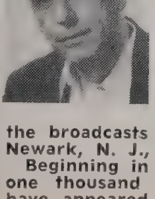
"Jacob Rees was so much an enemy of the Revolution that he refused to take the oath of fidelity. Benj. answers that he made an entry but found that a prior one had been made by Thomas Bartlett, who conveyed to McKinney Robinson. Commission May 1789 to take deposition of William Williams, in Fayette County, Pa. Hanna Rees, relict of Jacob, relinquishes dower June 19, 1798. Hanna Rees deposes July 2, 1798, that in 1773, Jacob Rees and Benj. Shinn, having purchased of William Robinson the tract on Ten Mile moved there in the fall of 1774. A line was agreed between Rees and Robinson, to which these were witnesses: Benj. Robinson, Joseph Wood, and Vincent Hobbs.

"The Indians became very troublesome and Jacob moved to the house of Thomas Harbert, which the Indians attacked and killed five persons, took three, and wounded four, among them (wounded) were Jacob and one of his little daughters, but afterwards when he recovered a little, he stood to his post and defended the house. The next morning it was thought best to evacuate the house, and they all moved to Grundy's Blockhouse, the place wherein now Col. Wilson now lives, on Simpson Creek. Jacob lived in this country eighteen months after his disaster prior to his removing his family.

About 1781, he moved to Frederick. Samuel Shinn deposes at time and place as of above. In 1775 his father, Benjamin Shinn, and Jacob Rees, came into this country, and accordingly Benjamin's family came out. Isaac Horner also came with them. Isaac Shinn deposes as above, son of Benjamin. Benjamin Shinn died in 1790. Joshua Allen deposes as above. Jonathon Stout deposes as above. Watson Clark deposes as above, as does Joseph Wood.

Joshua Allen deposes Jacob Rees was a Quaker, and said the oath had never been tendered him. Aaron Smith deposes that Jacob's brothers in Berkeley County persuaded him to go to Berkeley for safety. Robert Bartlett and Col. David Scott deposes at house of Hugh McNeeley, he employed James Anderson to make an improvement on Ten Mile Creek in the spring of 1773. Levi Shinn deposes that he was with William Robinson when he improved near the mouth of Ten Mile Creek in 1772. William Williams deposes August 11, 1798, that he purchased the tract from John Jones in 1772, planted a crop in 1774, the same year the settlement broke up, as did all the others for miles around, and the people moved down to Prickett's Settlement and built a fort. William Robinson was in the fort with deponent for several month."

These numerous depositions, on record in Harrison County, West Virginia, and in Augusta County, Virginia, prove that Prickett's Settlement, the site of which is now in Marion County, was the first and most important community in the upper Monongahela Valley in pioneer times.



Glenn D. Lough began keeping note-books on history forty-five years ago, when he was in grade school. Today his collection of historical data is probably the largest individually owned such collection in West Virginia. His Marion County file alone holds more than 10,000 notes, depositions, anecdotes, etc. All sixteen of Glenn's great-great-grand-parents were living in what was Monongalia County, before 1784. Much of Glenn's historical data was handed down through the various families from these pioneers.

In the 1930's, Glenn wrote and broadcast more than one thousand historical radio programs. with the broadcasts originating on WFBR, Baltimore, WOR and WHOM, Newark, N. J., WWSW and KDKA, Pittsburgh.

Beginning in 1929 and continuing to the present year, more than one thousand historical articles, stories, etc., written by Glenn, have appeared in newspapers, books, and magazines.

DESCRIPTION OF PRICKETT'S FORT

By Glenn D. Lough

Stephen Morgan, son of David Morgan, born Oct. 14, 1761, twice sheriff of Monongalia County (Va.), W. Va., gave the following description of Picketts Fort to the local newspapers, and it was published at Morgantown, Clarksburg, and Uniontown, Pa.

Stephen was thirteen when the fort was erected, and helped erect it. He was thirty-eight, when the fort was dismantled in 1799, and helped dismantle it. His father, with Jacob Prickett, Zackwell Morgan, and Zarah Osborn, having had much experience in fort-building, managed the erection of the fort. The following is from a newspaper clipping which belonged to Bert Knight, late of Fairmont. Mr. F. F. Prickett and Mr. Adam Heck, both of Rivesville, also owned clippings exactly like Mr. Knight's.

"In 1773 when about eighty families were living at the settlement because of danger from Indians, instructions came from the Governor through his agent at Fort Dunmore (Fort Pitt), for forts to be erected in various locations throughout the far frontier, and my uncle, Z. Morgan, being Lieutenant of our county, was given such instructions for a fort to be erected in our community. Three locations for the fort were considered, a high level spot on my father's land, a high flat by the mouth of Littles Creek on Nat'l Springer's land, and the land at the settlement where the fort was at last erected.

In August, 1773, the spot was chosen and Jacob Prickett and Calder Haymond said prayers over it. A large stockade was decided on, and my father surveyed the ground, and when the stakes were in, the men got ready, and built the stockade.

Much hard winter weather delayed the erection of any buildings until the last week in March, the next year (1774). At that time the cabins were commenced, and the building of them went very well. By May all the buildings were up, and the fort was finished altogether.

There were sixteen cabins, a range of four on each wall. Large storage bins divided the cabins from each other. The outside walls, with side-walls sloping inward, were ten feet high. At first the cabins had earthen floors, later some of them were fixed with puncheons. The pickets for the stockade were hewed to seventeen feet and set in the ground five feet, which gave a stockade wall of twelve feet. The bastions were larger than the cabins, and were set one at each of the four angles of the stockage. Their outer parts projected two feet beyond the stockade walls. These overhanging sections had slatted floors, so that enemies making a lodgement against the stockade might be fired upon, straight downward. The bastions were eight feet higher than the walls, were twelve feet square, and made of large hickory logs, with ample gun-spaces, or loopholes in and in between.

Within the stockade at the forward center of the grounds, there were two large buildings, each forty feet long and twenty feet wide and eight feet high. The one nearest the main gate was called "the shelter," though in most other forts such buildings were called "community houses." The other one was called "the store," and in it were kept goods and supplies of every nature. The shelter was used for church, school, meetings of all kinds, and as emergency living quarters.

Was Mary Harris The First White Person Here?

By Glenn D. Lough

Was golden-haired, blue-eyed, nine-year-old Mary Harris the first white person ever to visit present Marion County, West Virginia? And could it have been an out-of-time coincidence that caused her Indian captors to call her Marion?

Joseph Campbell, first newspaper publisher west of the Alleghenies, thought so. And it was he who first published the complete story of Mary Harris and her amazing adventures.

Campbell, a Marion Countian from the erection of Marion County in 1842 until his death, was born in Ireland and learned the printer's trade in Philadelphia. In January, 1804, he published the first newspaper in America, west of the Alleghenies. He died in Marion County at the age of seventy. The newspaper was the Monongalia Gazette & Morgantown Advertizer. In 1806, when Campbell became sole owner, he changed the name to the Monongalia. In 1810, he sold the newspaper to John O. Laidley. Later, Campbell served Monongalia County as sheriff and coroner.

The story of Mary Harris came down to Campbell from his great-grandfather, John Campbell, who published the first legal newspaper in what is now the United States. The following is from the Encyclopedia Britannica (1902), Vol. 17, Page 433.

"On April 24, 1704, the first number of the Boston News-Letter was printed by B. Green, and sold by Nicholas Boone; but its proprietor and editor was John Campbell, postmaster of Boston."

In May, 1704, Campbell published a broadside attached to the paper in which appeared his first big story—the story of the Deerfield Raid and the carrying-off of little Mary Harris. (See "A Half Century of Conflict," Francis Parkman, published in 1892).

The Mary Harris story was carried back to Ireland by John Campbell's son, who was Marion County Joseph Campbell's grandfather, and there Joseph Campbell first heard it. When Joseph came to America to follow in the footsteps of his great-grandfather, he brought Mary Harris' story with him; and 100 years after the story first appeared in print in the first newspaper published in the United States, it was published again, this time in its entirely, in the first newspaper published in (now) West Virginia, west of the Alleghenies.

Why did Joseph Campbell think Mary Harris' story so important to the people of this area in 1804? Suppose we let that famous explorer for the Ohio Company, Christopher Gist, tell us.

Gist's Journal, January 15, 1751: "We left Muskingum and went W 5 M to the White Woman's Creek, on which is a small town (Indian town); this white woman was taken away from New England, when she was not above ten years old, by the French Indians. She is now upwards of fifty, and has an Indian husband and several children. Her name is Mary Harris. She still remembers they used to be very religious in New England, and wonders how the white men can be so wicked as she has seen them in these woods."

Rev. John Williams in his history, "Redeemed Captive Returning To Zion," published in 1785, writes of Mary Harris: "White Woman's town, named for Mary Harris, the white woman who as a child was taken captive in New England and spent a happy life among the Indians. She was taken captive at Deerfield, Mass., February 29, 1704."

In 1751, Mary Harris told Gist and his eleven companions of her abduction—how she was traded to the Shawnees at Conejohela, taken down the Allegheny, up the Monongahela to the head of the West Fork, down the Little Kanawha, across the Ohio, and to the western Shawnee towns. David and Nathanial Springer, explorers with Gist, heard her tell her story, and later reported that she called the rivers and places by the Indian names, but that they had no difficulty in understanding what rivers and places she meant. Morgan and Springer were conversant in the various Indian dialects (languages).

In 1804, when David Morgan was eighty-three, Joseph Campbell interviewed him at his home near present Rivesville, and heard Mary Harris' story from the old pioneer himself. A short time later, Campbell published his broadside, entitled "A Child's Voyage on the Monongahela, or Mary Harris, Chief Eagle Feather's Sweetheart."

I wonder what Mary Harris thought about when her canoe passed through the area where Fairmont now stands, and her little girl's eyes came to rest on the green thicket'd slope where, some eighty years hence, Boaz Fleming would erect his lonely cabin, and bait his wolf trap, where now the Fairmont Hotel rises broad above the river?

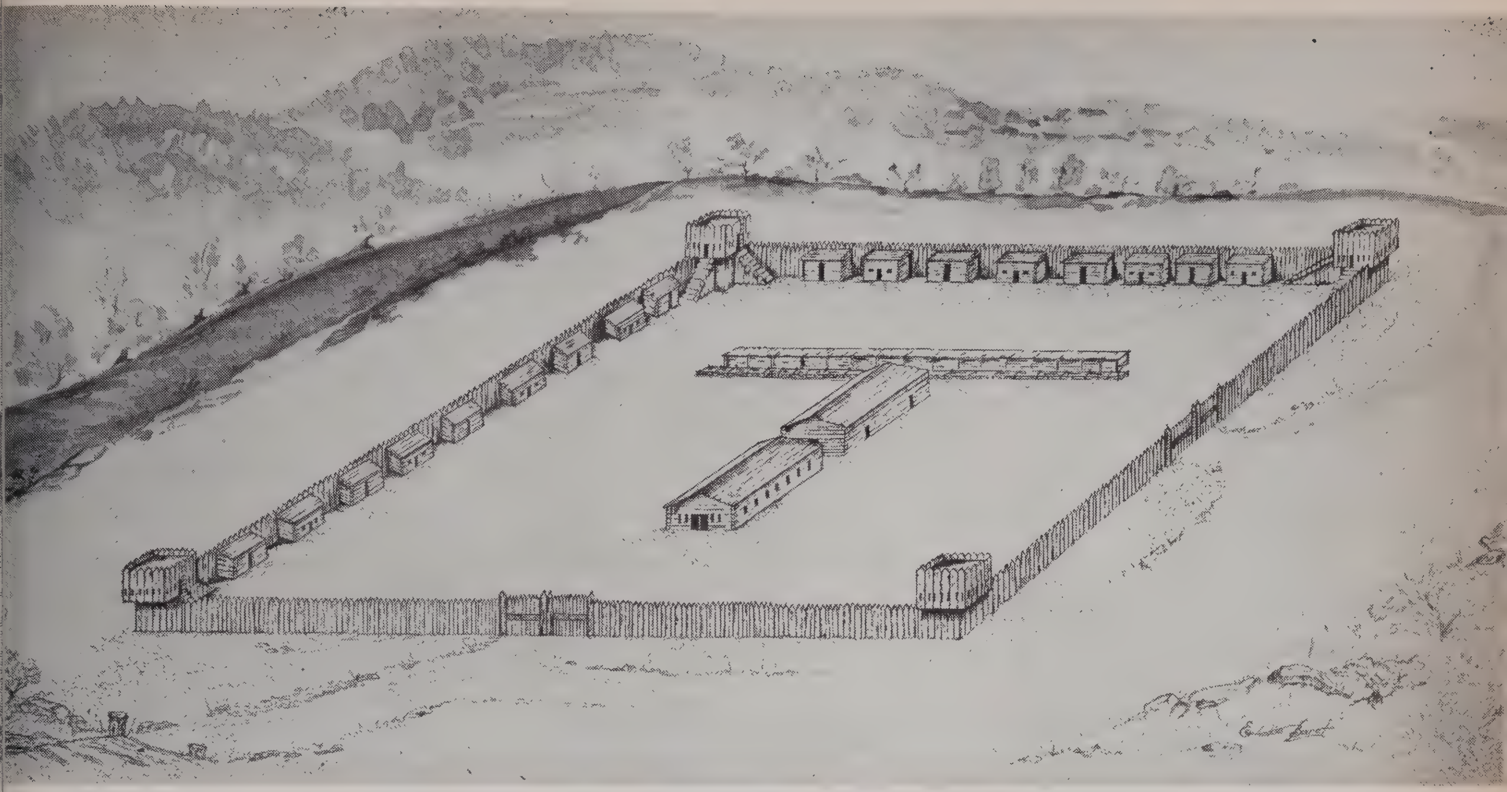
The little white girl and the savages had camped the night where, later, Prickett's Fort was built; so it must have been early morning . . . Had Mary cried herself to sleep there in the beautiful valley? She must have been sad, grieving for her lost kinfolk and friends . . . Was the day a good one? Did the sun rise bright and warm over the White Day hills? Were the tiny mist-bodies creeping on the river like thousands of sleepy little ghosts, as I have so often seen them do?

I wonder, did blue-eyed Mary Harris approve our country? I did when I was nine years old. I loved our place here then— and before then—I still love it. I always shall.

FORT DESCRIPTION————

There were two gates, the main gate in the center of the northern wall, facing the river, and by the big spring, and the stock gate, in the center of the west wall of the stockade, near the little spring. The stables and stock-pens were all at the far southern end of the stockade. Both gates were made of logs and thick slabs, and hinged so that they would fold inward. The main road went from the main gate to the river, where the crossing was at the highest riffle, westward onto my father's land, and joined onto my father's road, which he and Jacob Prickett and John Snodgrass, made before any of them built homes in the country.

"It was handed down in the Morgan, Prickett, and Haymond families that the fort stockade was square, with walls of equal length, each being 150 yards long and twelve feet high. The rear wall, or southern wall, was said to have been very near the graveyard. The front wall of the fort was said to face somewhat down the river in such a manner that would provide the longest view from the forward bastions. It must be kept in mind that the river then was not slacked, and was less than one-third as wide as it is now."

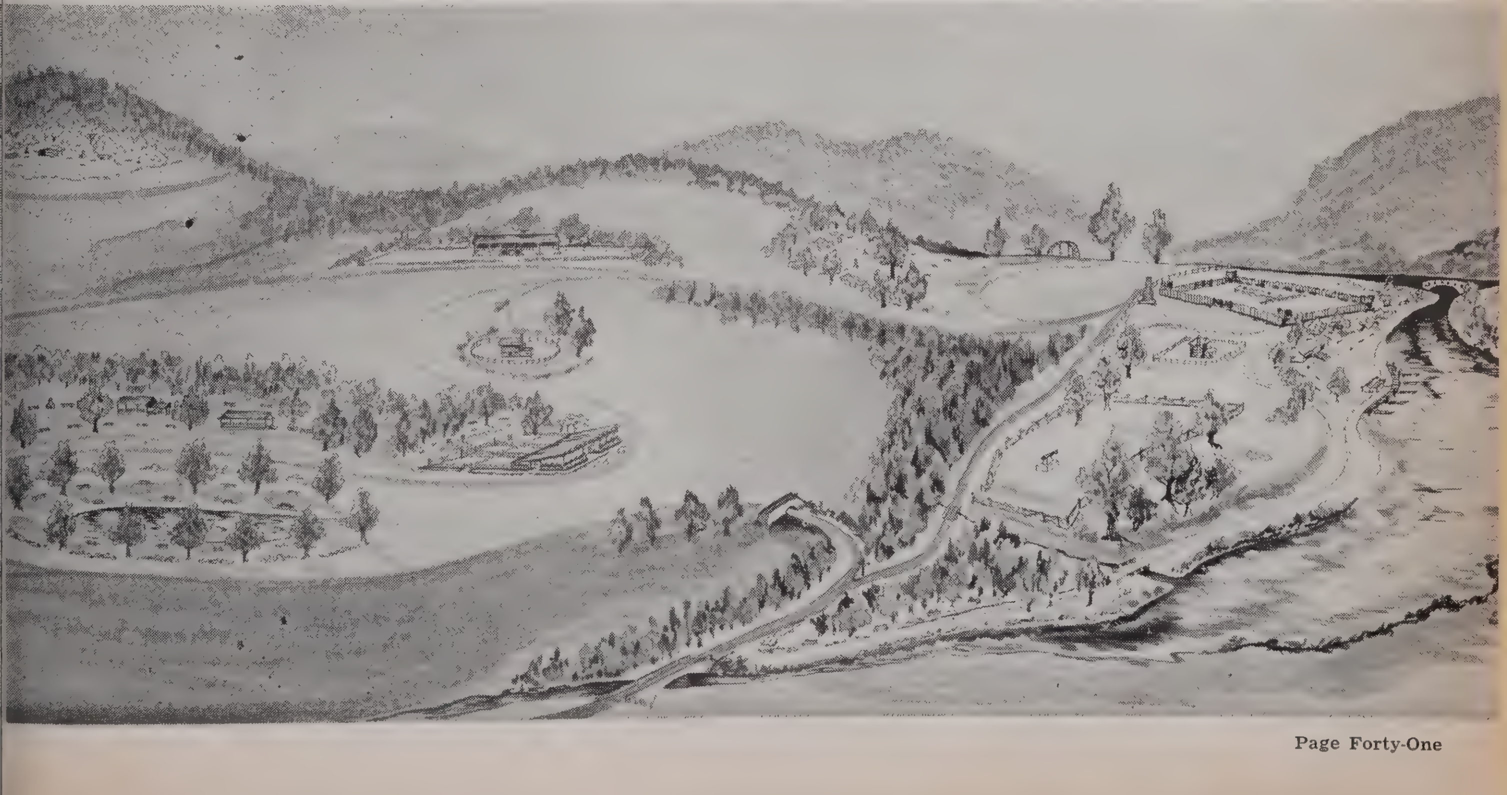


IS THIS THE PRICKETT'S FORT THAT WAS?

This artist's conception of Prickett's Fort by Eleanor Hawkins Baret was drawn from a description supplied by Glenn D. Lough. As in any artist's sketch not made from the actual subject, this may not be exactly as Prickett's Fort was—but it will do until some yellowed manuscript drawing is found.

IS THIS THE PRICKETT"S FORT THAT WILL BE?

Another artist's conception of Prickett's Fort—this time as it could be should the suggestions of many be taken and the Prickett's Fort area made a state park. This would entail additional land, restoration of the fort, renovation of the old loghouse on the site, and the addition of recreational facilities. The many suggestions include a lake (to be created by Opekiska Dam) a model mine and a mining museum. The suggested park covered by this drawing would include about 285 acres.



Prickett's Fort Is County's Most Historic Spot

Article Tells of Efforts To Make A Park There

By C. Wade Swiger

From a clipping in the Scrapbooks of E. E. Meredith. probably from the West Virginia Review and probably written in the early 1930's during Governor Kump's administration.

Only a heap of broken stones and a great many legendary tales of valor and prowess remain to tell of the important role Prickett's Fort played in the early settlement of the Monongahela Valley.

But by an act of the West Virginia Legislature, in 1927, the establishment of a ten-acre State park, to include the site of the historic stockade, was authorized. Although there still is no park, the authorization continues in effect and something may be done about it soon.

The men who selected the site for Fort Prickett must have done so with an eye to beauty as well as safety, for the rough stockade stood upon a gentle slope overlooking the Monongahela and commanding a view up and down Prickett's Creek, near its mouth. There are few lovelier spots in Marion County. As a strategic center it was well chosen, both for the settlers at Newport (now Catawba), and those scattered pioneers along the Monongahela, a distance of several miles up and down the stream.

The fort was named for Jacob Prickett, believed to have been the first white settler in what is now Marion County. Prickett, settling on Prickett's Creek about 1772, took up a "tomahawk" claim of approximately four hundred acres along the mouth of Prickett's Creek. Here is a wide creek bottom with shelving slopes, and, at one time, the soil was excellent.

The history of this fort is somewhat vague, but it is known that the stockade was raised during Lord Dunmore's War, in 1774, when a general uprising of the Indians in the western lands caused widespread alarm. About this same time Westfall's and Casinoe's forts were built along the Tygarts Valley River, Fort Jackson on Ten Mile Creek and Shepherd's Fort on Wheeling Creek.

One of the leaders in the erection of Fort Prickett was David Morgan, third child of Colonel Morgan Morgan, first white man to build a home in what is now West Virginia. David, a celebrated Indian fighter, lived directly across the Monongahela River from the fort, and lies buried on the site of his farm which is now owned by a descendant.

Three names played an important part in the erection and maintenance of the fort. These names were Morgan, Prickett and Haymond. Each has been written permanently into the history of Marion County, many representatives of each family having won honor and distinction through community endeavors.

Colonel Zackquill Morgan, brother of David and next to the youngest child of Colonel Morgan Morgan, also spent much time at Fort Prickett. Colonel Zackquill Morgan's grave, in the old Prickett family cemetery near the fort site, is marked by a massive granite monument, erected in 1927 by descendants and relatives. Morgantown, in Monongalia County, was named for Colonel Morgan, and the first lots were laid out on ground owned by him in 1785.

Fort Prickett, so far as history shows, was never besieged. However, on numerous occasions residents of the settlements along the Monongahela gathered there for protection when Indian attacks seemed imminent, sometimes spending weeks in the stockade and the buildings it contained.

The pioneers called this residence inside the stockade "forting." During 1774 and even until after the Revolution, it seems to have been a very popular custom.

It was during one of these periods of "forting," in the spring of 1774, that Isaiah Prickett, then fourteen years old, and a Mrs. Ox went out from the stockade to look for cows which had strayed. They tracked the animals to a point near where the Monongahela Railway tunnel passes under U. S. Route No. 73, near Norwood Addition to Fairmont. There they were attacked by Indians and were captured. Isaiah was killed but Mrs. Ox was carried away and was never heard from again. Her fate still remains shrouded in mystery.

David Morgan was "forting" at the time of his celebrated fight with two Indians. This was in the spring of 1779. Morgan, who at that time was about sixty years of age, had sent his son Stephen, fourteen, and his daughter Sarah, twelve, across the river to feed the cattle and do other chores. Morgan dozed off to sleep and dreamed that he saw his two children running about the fort yard, both scalped. He went to sleep the second time and dreamed the same dream again. Then, alarmed, he got his rifle and went across to the farm.

There he had a bloody fight with two Indians who had already plundered the farmhouse. Morgan killed one of the Indians and seriously injured the other after he, himself, had lost one finger. Two or three other fingers were nearly severed by a blow from the Indian's tomahawk.

Later, men from the fort hunted the wounded Indian and killed him. The hatred for the redskins was so great that the men flayed the two Indians, making the skins of their backs into saddle seats and shot pouches.

There is proof in old records that Colonel William Haymond was once commandant at Fort Prickett.

To this fort also came Charity Prickett, first white woman to cross the Alleghenies. She is buried near the grave of Colonel Zackquill Morgan, not a thousand feet from the site of the old fort.

The story of Fort Prickett is so intermingled with the early history of Marion County that the 1927 Legislature was prevailed upon to authorize its commemoration by the purchase of ten acres of ground. To make this purchase, a commission was appointed by Governor Howard M. Gore. The commission, composed of M. W. Harris, Ellsworth Morgan and T. W. Fleming, now is retired.

The commission had the desired ground surveyed, and undertook to purpurchase the ten acres from Lawrence Prickett, the present owner. It is said that Mr. Pickett wanted $10,000 for the ground and that the commissioners refused even to consider this sum. So matters were delayed for two or three years.

Negotiations were again undertaken, and Mr. Prickett offered the ten acres for $1,000 the commissioners taking an option at this figure. Governor William G. Conley, however, was unable to give the monetary assistance needed and the matter was dropped again. The terms of the three commissioners expired in 1931, and nothing has been done since that time to revive the issue.

There is dispute as to the exact location of the old fort. It is definitely known to have stood about a thousand feet from the east shore of the Monongahela River above the mouth of Prickett's Creek.

In 1916, the Sons of the Revolution erected a monument at the supposed site, near the Laban Prickett residence, a brick house built in comparatively recent years. The hillside is terraced, at least three well-marked elevations offering possibilities for building purposes. The site selected by the Sons of the Revolution as the fort site is on the second elevation about the river.

Some claim, however, that the old fort stood on the third elevation, or terrace, fifty feet higher than the place where the monument stands and some seven hundred feet farther south. This second location probably is the correct one.

M. W. Harris, now well past his allotted three score and seven years, was born in a tiny house directly across Prickett's Creek from the fort site. He remembers his great-grandmother, Drusilla Morgan Swisher, a daughter of Colonel Zackquill Morgan, and wife of Jacob O. Swisher. Mrs. Swisher, when about ninety-two years old, sat on the porch at the old Harris home and pointed out to her great-grandson the site of the historic fort, telling stories of the games played by white children in the fort and of captive Indian children, held there to be exchanged by the whites for prisoners taken by Indians.

The site pointed out by Mrs. Swisher, who had many times visited the fort, was on the third terrace, fifty feet above the site where the monument has been erected by the Sons of the Revolution, and some distance to the south.

Mrs. Swisher also said that there was a good spring inside the stockade. There is a spring on the upper terrace, where she said the fort stood. Had the old fort been located on the terrace below, where the monument was erected, inmates of the fort would have had to go at least one hundred feet to the nearest spring.

The late Job Prickett could recall having seen the ruins of the old fort, and, some time before his death, pointed out a heap of stones which he said was all that remained of the fort chimney. These stones lie in a pile about one hundred and twenty-five feet from the spring, on the third terrace.

Those who have visited the location of the old fort are enthusiastic about the possibilities there. Along Prickett's Creek is a broad meadow, narrowing at the lower end where the hills come together in a "bottle neck" gulch, through which the creek flows to join the river. On one side is a steep high bluff, heavily wooded, and on the other is the shelving hillside where stood the fort. In front, the Monongahela flows between timbered hills, and above, Prickett's Creek winds through a lovely, cultivated valley. Here is found a meandering road which is one of the most beautiful driveways in the county.

A small dam, thrown across the "bottle neck" entrance to the Prickett's Creek valley, would make an artifical lake many acres in extent. The wooded bluff could be made into an excellent game refuge. A little landscraping of the opposite hill slopes, the erection of a duplicate stockade at the old fort site, a few bridle paths over the hill, and there would be a playground unsurpassed in the State. It would be, as well, a worthy memorial to those hardy men and women who braved the perils of the wilderness.

To make the park complete, and to make possible the development mentioned above, a tract of at least three hundred and fifty or four hundred acres would be needed. However, the ten acres surveyed by the park commission includes a beautiful ravine with a waterfall, giant trees and grassy slopes. It is really a beautiful spot. This site would serve for a beginning, and more land might be acquired from time to time until the required acreage was obtained.

Supporters of the park in Marion County are hoping that Governor H. G. Kump will, in time, be interested enough in the project to see that it is carried out as first planned.

Places of similar historical significance in other states have been marked and beautified. These prove inspiring to native citizens and create favorable impressions on outsiders traveling through the State. West Virginians would do well to urge that Prickett's Fort and other equally interesting points be properly marked in order that the valiant deeds of our forefathers may be preserved for the inspiration of coming generation.

The 1962 edition of the West Virginia Blue Book lists the following:—

The Prickett's Fort State Park Commission

Non-partisan; non-salaried; sustained by legislative appropriation; composed of three members appointed by the Governor; length of term, four years; vacancy filled by appointment by Governor for unexpired term; authorized to procure by purchase not exceeding ten acres to include the site of Prickett's Fort, Marion County, when funds are available. (Chapter 48, Acts 1927)

Members

M. E. Brown, Marion County; term expires June 30, 1966—Fairmont.
Andrew L. Henry, Marion County; term expires June 30, 1966—Fairmont.
E. B. Smith, Marion County; term expires June 30, 1966—Fairmont.

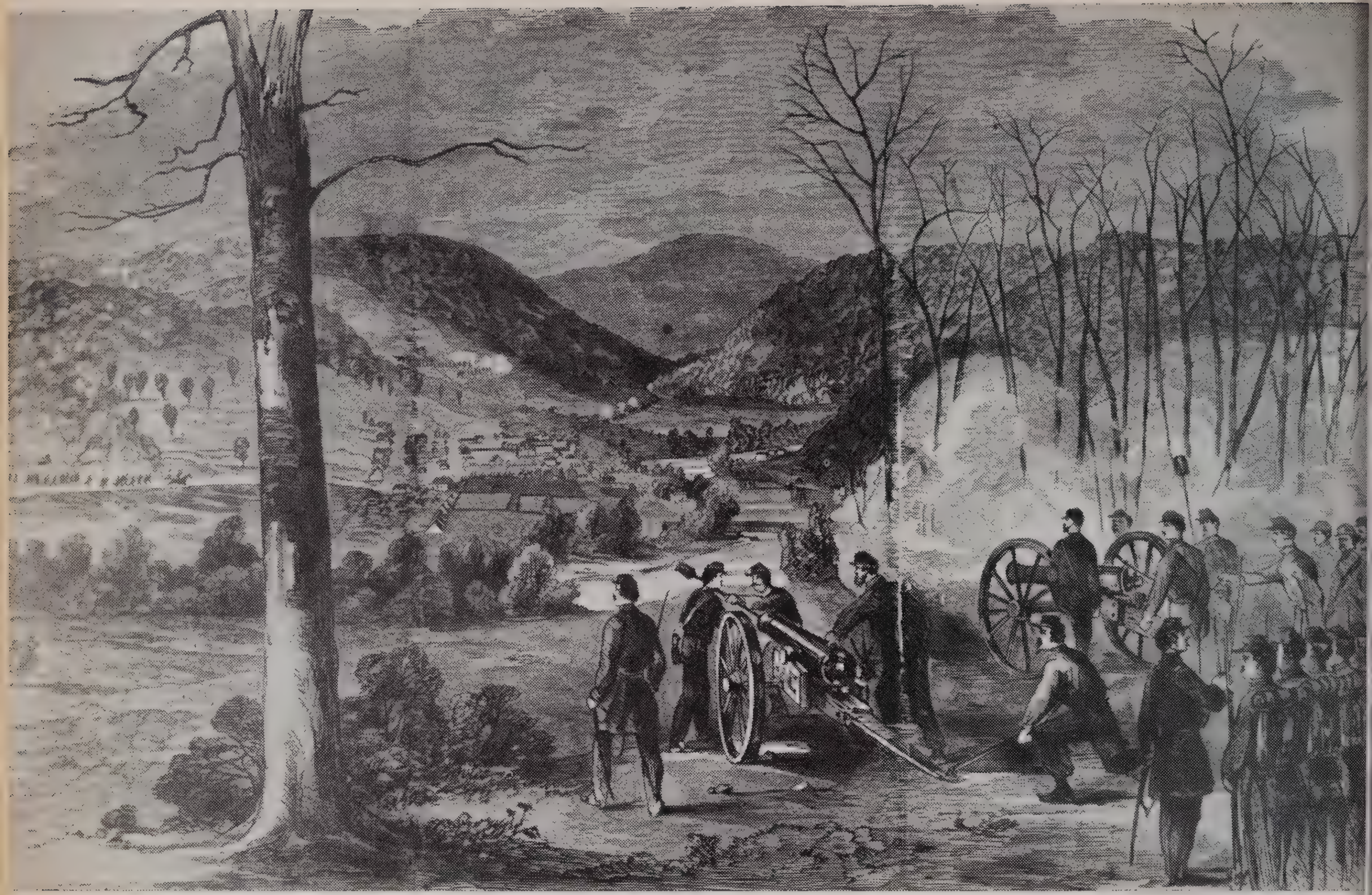
MARION COUNTY

By E. E. Meredith
Vice-President,
West Virginia Historical Society

When Marion County was formed in 1842 from parts of Monongalia and Harrison counties it was not without a struggle for every effort to create a new county had met with opposition from political leaders who were jealous of their authority. The formation of Marion county climaxed efforts which covered a period of 23 years. The coming into existence of the new county is credited to the political sagacity of William J. Willey, state senator for Virginia from a district including Monongalia, Preston, Randolph and Barbour counties, who resided at Farmington, and Zedekiah Kidwell, of Fairmont, a clever politician, who became the first delegate to the legislature from the new county and who afterwards went to congress. William S. Morgan, who was the delegate from Monongalia county in the legislature, and resided in the section to be included in the new county, figured third in importance. He had been a circuit rider of the Methodist Episcopal church and later had been elected to congress in 1835 and again in 1837.

It is likely that the formation of Marion county led to movements to form other counties and this was curbed to an extent by Article 4 of the Constitution of Virginia as revised in 1850-1851 which prohibited new counties in an area of less than 600 square miles. Had this ruling been in effect in 1842 Marion county could not have been formed for it had but 306¾ square miles.

The population of Marion county when it was formed is not known but at the next census (1850) it was 10,552 of whom 10,439 were whites and 113 negroes. Fairview was not laidout until three years after the county was formed. Palatine was four years old, Boothsville three years old, and Rivesville five years old. Worthington was almost if not quite as old as Fairmont—all that is known on this score is the statement of an early historian that Worthington is "one of the oldest towns in the county." Farmington was called Willeytown after Col. Benjamin Willey—when the B & O railroad came in 1852 the name was changed to Farmington.



**IMPORTANCE OF B&O RAILROAD PROVEN AT PHILIPPI—
RAILROAD BRIDGE TARGET OF JONES-IMBODEN RAIDS IN 1863**

The first land battle of the Civil War occurred not too far from Fairmont at Philippi on June 3 of 1861. This battle, while not significant in numbers of troops engaged or in number of casualties, did prove the importance of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Troops went through Fairmont from the west to the scene of the Philippi engagement and the battle of Rich Mountain. Attacks on the railroad bridge at Fairmont by Confederate raiders gave Marion county its biggest taste of war.

Several Accounts of the Raid on Fairmont

**(From The Fairmont Times
of April 29, 1913)**

Today fifty years ago was perhaps the most eventful day in the history of Fairmont.

It was then that General William Ezra Jones a native of Marion County, led his brigade of gaunt, tattered and hungry Confederate cavalrymen—the best in the southern army—over the hills into our town. They came winding down from Hamilton's Hill and Reed's Knob unshaven and unkept, but their carbines were bright and they laughed, talked and sang. They were living on short rations of hardtack and jerked beef and possibly a little coffee. Not a wagon was carried by the force and there was no artillery.

Warning had been received in Fairmont a couple of days before that a force of Confederates was enroute here but no man knew which way they were coming, it being generally thought that an entrance to the town would be made from the east side of the river.

At that time Fairmont was garrisoned by two companies of the 106th New York Inf. under command of Captain Chamberlain, Co. M. 6th West Virginia Infantry commanded by Captain Moore and several companies of Home Guards.

A day or two before the fight General Bunker in command of the West Virginia militia, sent a messenger post haste from Kingwood to Colonel Richie of Fairmont to assemble the home guards and prepare for the defense of Fairmont. Colonel Richie then hastened to Mannington where Capt. Jesse Shaw's company of home guards was stationed. This company was put aboard a train and sent to Fairmont with instructions to report to A. Brooks Fleming to be provisioned and taken care of.

They arrived here at night and early the next morning Governor Fleming sent them around to the various houses of the town to get their breakfast. Before they reassembled word was received that columns of gray cavalrymen could be seen approaching the town from the direction of Barracksville.

Warning was hastily sounded. Some of the New York soldiers were sent out to Reed's Knob and these were later joined by Captain Shaw's men and some of the local guards. It was here that the first shots of the engagement were fired. Some of the Confederates dismounted and charged the blue force and quickly drove them from their position and down into the town where the force generally scattered. Some of the Union men hastened across the river into Palatine where they took position in the foundry at the end of the bridge. After they had crossed an attempt was made to tear up the flooring of the bridge to prevent a crossing by Jones' men, but before many of the timbers had been removed the gray soldiers made their appearance in the neighborhood of Skinner's Tavern. Here there was brisk firing from the foundry which was answered by the mounted men. During this engagement John Coffman, Jr., of Harrison county, a member of the home guard was shot dead at the foundry and Perry Watton of Palatine was slightly wounded. Here also a Confederate soldier was seen to fall wounded from his horse. While this engagement was going on the Confederate secured timbers and replaced the floor of the bridge.

With the bridge floor replaced the Confederate charged across the river, captured or dispersed the garrison at the foundry and preceeded up the river to the bridge.

Another column went directly towards the bridge from the west side of the river. They came into town from along the high ridge owned by the Ridgleys and reached the old Beverly pike by riding through the property of Thomas G. Watson.

This column met with sharp resistance by the garrison of New York soldiers along the hill side above the bridge. One New York soldier was killed up there and a Confederate cavalryman met death in the orchard of the J. O. Watson place. Here also John S. Barns was badly wounded by being struck in the head by a spent ball.

While this fighting was going on a train of flat cars containing a federal battery and a battalion of infantry from Mulligan's force at Grafton came in sight above the bridge and opened fire from their guns on the grey force on the hill opposite. The guns were not taken from the cars, which fact probably saved them from capture for the column which advanced up the east side of the river almost succeeded in tearing up the track in Mulligan's rear and capturing the whole outfit. In the fight which followed this several of the Union soldiers were reported to have been killed.

While all the fighting was going on another detachment of Confederates occupied the town proper. The home guards were nearly all captured and confined in the court house yard. Local stores were entered and boots, shoes and clothing were confiscated by the raiders. Really the only questionable action of the day was the burning of the valuable library of Governor F. H. Pierpont.

Great excitement prevailed throughout the day, but towards evening, after the raiders had succeeded in destroying the Railroad bridge and gathering a supply of horses, the column left town. Prior to leaving, however, all the prisoners were parolled.

The next day the dead were buried. Coffman's body was sent to his former home in Harrison county. The Union soldier was buried near where he fell and the Confederate was laid to rest in Watson's orchard. After the war both these bodies were removed.

The reason the invaders did not enter town from the Barnsville pike was because the floor of the bridge across Buffalo creek had been torn up and besides Jones would not risk an ambuscade while fording the creek.

A large number of Fairmonters remember vividly the stirring times of that April day. Among those who fought with the home guards are Governor Fleming, for whose service in feeding the home guards was promoted to the Captaincy of the Paw Paw militia company; S. L. Watson, Col. L. C. Powell, Captain Charles E. Wells and many others.

COL. O'FERRALL'S STORY

Among those who took part in the Jones' Raid up the Monongahela Valley and through this city, then a small village, was Captain, afterwards Col. Charles T. O' Ferrall, later governor of the old state, Virginia. Many years after the war he wrote a book called "Forty Years of Active Service." In this work he briefly tells the story of the raid from the point of view of the soldiers who took part therein. Col. O'Ferrall tells the tale with a wealth of personal anecdote that makes delightful reading to those who knew the participants in the scenes described or who are now acquainted with their descendants. The story as told by him is as follows, except that it has been edited into newspaper "style."

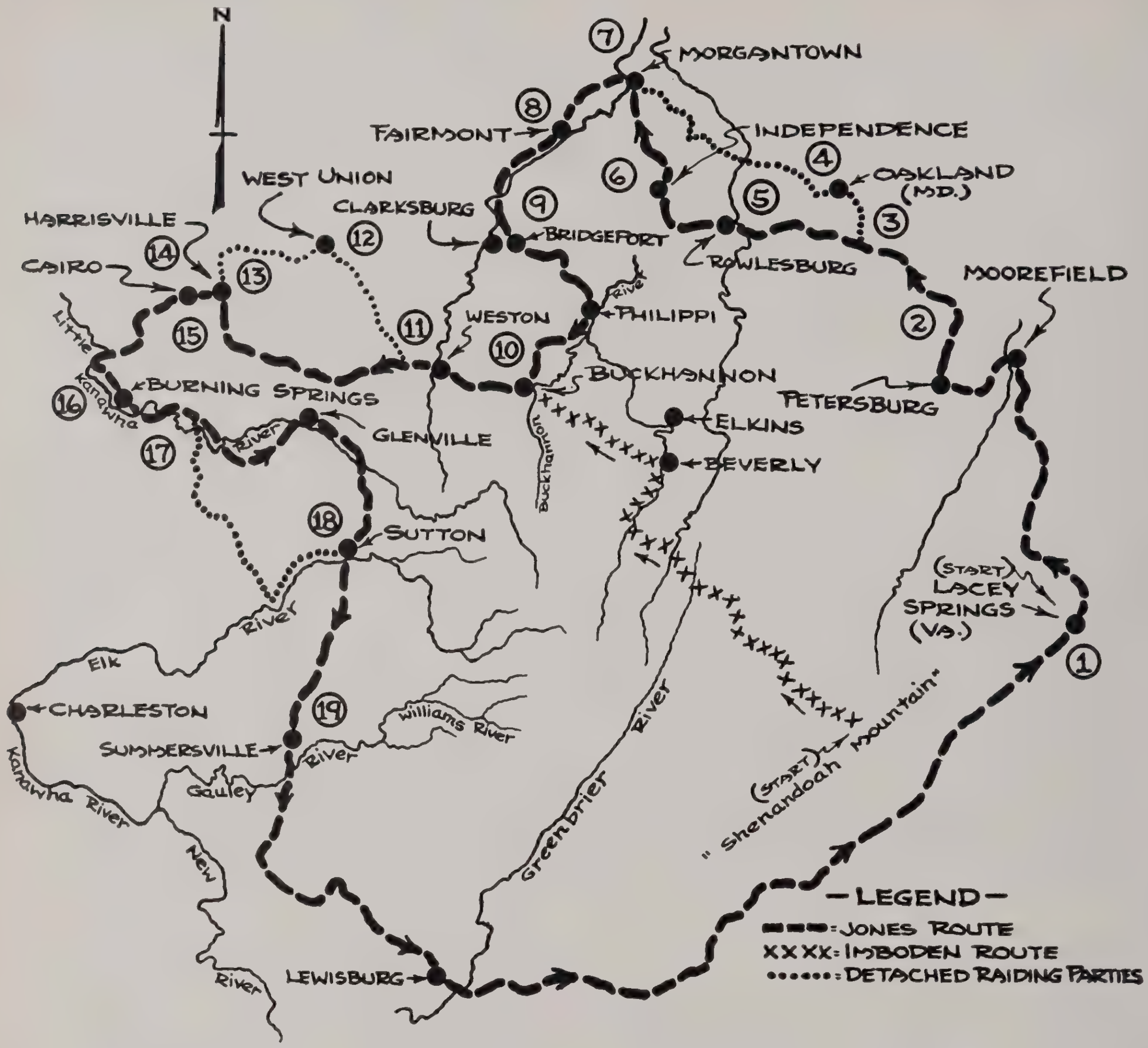
"In the early part of April, 1863, General W. E. Jones ordered ten days' rations of jerked beef and hardtack to be issued to his brigade, which consisted of the Seventh, Eleventh and Twelfth regiments, White's battalion, the Maryland battalion and Witcher's battery. The troops left winter quarters without wagons or artillery and moved to North mountain, thence to Moorefield; thence to Petersburg in Grant county, where the South Branch of the Potomac was found to be greatly swollen. The object of the movement was unknown to anyone of less rank than a colonel. Though the waters of the South Branch were swift and fording dangerous, regiment after regiment crossed in safety and in a few hours the entire command was on the other side. Two or three brave fellows were drowned by being swept down the swift current.

"All were wet as drowned rats yet they had kept their powder and equipment dry by holding it over their heads. The first encounter with the enemy was at an old church and school house in which were an Indiana and West Virginia company. The Seventh regiment dashed past and they received a rattling fire from the Federals. They turned and called upon the companies to surrender but met with prompt refusal. These two companies numbered not more than 150 men, yet they held the entire brigade off for two or more hours and did not surrender till reinforcements came to the Seventh from the Maryland Battalion. The loss to the Seventh was not less than thirty dead and wounded."

This mysterious movement of General Jones became known in history as "Jones' West Virginia Raid," striking Morgantown, Fairmont, Weston, Bridgeport. Rathbone City or Oil Town, Summers Court House and returned to the heart of the Confederacy by way of Lewisburg and White Sulphur Springs to Staunton, Va.

When the raiders reached Weston on their trip the men were in wretched condition so far as clothes were concerned. Here they were fortunate enough to secure a quantity of calico which the fair hands of the many southern sympathizers in that locality quickly transformed into most acceptable underclothing.

JONES-IMBODEN RAIDS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA


N
⑦
MORGANTOWN
⑧
FAIRMONT
INDEPENDENCE
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OAKLAND (MD.)
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WEST UNION
CLARKSBURG
⑨
BRIDGEPORT
⑫
HARRISVILLE
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CAIRO
ROWLESBURG
MOOREFIELD
②
Little Kanawha
⑮
⑪
WESTON
River
PHILIPPI
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BURNING SPRINGS
BUCKHANNON
PETERSBURG
ELKINS
⑰
River
GLENVILLE
BEVERLY
Buckhannon
⑱
SUTTON
(START) LACEY SPRINGS (VA.)
River
Elk
①
CHARLESTON
⑲
Williams River
SUMMERSVILLE
River
Gauley
(START)
" Shenandoah Mountain "
Kanawha River
New
Greenbrier River
River
LEWISBURG
— LEGEND —
▬▬▬: JONES ROUTE
XXXX: IMBODEN ROUTE
••••••: DETACHED RAIDING PARTIES

Confederate forces numbering 5,000 officers and men broke camp at Lacey Springs, Va., on April 24, 1863 and launched a two-pronged foray into western Virginia. One division under General John D. Imboden proceeded west on the Staunton-Parkersburg turnpike, seized the key town of Beverly and proceeded into the Buckhannon-Weston area. The other division, led by General William E. ("Grumble") Jones, took a more circuitous route north before rejoining Imboden. Tracing Jones' more devastating march from (1) Lacey Springs; (2) Met first opposition at Greenland Gap; (3) Col. Harman with detached force raids Oakland, Md.; (4) Harman burns railroad bridge at Oakland; (5) Jones repulsed by Union garrison at Rowlesburg; (6) Two-span bridge at Independence destroyed; (7) Harman's detachment rejoins main force at Morgantown; (8) Fairmont sacked in dawn-to-dusk raid during which B. & O. bridge across Monongahela river was destroyed; (9) Union forces at Bridgeport surprised and railroad bridge destroyed; (10) Jones and Imboden forces reunited at Buckhannon; (11) Combined forces move to Weston; (12) Col. Harman again detached, burns railroad bridges at West Union; (13) Harman captures home guard at Harrisville; (14) Harman rejoins main force at Harrisville; (15) Three bridges burned, tunnel destroyed at Cairo; (16) Oil fields set afire at Burning Springs; (17) Col. Lomax detached for raids southward; (18) Lomax rejoins main force at Sutton; (19) at Summersville, Jones rejoins Imboden who had swung south to sweep the Kanawha river valley, and the two divisions headed back to the Shenandoah Valley by way of Lewisburg.

JONES' RAID

At Oil Town the raiders destroyed many thousands of barrels of oil which had been stored for sale to the United States government. The loss to the operators was immense but the spectacle at night, as the blazing oil was reflected in the heavens, was most magnificent.

When the brigade of which Captain O'Ferrall was an officer reached Fairmont they found a force of Federal infantry, There the author wounded and took prisoner a young lieutenant of about his own age. A ball from his pistol inflicted an ugly but not dangerous wound in the Yankee's leg. As he fell O'Ferrall approached him and he made himself known as a member of a secret order to which his captor belonged. The Captain then had him carried to a house in Fairmont, now known as Skinner's Tavern, and had him made as comfortable as possible. While talking O'Ferrall found that the young officer had lately been stationed at his Virginia home and had seen his mother and sisters. When O'Ferrall expressed his anxiety about them he replied: "As soon as I am able to travel I will go and see your mother and sisters and if they need anything they shall have it." O'Ferrall thanked him and bade him good bye at the Tavern expressing the hope that his leg would soon heal. The leg got well all right, thanks to the attention which he received from the people of Fairmont, and he kept his word to the Confederate who had wounded him.

At Fairmont the Raiders headed back to the Confederate lines in old Virginia and the Valley so dear to the hearts of every one of them. At Lewisburg, Jones' men first heard of the death of their beloved commander, Stonewall Jackson, and they returned from their successful raid much depressed in spirits. While in the fastnesses of the West Virginia mountains they had been away from the telegraph and all lines of communication were cut off from them and they had heard of none of the momentous events that had occurred in the thirty-two days consumed in making the famous raid.

THE MONITOR STORY

Following is an account of the raid taken from the Morgantown Monitor of Wednesday, May 6, 1863. The Tri-Weekly Monitor was an intense Union paper and its account of the affair is necessarily very partisan. The paper was issued at a time when the excitement was intense:

On Monday morning, the 27th ult., several citizens from Kingwood arrived at our place, and reported that the rebels were encamped a short distance beyond Kingwood, and that they numbered about 5,000 as they counted about 500 camp fires. It was court day and by 10 o'clock some 500 people were in town. As soon as the news from Kingwood had circulated, Mr. Hagans, the President, and Mr. Wagner, the Cashier, of the M & M Bank, left with the funds of the bank. Senator Willey and other prominent citizens also left. A meeting was called at the Court House, and it was determined to send out scouts on the different roads to ascertain the number of the rebels, and if there were not over 100 of them, it was the determination of our citizens to resist and defend the town. Col. James Evans proposed to become one of ten men to go out and reconnoitre and look over, if possible, how large a force was coming, so that we might know what course to pursue, as if the rebel force was large any resistance on our part would be perfect folly, and only ensure the destruction of our town.

After nearly an hour spent by Col. Evans in trying to get men to volunteer to go with him, he got six men beside himself, whose names we take pleasure in putting before the people that they may do them that honor which their conduct deserves. They were, Col. Evans, J. Jenkins, Kinsey Fife, Evans D. Fogle, John Holland, Peter Hess and Sylvanus Pierpoint who mounted and started to reconnoitre the Kingwood pike.

Holland and Hess were sent up the "Old Forge" road and Col. Evans and his party continued on the pike, J. J. Jenkins being sent a short distance ahead of the rest of the party for the purpose of stopping a man who had gone in advance of the party. Just as Col. Evans and his party were going up a rising piece of ground, the rebel cavalry advance came in sight over the hill, with Jenkins as a prisoner between them. Jenkins, by raising his hat, gave our party a sign by which they knew the character of the company he was in. It was but the work of a second to "bout face, run," and down the hill they came, like a thunder gust, closely pursued by the rebels who were soon within seventy yards of them, but they were soon at the bottom of the hill, and on rising ground our party soon left them far in the rear. They were pursued about two miles, Fogle and Pierpoint leaving Evans and Fife behind, owing to the superior fleetness of their horses. Evans and Fife dismounted and led their horses into the brush on the roadside and watched the advance pass them, and then entered the wood and took to the river, which they crossed some distance above Morgantown. During the chase after this party, Jenkins escaped, took to the woods, and succeeded in gaining town before the cavalry, as did also Fogle and Pierpoint, and reported that they had been chased by the rebels, who were numberless, and that they (the rebels) were at the farm of G. W. Dorsey, only two miles from town. The citizens nearly all commenced leaving, those who had horses, on the roads, and those on foot fled to the hills. About 1 o'clock two rebels came into town with a flag of truce, and were informed that the town was surrendered to them. They returned to their main force and in about half an hour 80 of them, were very indignant that we had not resisted, but it was not long before their indignation was changed to submission to superior numbers when about 600 rebels occupied the town. This force consisted of a Maryland battalion under command of Major Brown. and a Virginia Regiment under command of Col. Harman. They called at the different houses and taverns for something to eat. Some were engaged in squads scouring the country for horses—others were trying to get into the stores, which were all closed. Some of them got in and purchased some few goods; others forced their way into Capt. William Lazier's, Charles Watts' and Frank Demain's stores. They took many things at Demain's but gave and sold them to citizens. They got all the boots and men's shoes from all the stores, and all the hats. Our citizens, especially the ladies, talked very freely with them, and gave them to eat with as good grace as possible.

Shortly before night the whole force left on the Independence road. This force had crossed the railroad about Oakland and come via Cranberry Summit and Kingwood destroying the wire suspension bridge across Cheat river. It was evidently their intension to get to Morgantown, capture the funds in the bank, put their pickets around the town, permit all the persons coming to court to pass within their lines and none to go out, and thereby capture a number of horses; but they were foiled in this, and Col. Harman was evidently very much incensed at his ill success, and was disposed to rather crabbed. They were successful in getting 60 or 70 horses.

This force bivouacked along the Independence road, distant 7 to 10 miles from town. Towards morning they again started in the direction of Independence and met the command of William Ezza Jones, Brig. General (said to be a son of William Jones, a citizen of Marion County, in the neighborhood of Basnettsville, and who imigrated South several years ago), and all then returned in the direction of Morgantown. At Morgantown many of the citizens had returned, and several people from the country had come into town and were standing around the streets in small crowds discussing the events of the day previous until about 10 o'clock, when about 60 rebel cavalrymen came into the two main streets of the town on a charge at their highest speed, yelling like devils, with their cocked pistols in their hands, and commenced gathering the horses. The most of the people got off the streets in a hurry, supposing that the rebels were intending to shoot, burn, conscript, etc. In a few minutes it was discovered that they were after horses. They canvassed every street searched every stable, and left town within 15 minutes after they had come in, with about 40 horses. Soon afterward the whole force commenced coming in. They occupied the town and surrounding country during the day, and they conducted themselves very much as on the day previous, only on a more extended scale. The General put guards over the drug stores and the bars, which were kept there so long as he stayed in town.

Toward evening he left, and some 200 were stayed behind succeeded in getting whiskey and some of them got quite merry. One soldier, about half seas over (a private in a Jefferson county company, by the name of Bushrod

Washington, and a son of Lewis Washington, one of the witness against John Brown), apologized to the ladies for drinking so much, by stating that the whiskey they got here was so much better than that they got in the Confederacy that they could not restrain themselves. Upon being interrogated as to the age of their whiskey down south, he replied "a week old all to six days."

When the charge was made into the town for the horses in the morning several persons who were trying to escape with their horses, were fired at, but none was injured as far as we could learn. As they came to town they were fired at, so the rebels, allege, by some citizens. Lloyd Bell, Andrew Castle and Albert Roby, about 7 miles from town and they shot them, killing the two first dead and wounding the other, who feigned death and is now recovering. Lloyd Bell stood up like a brave man, as he was, after he was shot through the body, and did not fall till he was pierced with four balls. On Tuesday evening the rebels all left in the direction of Fairmont on the west side of the river, and we have seen none of them since, except two prisoners.

The whole force was commanded by Jones, and numbered about 2,000 men in all. Those, excepting the command which was here on Monday under Col. Harman attempted to get into Rowlesburg and destroy the railroad bridge, but they were repulsed by Maj. Showalter, who had some 400 men at that point. They then came through Evansville and crossed the railroad at Independence, destroying the workshops of the road at Newburg, the railroad bridge at Racoon, a mile west of Independence, and tearing up the railroad track.

On Monday, the farm house of Capt. Lazier, one mile from town, occupied by Alpheus Sheets, a very worthy man, whose family were absent from home, was burned by the rebels. They also set fire to the suspension bridge on that day, but were prevailed upon to put the fire out.

The losses here were, say 200 horses in the county.

Charles Watts — $500, boots, etc.

Carr, Hanway, Nye & Co. — $1,000, Drugs, etc.

Fitch & Scott — $300, drugs, etc.

J. S. Hickman — $500, hats, etc.

F. Demain — $400, groceries.

William Lazier, $1,500; H. D. Murphy, $100; D. H. Chadwick, $100; G. M. Hagans, $500, on goods, etc.

Many of our citizens, finding themselves in the power of the rebels, concluded to treat them politely, and to do nothing to excite their passions or to stir up their enmity, yet any one could see that they were regarded as rebels and enemies. There was no waving of handkerchiefs, no cheering, no opening of doors and invitations to partake of our hospitality such as greeted OUR soldiers on their arrival from Rowlesburg.

Although the bearer of the flag of truce informed our citizens that private property would be respected, yet a large amount of property was destroyed, some sold to unprincipled persons and some taken away. But nothing better was to be expected of such traitors and rebels. God grant that we may see their faces in this country no more forever.

They seemed to be very irregularly clad, no two alike; officers hardly distinguishable from men; and all looked like men who did not fare the best in the world.

Wednesday evening brought Maj. Showalter with 530 men of the 6th Va. Infantry, including a battery of four mountain howitzers, who were received with every demonstration of pleasure by our citizens. On Wednesday, about noon, firing was heard in the direction of Fairmont, which did not tend to quiet the intense excitement then pervading all circles. Thursday the excitement did not seem to subside, but on the contrary rather to increase. All sorts of rumors were rife. 15,000 rebel infantry were reported to be coming into the country, some said to conscript, other said to hold and permanently occupy this section of the country.

On Thursday evening Maj. Showalter's force left town for Wheeling, via Uniontown, and after his force had gone, a meeting was called at the Court House for the purpose of consulting as to the best means to protect ourselves against the enemy. Colonel Evans informed the meeting that Major Showalter had told him to make known to the people after he had gone, that the reason of his removal was that he had information that the rebels were coming in overwhelming forces; that Clarksburg, Fairmont and Philippi were in posession of the rebels; and Mulligan was surrounded by them at Grafton, and would be obliged to surrender. Colonel Evans advised us to remain quiet, to go on with our farm work and to remain perfectly cool, so as to take advantage of any turn in affairs; and also to have pickets posted in different directions, so as to notify us of the approach of any enemy. Remarks were made similar in tenor to president, F. A. Dering, Esq., and the secretary, Rev. H. W. Biggs. At this time affairs seemed more gloomy than at any previous time. We felt as though we had been deserted by our friends; given up to be destroyed and ruined by our enemies.

Thursday night passed in quiet, though we momentarily expected to be roused from our beds by the appearance of the "gray backs". We learned on Friday that they had taken Fairmont and captured between 200 and 300 soldiers, who were paroled. Nothing of importance has occurred since the above date.

Tuesday, May 5—At this date all is quiet in the vicinity of Morgantown. No signs of "gray backs" have been seen since Tuesday of last week. After leaving here the rebels went to Fairmont, which place they captured after some hard fighting, killing two and wounding several of our soldiers. It is reported that the rebel loss was 100, but nothing certain is known as to the number.

The splendid railroad bridge, one mile east of Fairmont, was destroyed by blasting. It was the best and most expensive one on the road and cost $600,000. After gutting many of the stores at Fairmont, they left for Shinnston, where rumor says they had a fight and were repulsed, but as they subsequently passed through Bridgeport, 5 miles east of Clarksburg (and we are informed captured a construction train, and the cavalry commanded by Capt. Hagans), we think this must be an error. They are now said to be at Philippi, numbering some 5,000 to 8,000. We have any amount of rumors, and reports can be gotten up to order here. We believe very little of what we hear, hence do not deem it worth our while to put it in print.

The B. & O. Railroad is open from Wheeling to Fairmont, we learn.

Our troops are now at Clarksburg, numbering 9,000, and some 3,000 to 5,000 at Grafton. We think that our people need not fear any recurrence of the raid which we have just witnessed. The whole rebel force in West Virginia does not probably exceed 10,000, and we have ample forces to hold them in check, and we believe to severely handle them.

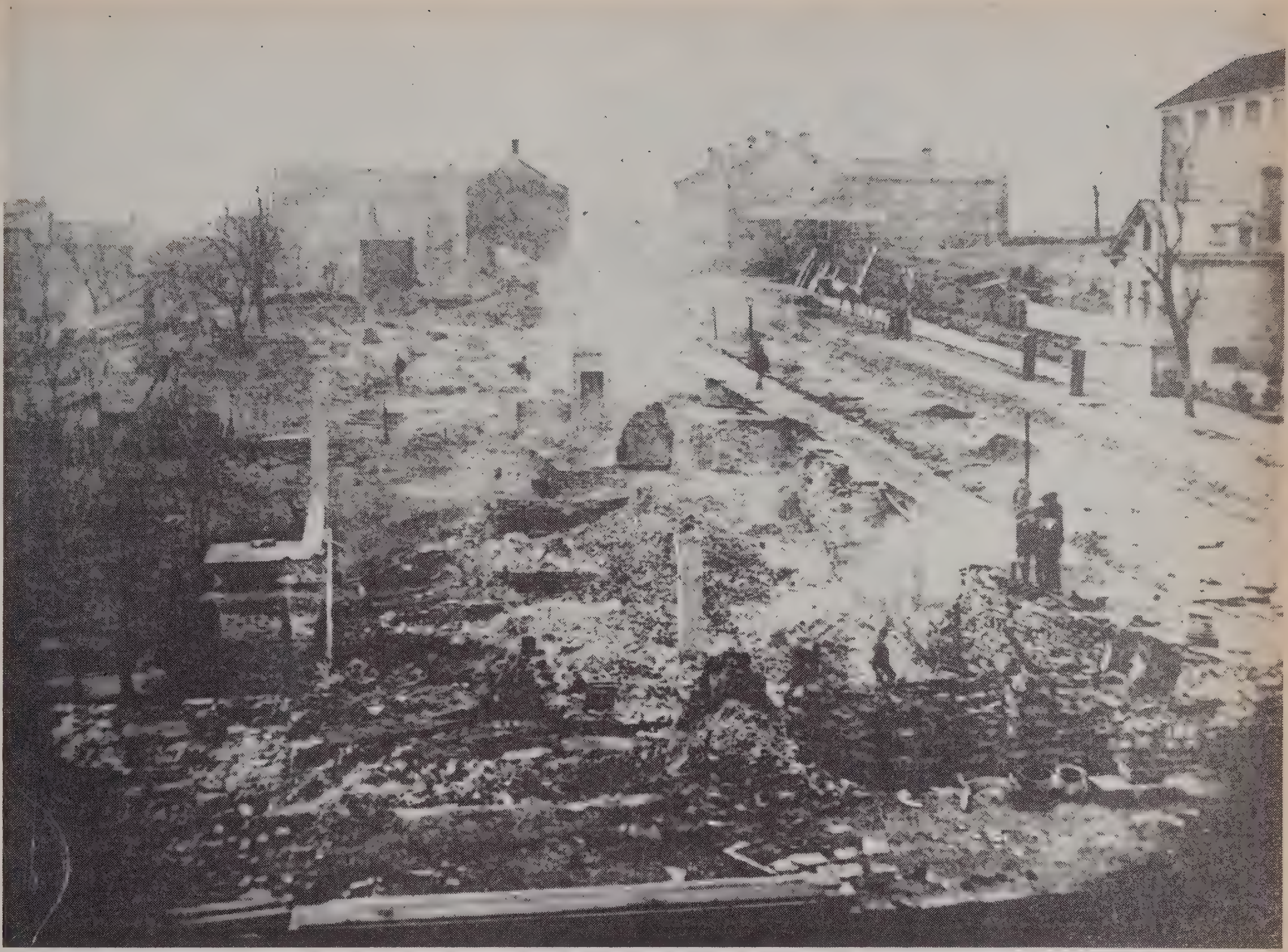


Photo courtesy of Mrs. J. A. Cochran

Big Fire Changed the Look of Business Section

It was on Sunday, April 2, 1876, that practically the entire business section of Fairmont was destroyed by a blaze, the loss was huge.

The old Fairmont Index, long since gone on, published in their weekly edition following the blaze a graphic account of the fire. It started about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning in an alleyway between the Thomas Pendergast saloon and the Swisher & Carpenter store.

There was scarcely any fire equipment in the town and those who gathered to fight the flames used crude methods, mostly the bucket brigade idea. They were unable to subdue the fire and it spread rapidly along the rows of wooden buildings which then comprised the business section.

How It Spread

The residence of Captain John Fisher took fire and soon it was impossible to get along Main Street, the flames forming a solid sheet along both sides as burning embers would set first one building and then another.

Captain T. A. Maulsby's steam and grist mill was the next to go and several families who lived near the structure removed the contents of their dwellings to places of safety when it became apparent that unless stopped quickly the fire would spread all over town.

Wind Carries Blaze

While the fire was raging a high wind sprang up and carried the blaze farther and farther along the street. At that time the Mayor of Wheeling was notified of the fire and aid was requested. But still the fire spread and was only overcome when the fire reached Jefferson street. Then Wheeling was again notified and the fire engine was not shipped.

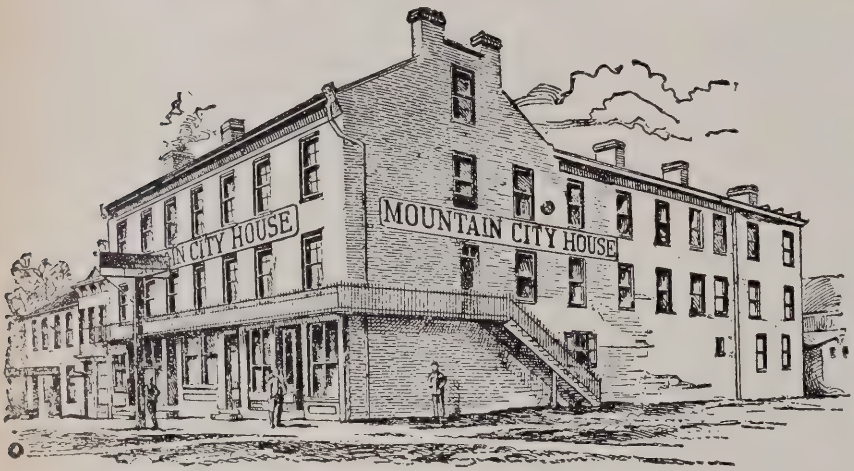
Practically everything in the two blocks was utterly destroyed, including the offices of the two newspapers, the Index and the West Virginian. The next issues of those papers were makeshift affairs, but complete accounts of the blaze were given.

List of Losses

In the Index we find a list of the principal sufferers in the fire, together with the amount of damage done, which is as follows, first figure is the loss, second figure the insurance coverage: J. H. Brownfield, $1,500, $800; I. Foreman, $200, None; M. A. Chisler, $4,000, None; Swisher & Carpenter, $15,000, $6,000; Barton Bean, $1,500, None; Thomas Pendergast, $2,000, None; T. F. Brock, $10,000, $3,000; T. A. Maulsby, $500, $500; Monohan Heirs, $3,000, None; John Fosher, $2,500, None; F. Christy, $2,500, None; J. W. Lott, $400, None; A. R. Menear, $2,000, None; Stone & Bebout, $5,000, $2,000; Mrs. Fitzgerald, $2,000, None; John Suppach, $2,500, $1,250; E. C. Kerr, $3,000, $1,300; T. M. Fleming, $300, None; Ella Horan, $1,000, None; Mrs. V. Hunsasker, $1,500, $800; Marie Vanzandt, $400, None; A. G. Hall, $3,000, None; J. E. Fleming, $2,500, $1,000; J. O. Watson, $1,500, $800; Index Office, $2,500, None; F. M. Fleming, $1,800, $1,000; C. J. Corbin, $300, None; Steven Oakes, $50, None; Elizabeth Arnett, $2,000, $1,000; M. B. Comerford, $3,000, $3,000; C. B. Carney, $2,000, $2,000; G. L. Turney Heirs, $6,500, $3,500; Fleming & Powell, $1,835, $700; Dr. Ogden (office), $400, None; Mrs. Welty, $200, None. Totals, $92,825, $26,650.

A Story From The Fairmont Index of April 2, 1897

THE MOUNTAIN CITY HOUSE



To be Removed to Make Room for the New Court House.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MOST NOTED BUILDING IN OUR CITY

And One Which for so Many Years Has Been the Center of all Life, Both Social and Business, in Fairmont—Built in 1849 to be Torn Down in 1897.

Contractor Page will begin to tear down the old Moutain City House in a few days, and before the despoiler begins his work we give a picture of the old resort and append a short sketch of its history.

The story of the Mountain City House is almost the history of Fairmont. Before it was erected Fairmont was but a country village. Since it was first settled it was but the Middletown between Morgantown and Clarksburg. It contained but a few hundred inhabitants, the houses were scattering and of an inferior kind; there was not more than one or two brick buildings in the place. The laurel flourished on the unoccupied lots, and stock was permitted to run at large without interruption. The bridge over the river was then only a dream, and the muddy waters of the Monongahela river was crossed by a ferry at the foot of Jefferson street. The railroad was just being surveyed and the Court House had been built only a short time. The site upon which this hotel was erected was occupied by a two-story frame building, painted yellow, and was used as a hotel, and during its time was one of the most prominent places of public resort in this section.

The owner, Mr. Fleming was one of the far seeing business men of his time. He saw that the railroad was a certainty and knew that a larger hotel would be demanded. Consequently he removed the old frame and in 1849 commenced the erection of the Mountain City House.

Col. Randolph, chief engineer of the B. & O. R. R. at that time, was stationed here. He was a close friend of Mr. Fleming, and offered to draw the plans and specifications for the new hotel. But Mr. Fleming, fearing that the plans of Col. Randolph would be too elaborate, declined the offer, and contructed the hotel according to his own designs.

The hotel was completed when the railroad was being built, and Fairmont was filled with railroad officials of high and low degree. The first landlord was a Mr. Miller, who came here in advance of the railroad from Winchester, Va. He was a very large man, weighing considerably over 300 pounds and was as good natured and jolly as he was large. He furnished the hotel in a style far in advance of the time.

When the hotel was ready to be opened to the public, it was duly announced and the occasion was a great day in Fairmont. It was regarded as the finest hotel in this section, and attracted more attention than did the building of the Watson a few years ago. The night that the hotel was formally opened the town was illuminated, and a brilliant light was placed in every window in the new building. From the first settlement of this place the Mountain City House corner, corner of Main and Jefferson streets, was regarded as the center of the town, and no one coming from any direction regarded himself as in town until he reached that corner. As a result the business rooms under the new hotel were at once in demand. The corner room, lately occupied by L. Horan's grocery was first occupied by Mr. John Hirshberger. In it he kept a saloon, a grocery, a bakery and a candy manufactory. During the time the railroad was being built he did a thriving business and tradition tells us that at that season he boasted of selling a barrel of whiskey and baking ten barrels of flour into bread each day.

Henry Sonneborn conducted a large clothing establishment in the room now occupied by McCray's news stand. The middle room has always with a few exceptions been used as the bar room for the hotel.

The frame addition on Main street was built many years ago, and so was the addition on Jefferson street, as shown to the right of the picture. This old hotel has been the centre of the social-life of Fairmont until a few years ago, when for the want of proper repairs, it lost its prestige. It has been controlled during its history by the best hotel men in the State, and its reputation for long years was second to none.

The health of its inhabitants has generally been good and but few deaths have occurred under its roof, the most notable of which was Miss Ollie Finnell, who died there while her father was the proprietor, but she was stricken with disease when she moved here.

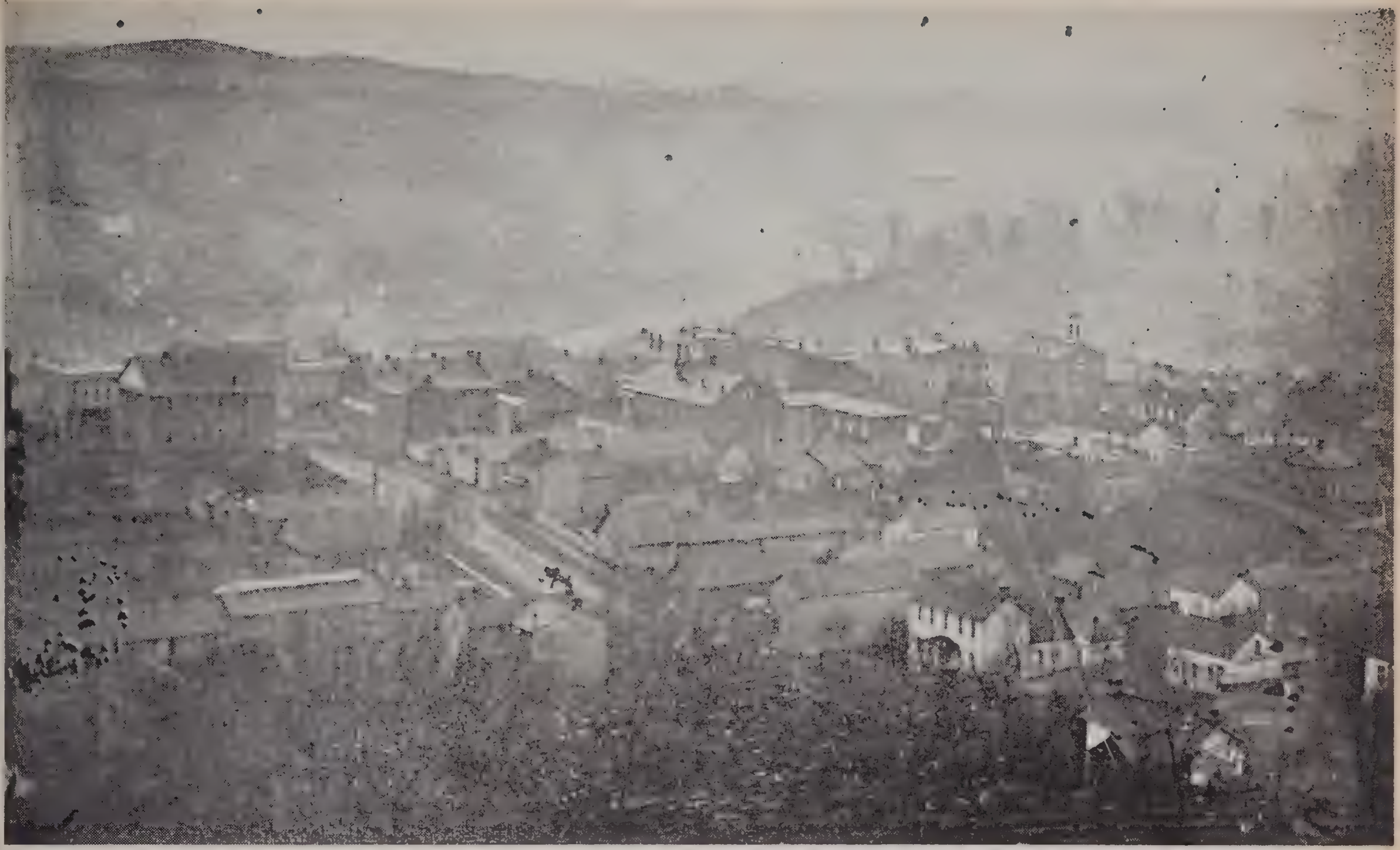
It never was on fire but once, so far as we can learn, and that originated in the roof of the addition next to the Court House, which was then occupied by G. L. Turney, druggist. The first stables built was burned about a dozen years ago, after which the present structure was erected.

There have been many incidents of interest connected with the history of this old building, but space will not permit us to particularize, but one or two would not be amiss.

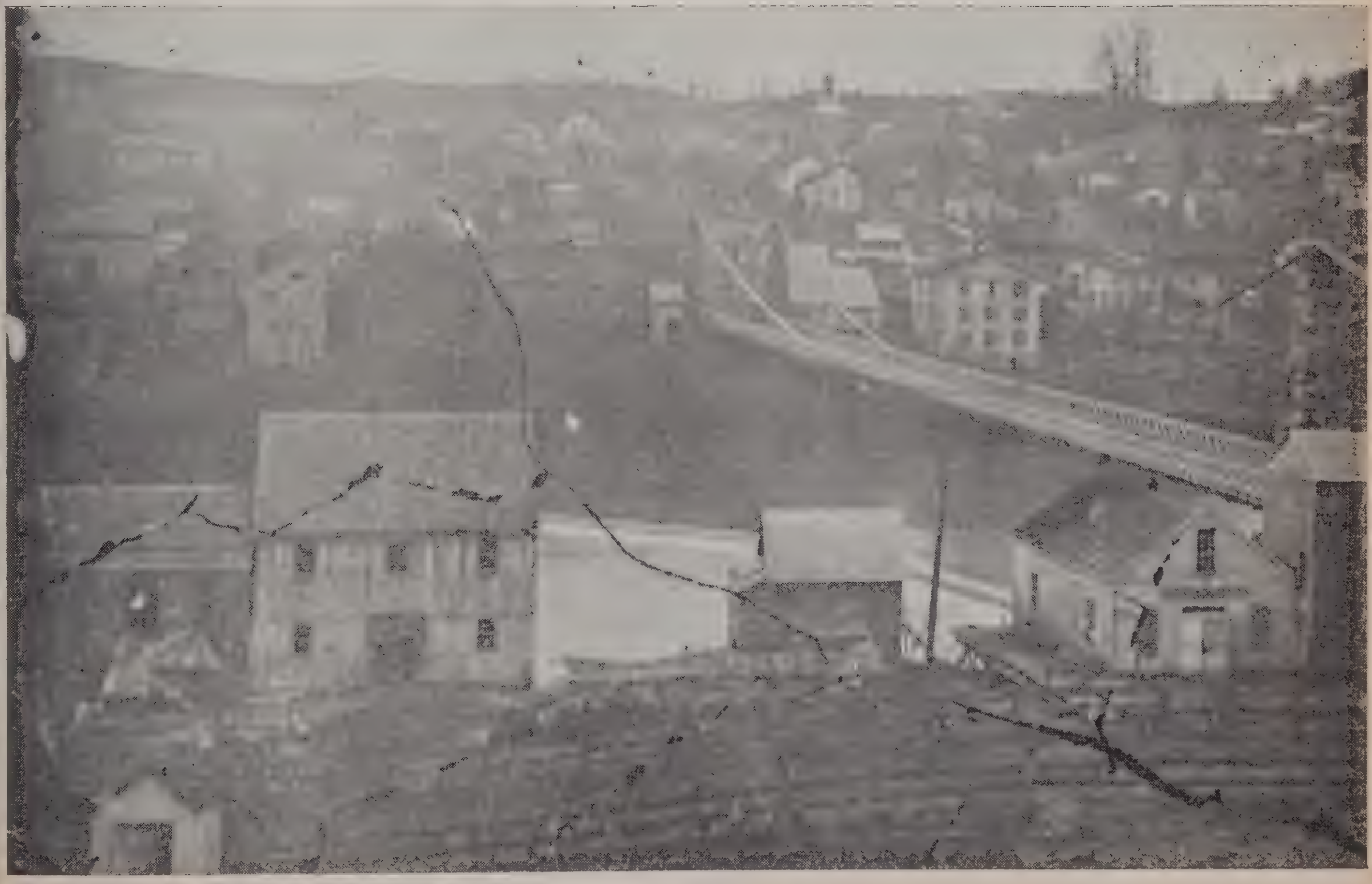
Soon after the building was completed a fight took place in Hirshberger's place between a railroad contractor and a citizen by the name of Evans, during which Evans bit off an ear of the contractor. The case was in court for some time and Evans was finally cleared, the jury believing that the ear was cut off by the contractor falling during the fight and striking his ear on the chime of a barrel.

Judge Henry McDougle, just after the war, fell out of one of the front third story windows to the pavement below, and was not seriously injured.

There is not an old citizen in this place who does not have regrets because this old building has to go. While we know it is to be replaced by a building much needed by the county, yet we wish that the old Mountain City House could stand forever. "But it is ever thus." The building remained the property of the heirs of its original owner until a few years ago when it was purchased by the County Court for county purposes.



A view of Fairmont from the top of Hamilton Hill, back of the city—looking toward the East Side. Jefferson street is the street running across the picture and most prominent. Taken between 1870 and 1880. Courtesy of Mrs. J. A. Cochran



The Old Suspension Bridge in Fairmont, looking from the west to the east Courtesy of Mrs. J. A. Cochran

IRISH RIOT

It was in 1849, when the Baltimore & Ohio completed their survey for the road, that the Irish arrived. Had they all come from one county in Ireland, Fairmont would have missed a strenuous page in her history. But part of the gang hailed from the bogs of Connaught and another small army came from the Lakes of Killarney.

They brought with them the feuds of the Irish fairs, their blackthorns—and their big fists. The contractors worked the gangs separately, for so soon as a Connaughter met a Fardowner, there was a dip of coattails, a spicy challenge in Gaelic, and war. The Connaughters were having things too quiet at their headquarters at Benton's Ferry, when, one morning they decided upon a wholesale attack on the Fardowners at Ice's Mills, proposing to drive their rivals from the field.

The Fardowners, taken by surprise, made the best fight they could, retreating the while to Fairmont for protection. Pursued by 200 sworn enemies, knocked down and pummeled in the rout, the two contending armies swooped down into Fairmont, Citizens recovered from their consternation, and began wholesale arrests, not a difficult feat, so great was the Irishmen's respect for law. All the hot-headed warriors, Fardowners and Connaughters alike, were penned up, and kept till the next day, when they were sent back to work. This ended the "great Irish riot."

GREAT FLOOD

The year 1852 marks Fairmont's history with four events—the great flood, the completion of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the building of the suspension bridge over the Monongahela River, and the opening of a coal mine by James Otis Watson, the "father of the coal industry of West Virginia." The flood occurred April 5. During that day 40 houses floated down the river by the town, and miles from Harrison County and along the West Fork and the Tygart's Valley River, carding houses, barns and the wreckage of the early manufacturing establishments were swept away on the raging waters, which in the Monongahela River reached a height of 43 feet above ordinary stage. The whole town of Worthington was swept away.

The completion of the Baltimore & Ohio to Fairmont was celebrated with a great banquet. People congregated from miles around to see the passenger train come in, carrying prominent officials of the road, Baltimore Councilmen and business men. Several hundred people were guests at the banquet, and addresses were made by the Hon. Mr. Swann, president of the Baltimore & Ohio, and others.

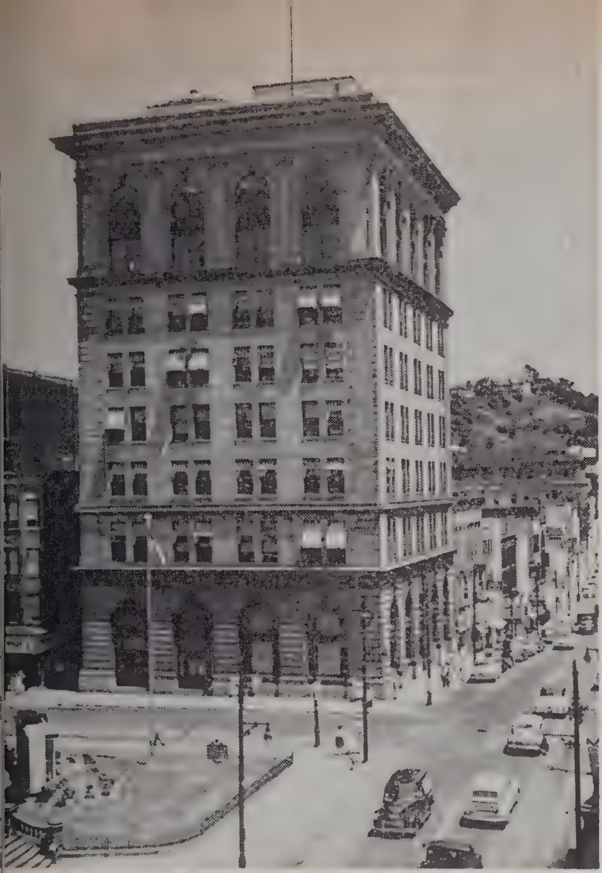
The suspension bridge was built the same year. Fairmont and Palatine subscribed $8,000 in stock, and the State of Virginia $12,000. The structure was built under the direction of James L. Randolph, a Baltimore & Ohio engineer, at the cost of $30,000. The balance in funds necessary to construct it was paid off in tolls.

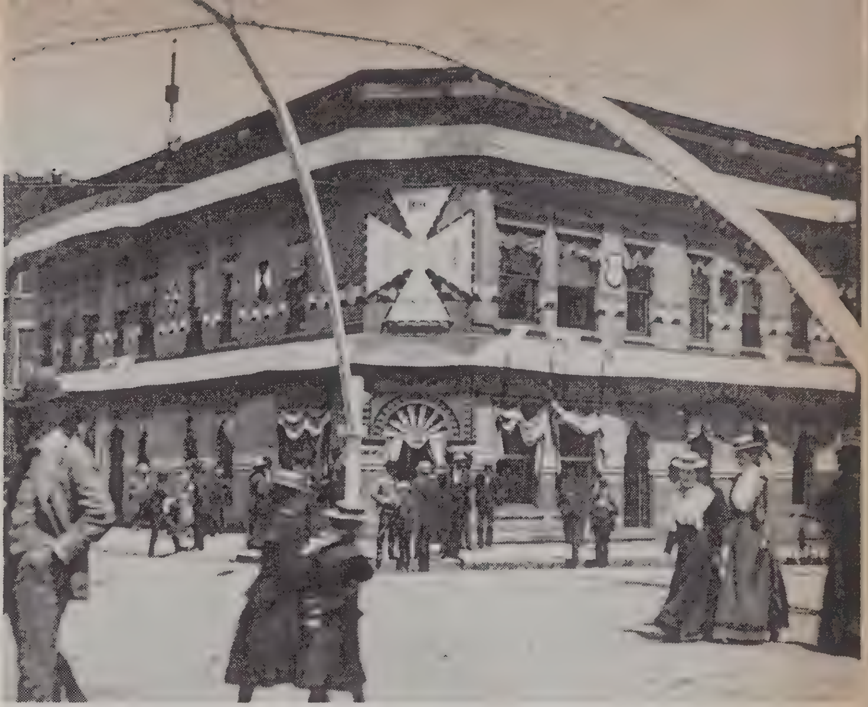
This is the home that was located on Main street (or Adams as it is called now) where Hartley's store is now located.

Courtesy of Mrs. J. A. Cochran

When the frame house shown above was torn down it was replaced by this brick residence. It then made way for the present building that is J. M. Hartley & Company's main store.

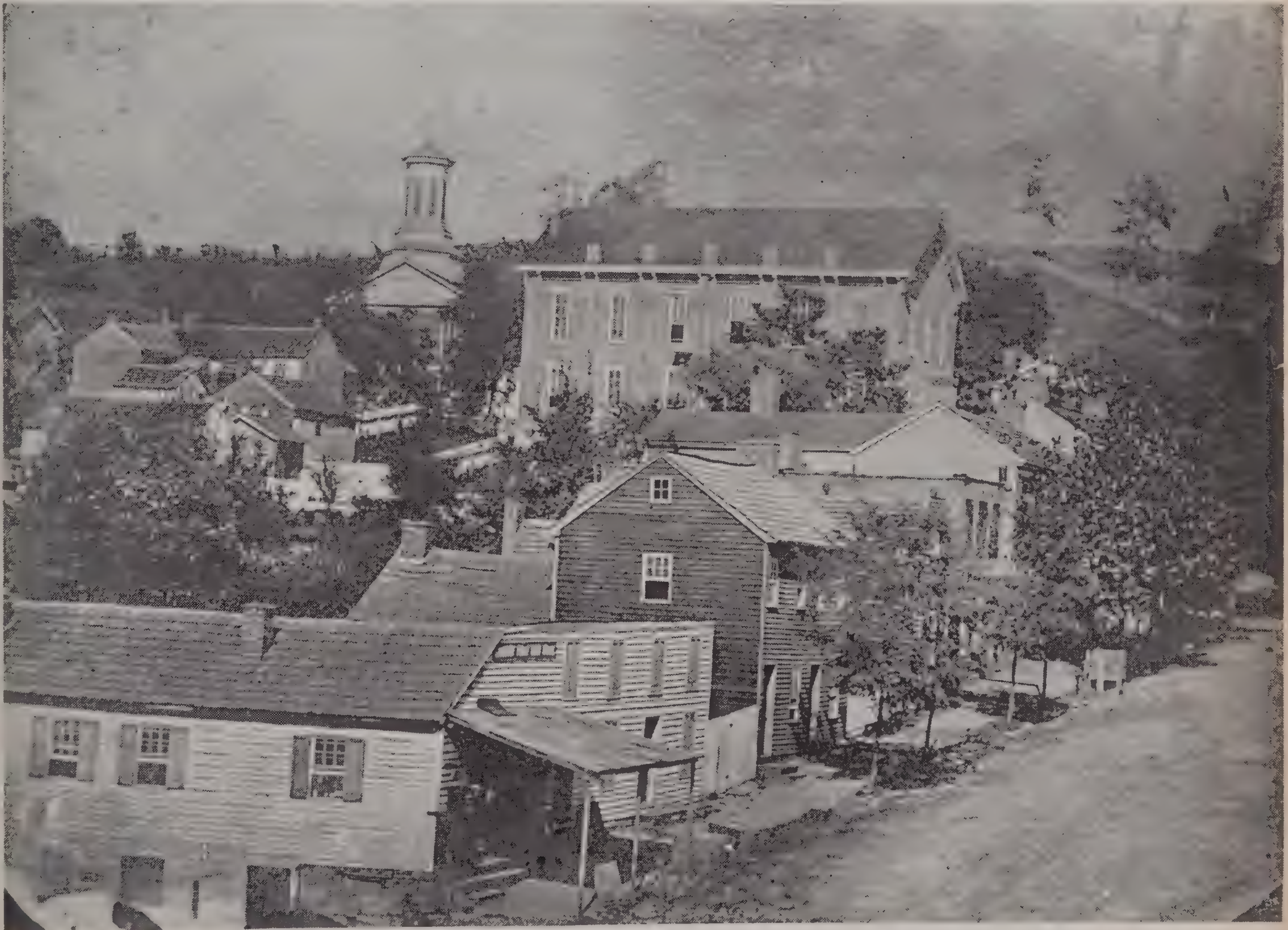
Courtesy of Mrs. J. A. Cochran



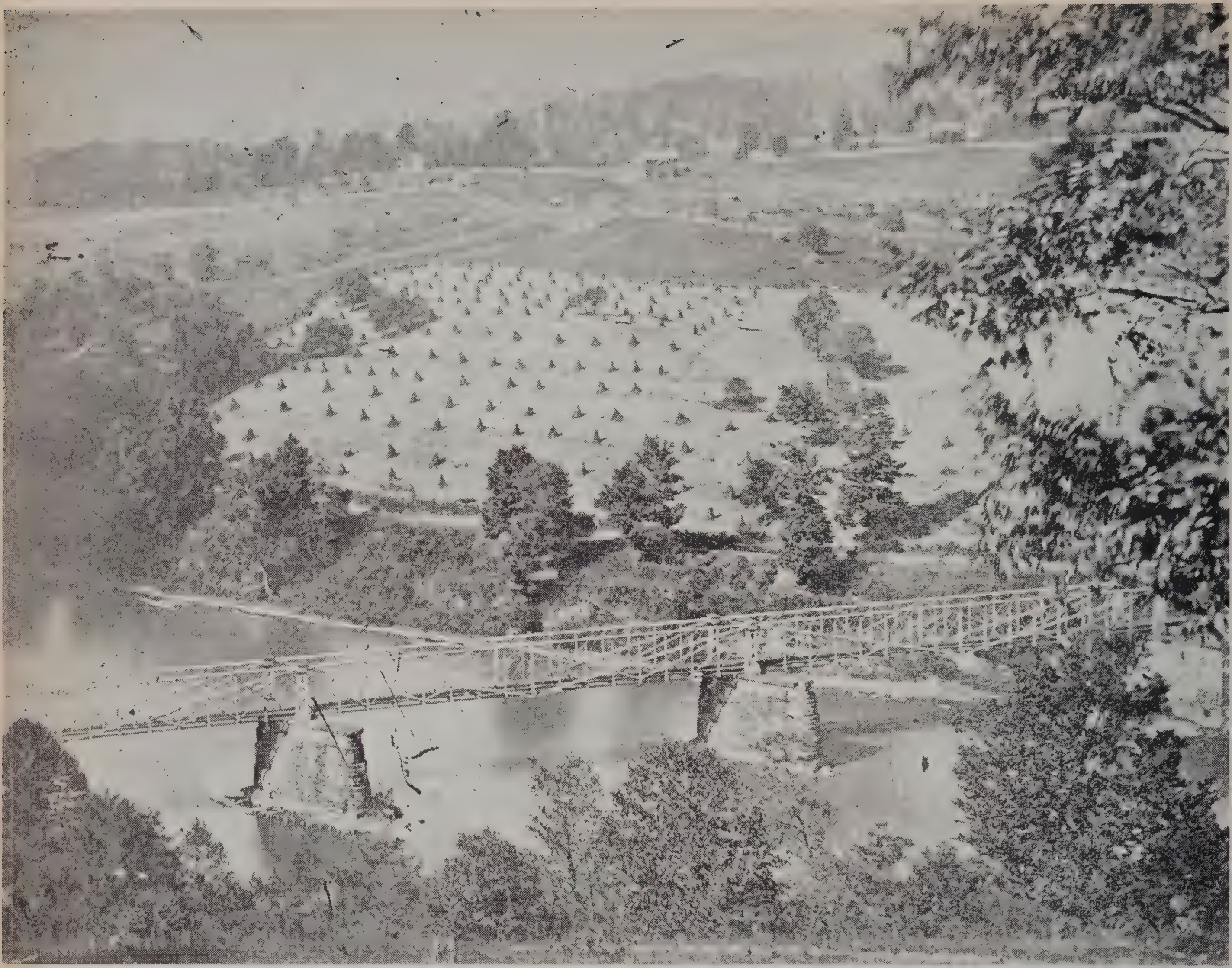


Two views of the corner of Adams and Jefferson streets—at the left is the Watson building as it looked when it was flanked on the left by an apartment building and the Bethlehem building. At the right is the corner as it looked about 1870—complete with decorative lighted street archs. The Watson Building was started in 1909 and finished in 1911. It was built by J. E. Watson to house the various coal interests of the Watson family and was erected at a cost of $361,230.11. The building, which always had a bank on the first floor, was sold in 1955 and became the First National Bank building.

Old pictures courtesy of Mrs. J. A. Cochran



Main street Fairmont as it looked about 1870. The steeple belongs to the M. P. Church, the big building is the public school and, from the corner, we see the Edd McCray Store & Home. the Eyester Home, and the Burns Home.



Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Bridge at the forks of the river. The home of Max Fleming can be seen in the background. Taken about 1870 or 1880. (Loaned from the collection of Mrs. J. A. Cochran.)

From: Fairmont Newspaper—1896

An Interesting Paper

Authentic History of Fairmont and Vicinity

Forty-Six Years Ago

Found by D. L. Rathbone, of Mannington—John Clark Hazelett Gives a History of Fairmont as She Was Half A Century Ago—Many Prominent People are Mentioned.

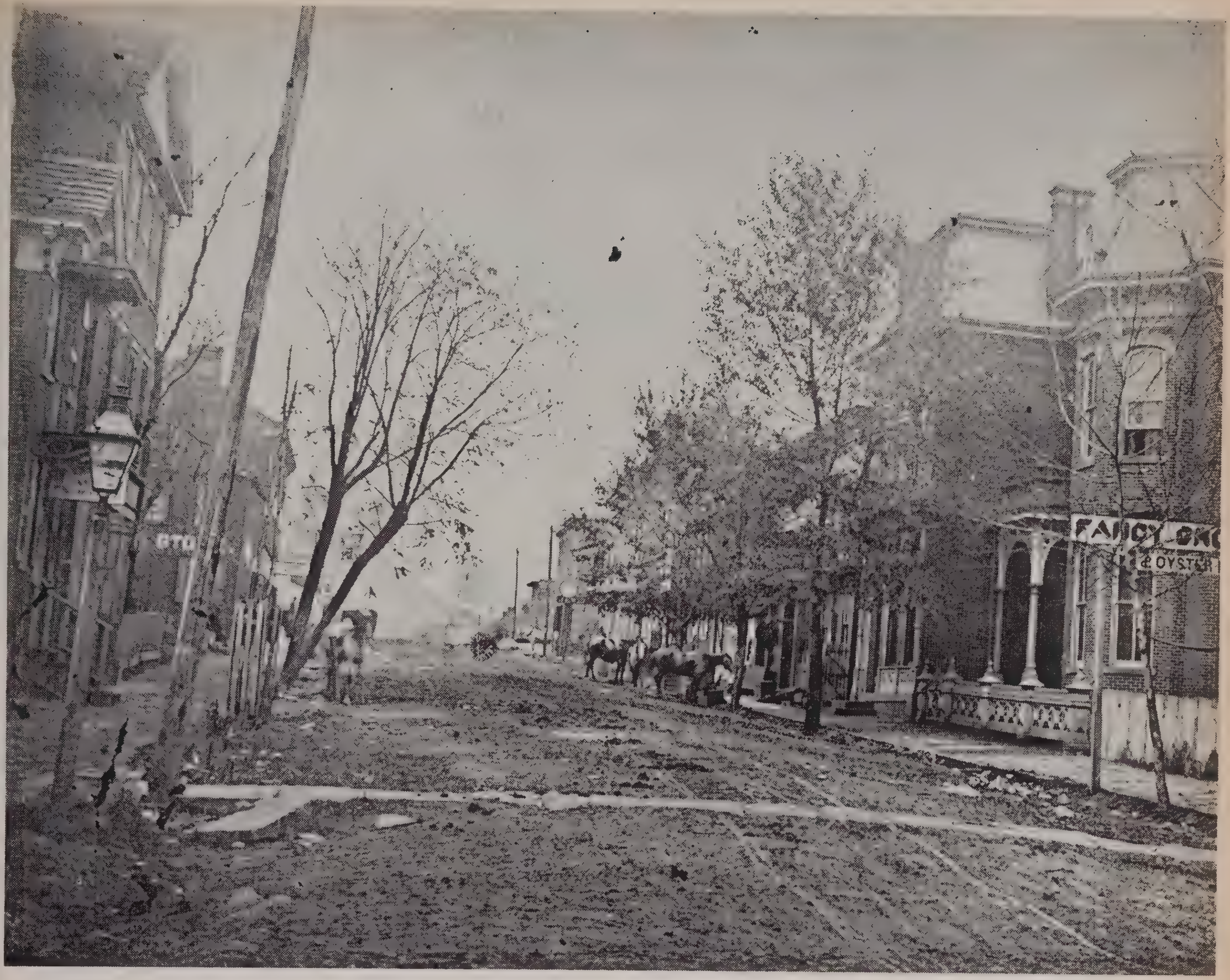
An interesting history of this town and vicinity, was recently found in the old table, by DeForrest L. Rathbone, who is now a plumber at Mannington. Mr. Rathbone and his mother, Mrs. J. W. Shannon, lived in Palatine in 1892, and while there, some neighbor gave them an old-fashioned table, out of which DeForrest made a flower stand. A few months later they moved to Mannington, taking the table with them. Not long since Mrs. Shannon decided to go to Olean, N. Y., and Deforrest packed up their goods. Upon coming to the flower stand he decided that he would take the walnut board which formed the top and throw away the rest. In removing the top he found a paper placed between some brackets, which ran from the legs to the center of the top, and the top itself. The paper, which we publish below, will explain itself:

FAIRMONT, MARION COUNTY,
VIRGINIA,
January the Twenty-eighth
A.D. 1850.

To generations yet unborn:

Be it known that by permission of Isaac N. Rush, Esq., manufacturer of this furniture, I, John Clarke Hazelett, do here deposit this history of town and county. I. N. Rush, of Uniontown, Penna, and I of Mifflin county, Penna.

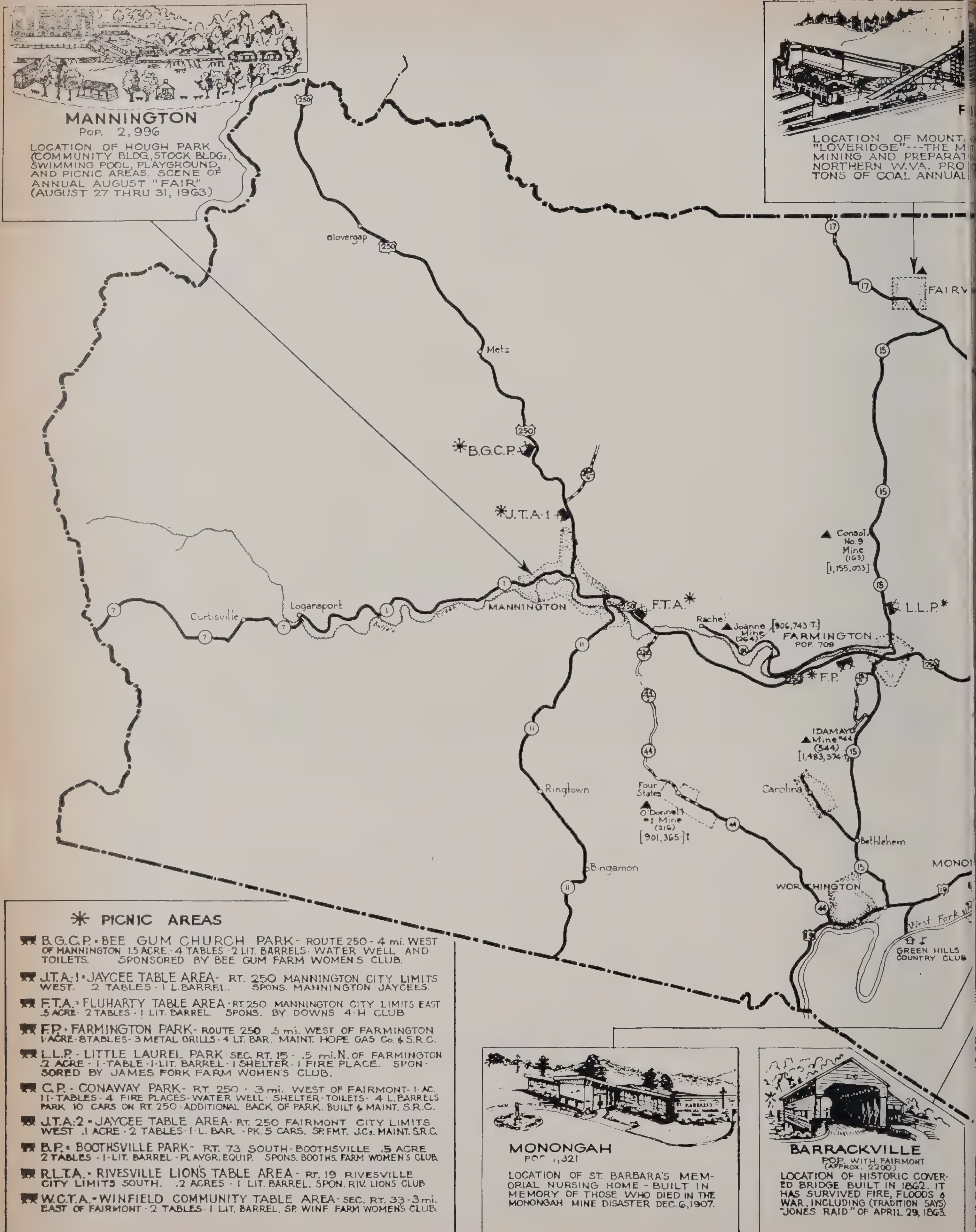
Fairmont contains 100 dwelling houses, 15 of them are brick, one large Court House on the Corinthian order, 1 Presbyterian church, pastor Rev. Mr. Wm. B. Harsee; 1 Methodist Episcopal



Main street, Fairmont. To duplicate this scene today, stand in the intersection of Adams and Monroe Streets and look toward Jefferson. In fact, it would be a fit and proper "Do-It-Yourself" project for the photographer of your family to take pictures of all the localities pictured in old-time photographs in this book. You ought to preserve pictures if the town as it looked in the Centennial Year.

Church, minister in charge Rev. Mr. Gideon Martin; 1 Methodist Protestant, minister in charge Rev. Mr. John Clarke; Rev. Mr. Joseph Walker, Baptist minister, preaches in the Court House; the Baptist Recorder, edited by Mr. Walker, printed by D. S. Morris, Esq.; 1 lodge of A.F. and A. York Masons, numbering about 550 or 60; 3 schools, taught by James L. Morehead, Alexander Steel and Miss Abigail Miller; 3 doctors, Mathew Campbell, Eyster and Ellis; 8 lawyers, A. and C. Haymond, A. S. Hayden, Jas. Neeson, F. H. Pierpoint, G. W. Newcomb, Z. Kidwell; and English Z. or Dr. Kidwell is our present delegate to the State Legislature; Col. Thos. S. Haymond, our present member of Congress; 8 dry goods stores, Barns & Co., Pitcher & Co., A. S. Hayden, Burns, Arnett & Bros., Haymond & Hall, Dunnington & Walker; 2 drug stores, Dr. Campbell and Dr. Ellis; 3 groceries, S. B. Mitchell, A. L. Steel and Keighley; 4 public houses, John Kearsley, Thomas Poulton, Wm. Kerr and Widow Wilkins; Mr. Kearsley is from Jefferson County, Va., and keeps a most excellent house; 1 mill, Jackson & Sons; 2 tanneries, Pierpoint & Burns, Burns also has a dry goods store; 2 ferries, Holt & Boggess, and Hall.

Fairmont contains about 800 inhabitants, quite sociable and accommodating. Miss E. D'Hass, from Wheeling, has just closed her school and gone home, quite a belle. Miss Biles, from Wheeling, proposes on opening a music school. Dr. Gibbons also practices medicine, who I almost forgot to mention, is quite an interesting gentleman and pleasant family. Mrs. E. Moore is quite a pleasant fine lady, quite a poetess; she is quite agreeable and interesting. Just call on her should you come through here. Miss A. M. Dunnington is quite a belle, a lady like yet a singular disposition, in whose society I feel at home, so would you, with all her singularity. Miss Barnes is indeed a fine young lady, Miss Chisler is modest, Miss Arnold handsome, Miss Cramer beautiful, Miss Black lovely, Miss Cadwallader to be admired, Miss Fleming intelligent, Miss Eyster very lovely. These are some that I have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing from. Mrs. Kearsley, if you want a mother, you will find it in her, just call. Mrs. English is quite a lady. Rev. Mrs. Sedwick is a pious woman, her husband a good


250
Glovergap
250
Metz
250
B.G.C.P.
J.T.A-1
1
Curtisville
7
7
Logansport
7
1
1
Buffalo Creek
MANNINGTON
250
F.T.A.
11
11
11
Ringtown
Bingamon
Rachel
Joanne Mine (264) [906,743·T.]
FARMINGTON
POP. 709
F.P.
250
250
44
44
44
Four States
O'Donnell #1 Mine (216) [901,365·]T
17
17
FAIRV
15
15
15
15
15
Consol. No. 9 Mine (163) [1,155,033]
L.L.P.
IDAMAY
Mine #44 (544) [1,483,374·T.]
Carolina
Bethlehem
WORTHINGTON
19
19
MONO
West Fork
GREEN HILLS COUNTRY CLUB
FI

MANNINGTON

POP. 2,996

LOCATION OF HOUGH PARK (COMMUNITY BLDG., STOCK BLDGs, SWIMMING POOL, PLAYGROUND, AND PICNIC AREAS. SCENE OF ANNUAL AUGUST "FAIR" (AUGUST 27 THRU 31, 1963)

LOCATION OF MOUNT.
"LOVERIDGE"---THE M
MINING AND PREPARAT
NORTHERN W.VA. PRO
TONS OF COAL ANNUAL

✳ PICNIC AREAS

- **B.G.C.P.** • BEE GUM CHURCH PARK - ROUTE 250 - 4 mi. WEST OF MANNINGTON 1.5 ACRE. 4 TABLES - 2 LIT. BARRELS - WATER WELL AND TOILETS. SPONSORED BY BEE GUM FARM WOMEN'S CLUB.
- **J.T.A.-1** • JAYCEE TABLE AREA - RT. 250 MANNINGTON CITY LIMITS WEST. 2 TABLES - 1 L. BARREL. SPONS. MANNINGTON JAYCEES.
- **F.T.A.** • FLUHARTY TABLE AREA - RT. 250 MANNINGTON CITY LIMITS EAST .5 ACRE - 2 TABLES - 1 LIT. BARREL. SPONS. BY DOWNS 4-H CLUB
- **F.P.** • FARMINGTON PARK - ROUTE 250 .5 mi. WEST OF FARMINGTON 1-ACRE - 8 TABLES - 3 METAL GRILLS - 4 LT. BAR. MAINT. HOPE GAS Co. & S.R.C.
- **L.L.P.** - LITTLE LAUREL PARK - SEC. RT. 15 - .5 mi. N. OF FARMINGTON .2 ACRE - 1 - TABLE - 1 - LIT. BARREL - 1 SHELTER - 1 FIRE PLACE. SPONSORED BY JAMES FORK FARM WOMEN'S CLUB.
- **C.P.** - CONAWAY PARK - RT. 250 - 3 mi. WEST OF FAIRMONT - 1 - AC. 11 - TABLES - 4 FIRE PLACES - WATER WELL - SHELTER - TOILETS - 4 L. BARRELS PARK 10 CARS ON RT. 250 - ADDITIONAL BACK OF PARK. BUILT & MAINT. S.R.C.
- **J.T.A.-2** • JAYCEE TABLE AREA - RT. 250 FAIRMONT CITY LIMITS WEST .1 ACRE - 2 TABLES - 1 - L. BAR. - PK. 5 CARS. SP. FMT. J.C's. MAINT. S.R.C.
- **B.P.** • BOOTHSVILLE PARK - RT. 73 SOUTH - BOOTHSVILLE .5 ACRE 2 TABLES - 1 - LIT. BARREL - PLAYGR. EQUIP. SPONS. BOOTHS. FARM WOMEN'S CLUB.
- **R.L.T.A.** • RIVESVILLE LION'S TABLE AREA - RT. 19 RIVESVILLE CITY LIMITS SOUTH. .2 ACRES - 1 LIT. BARREL. SPON. RIV. LIONS CLUB
- **W.C.T.A.** - WINFIELD COMMUNITY TABLE AREA - SEC. RT. 33 - 3 mi. EAST OF FAIRMONT - 2 TABLES - 1 LIT. BARREL. SP. WINF. FARM WOMEN'S CLUB.

MONONGAH

POP. [illegible],321

LOCATION OF ST. BARBARA'S MEMORIAL NURSING HOME - BUILT IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED IN THE MONONGAH MINE DISASTER DEC. 6, 1907.

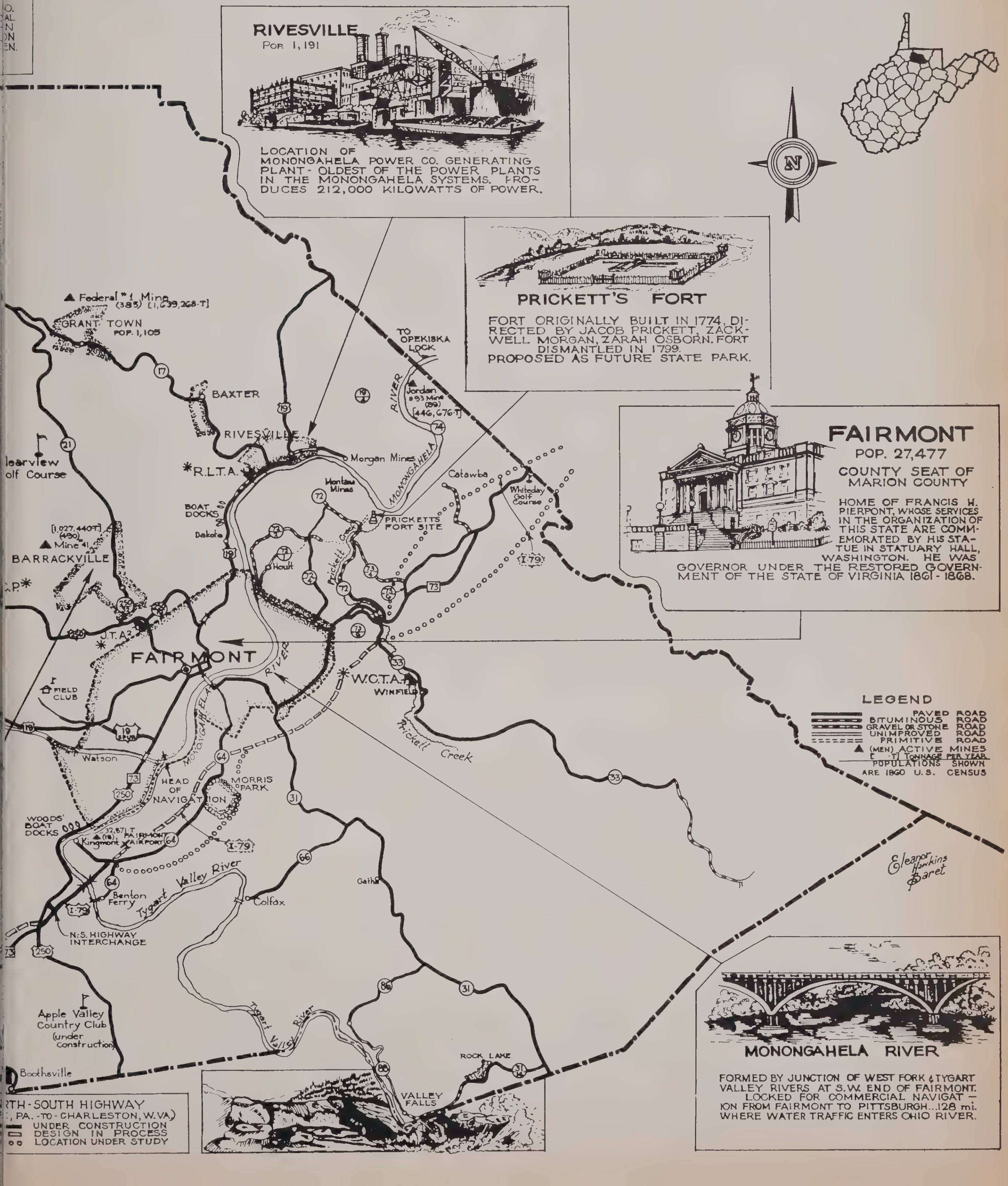
BARRACKVILLE

POP. WITH FAIRMONT
(APPROX. 2200)

LOCATION OF HISTORIC COVERED BRIDGE BUILT IN 1862. IT HAS SURVIVED FIRE, FLOODS & WAR, INCLUDING (TRADITION SAYS) "JONES RAID" OF APRIL 29, 1863.

MARION COUNTY

1863 WEST VIRGINIA CENTENNIAL 1963



RIVESVILLE
POP. 1,191

LOCATION OF MONONGAHELA POWER CO. GENERATING PLANT- OLDEST OF THE POWER PLANTS IN THE MONONGAHELA SYSTEMS. PRODUCES 212,000 KILOWATTS OF POWER.

PRICKETT'S FORT

FORT ORIGINALLY BUILT IN 1774, DIRECTED BY JACOB PRICKETT, ZACKWELL MORGAN, ZARAH OSBORN. FORT DISMANTLED IN 1799.
PROPOSED AS FUTURE STATE PARK.

FAIRMONT
POP. 27,477
COUNTY SEAT OF MARION COUNTY

HOME OF FRANCIS H. PIERPONT, WHOSE SERVICES IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THIS STATE ARE COMMEMORATED BY HIS STATUE IN STATUARY HALL, WASHINGTON. HE WAS GOVERNOR UNDER THE RESTORED GOVERNMENT OF THE STATE OF VIRGINIA 1861 - 1868.

MONONGAHELA RIVER

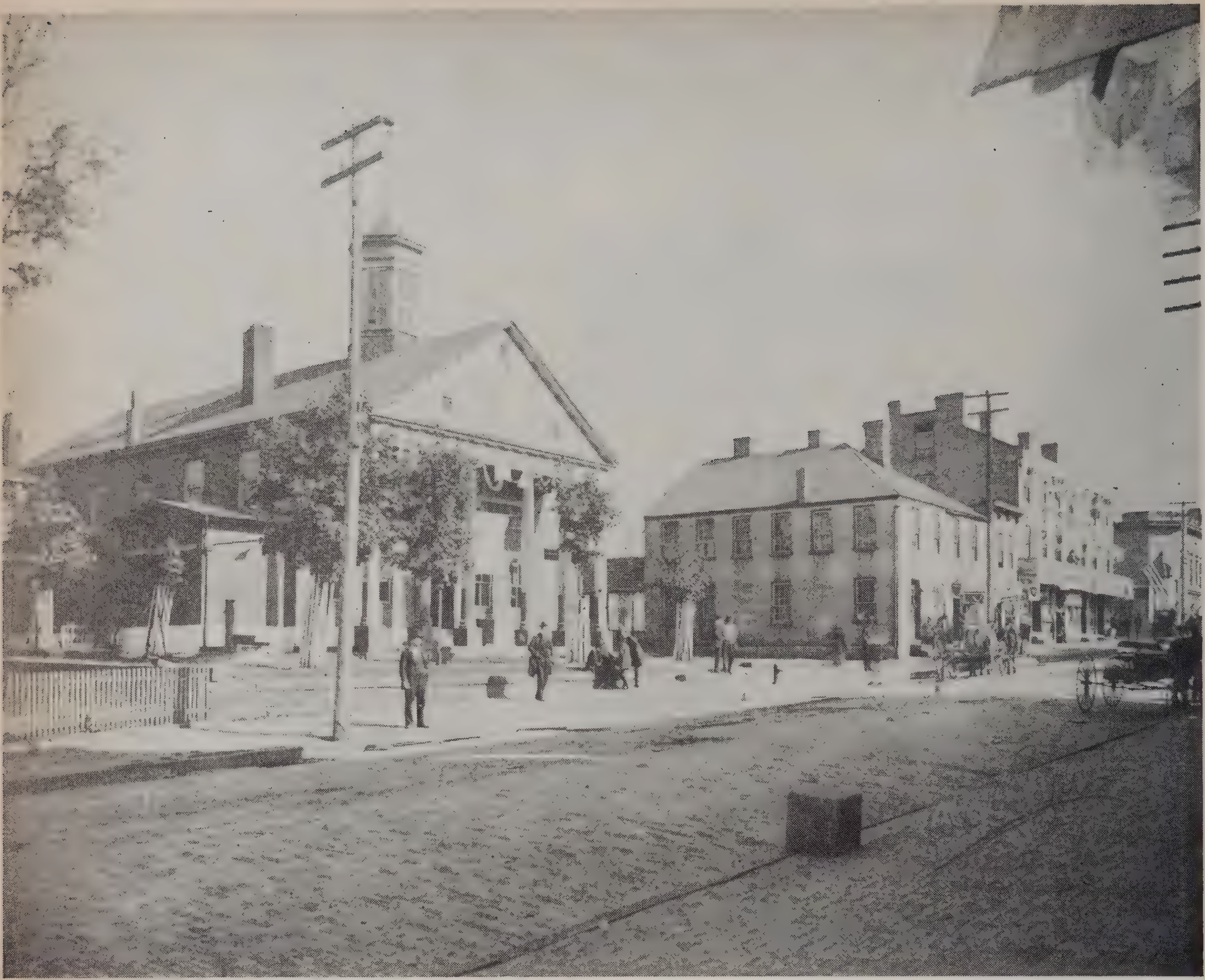
FORMED BY JUNCTION OF WEST FORK & TYGART VALLEY RIVERS AT S.W. END OF FAIRMONT. LOCKED FOR COMMERCIAL NAVIGATION FROM FAIRMONT TO PITTSBURGH...128 mi. WHERE WATER TRAFFIC ENTERS OHIO RIVER.

LEGEND
- PAVED ROAD
- BITUMINOUS ROAD
- GRAVEL OR STONE ROAD
- UNIMPROVED ROAD
- PRIMITIVE ROAD
- ▲ (MEN) ACTIVE MINES
- [-T] TONNAGE PER YEAR

POPULATIONS SHOWN ARE 1960 U.S. CENSUS

RTH-SOUTH HIGHWAY
, PA. -TO- CHARLESTON, W.VA.)
- UNDER CONSTRUCTION
- ▭ DESIGN IN PROCESS
- ○○ LOCATION UNDER STUDY

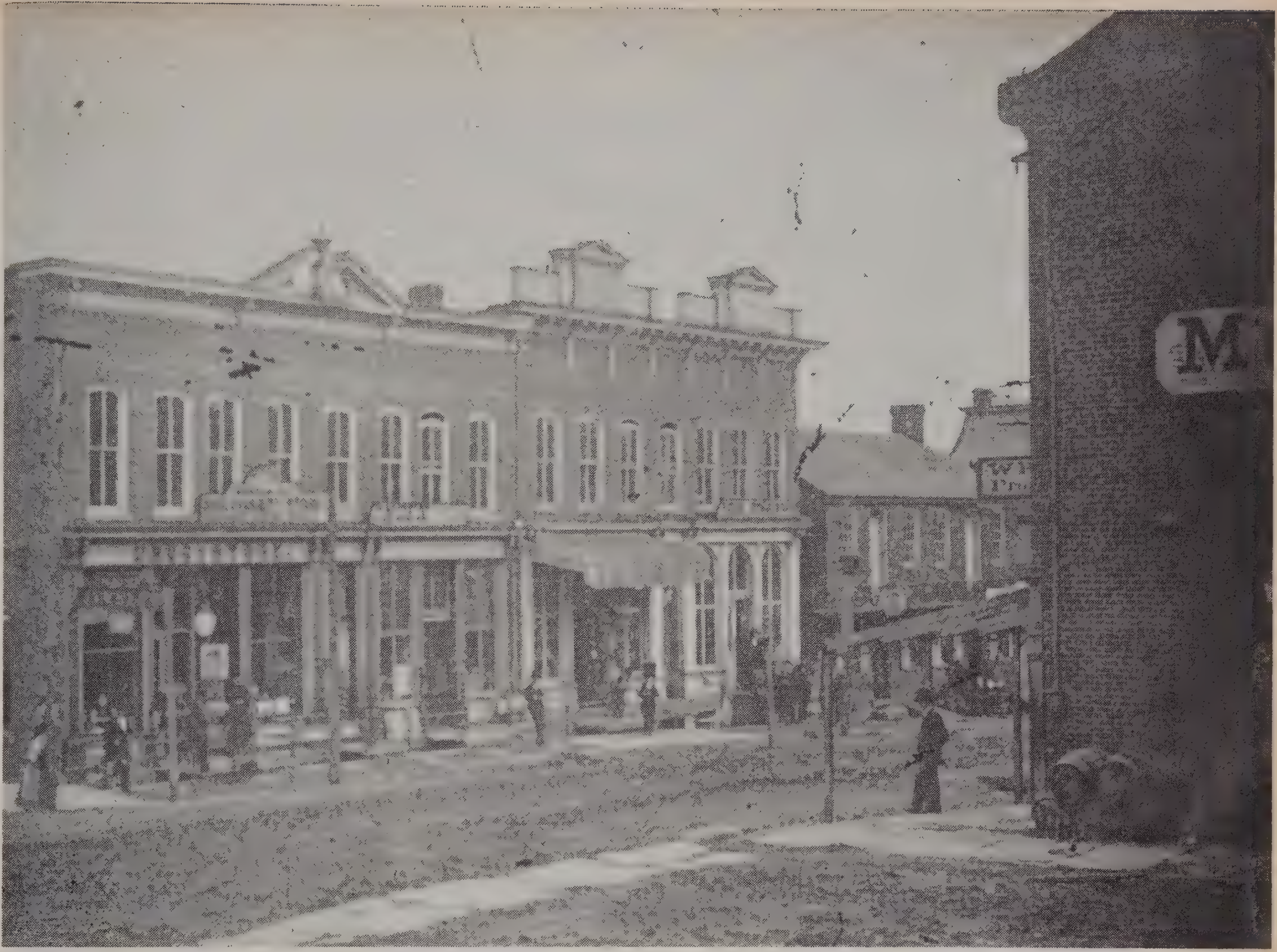
N
Federal #1 Mine (385) [1,639,268-T]
GRANT TOWN
POP. 1,105
17
BAXTER
19
RIVESVILLE
21
learview
olf Course
*R.L.T.A.
BOAT DOCKS
Dakota
[1,027,440-T]
(490)
Mine 41
BARRACKVILLE
.P.*
250
J.T.A.²
FAIRMONT
FIELD CLUB
19
19 SPUR
Watson
73
250
HEAD OF NAVIGATION
MONONGAHELA
RIVER
64
MORRIS PARK
31
WOODS' BOAT DOCKS
32,871-T
(18)
Kingmont
FAIRMONT AIRPORT
I-79
66
Tygart Valley River
Benton Ferry
Colfax
Gaths
N:S. HIGHWAY INTERCHANGE
Apple Valley Country Club (under construction)
Boothsville
86
31
ROCK LAKE
VALLEY FALLS
Tygart Valley River
TO OPEKISKA LOCK
Jordan #93 Mine (89) [446,676-T]
74
Morgan Mines
Montana Mines
72
PRICKETTS FORT SITE
Prickett Creek
Hoult
Catawba
Whiteday Golf Course
73
W.C.T.A.
WINFIELD
33
Pickett Creek
Eleanor Hawkins Baret



....The old court house that was replaced at the turn of the century by the present county building. The old Mountain City House can be seen at the right. This hotel was located at Adams and Jefferson streets and was torn down when the new county building was built. The picture was taken about 1870 or 1880 and is from the collection of Mrs. J. A. Cochran.

preacher and fine man. Jonathan Haymond a peculiar man, his brother Calder a retired lawyer, a noble man and his family a pleasant one. B. and M. Fleming are fine men—B. manufactures hats extensively, M. a speculator owns considerable town property. E. Newcomb, Esq., keeps the post office; a fine old man and a good Mason. The Mr. Arnetts are fine men. Edgar P. Straight is a fine young fellow also. Hayden Hall a student at law. Jno. D. Haymond a singular genius, full of oddity and eccentricity, always sporting. His brother, the lawyer, is a very good man and excellent counsel. His sister, Virginia, is a sweet lady, may she live long and be happy. Chisler's family is pleasant. Albert Shore, blacksmith, is quite a gentleman. Lindsay Boggess, clerk of the Court, is a good fellow. Also the Mr. Watsons, clerk of S. Court. Jas. Sandusky, saddler, is a good man or Mason, which are synonimous. F. H. Pierpoint is a good fellow and citizen, also his brother Larkin. Old Dr. Hawkins is a buster. J. C. Pitcher and brother Thos. Hough a first rate tinner by trade. The churches have made every possible effort to get up a revival, but to no effect. Religious views are pretty considerably contracted, although the people generally are religious.

Prices of lots are very much raised in consequence of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which the engineers are now locating through the town. President road, Thos. Swan; Chief engineer, Benj. H. Latrobe; principal assistant, Chas. P. Maning; chief engineer, John M. Standish, Chas. E. Mechan, Geo. O. Mercer, Rob't. Swan, John P. McLauchan, Walter C. Quincy, Richard Randolph and John B. F. Davidge. Mr. Cameron of Jefferson county, Va., is purchasing the rights of way. Not definitely known on which side of the river it will be located. The probability, however, is that it will be located on the Fairmont side. Lots sell for from 150 to 200 dollars. Hamilton's hill, west of town, has been bought at the rate of $200 per acre. Business has been at quite a low ebb, but prospects are looking up. The citizens are just beginning to improve the streets, and some fine buildings about being contracted for. Mr. Mathew Fleming has sold out contracts for building his hotel near the Court House. Hoffman does the carpenter work, Prickett & Phillips the brick work, and Carney the plastering.



The corner of Adams and Jefferson streets--the paving is free of mud now but the buildings are still standing. One, on the corner and labeled a Drug Store is now the Stripe Discount House. Taken about 1870 or 1880 and loaned by Mrs. J. A. Cochran.

THE SHOT TOWER

Fairmont Structure That Became A Disgrace

Times-West Virginian
Sunday, Oct. 10, 1954

There was a building on the corner of Madison and Adams Streets at one time known as "The Shot Tower."

The date of completion of "the shot tower" and its fall from being a thing of pride to a disgrace is shown by an item in The Fairmont Free Press of May 26, 1893:

"The old shot tower that has so long ornated (?) Main Street at the corner of Bridge (Adams and Madison) is being torn down by John Levell. It was built in 1834."

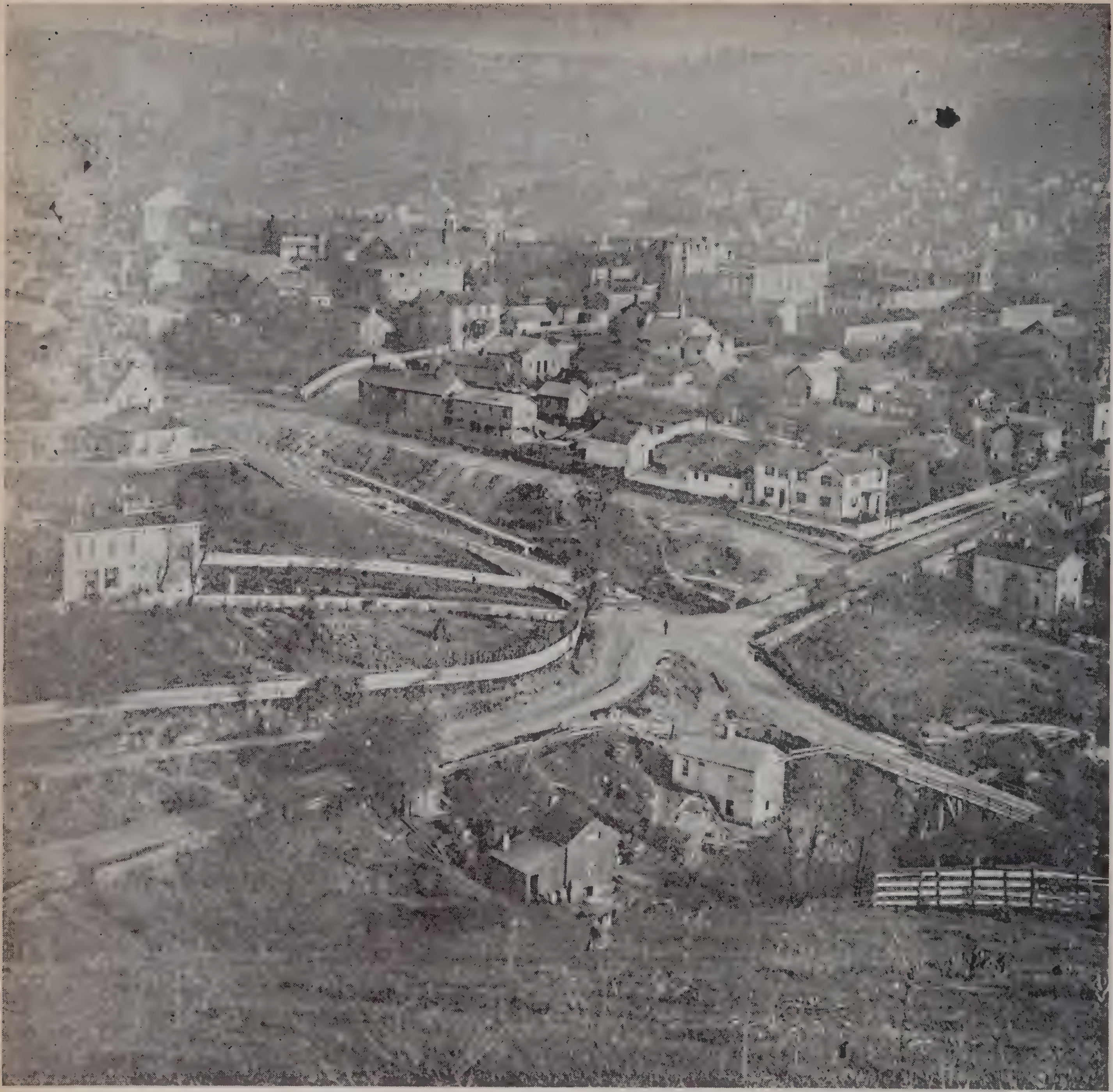
It is likely that the building was being razed in order that the proposed Watson Hotel could occupy that corner. That hostelry was the finest in Northern West Virginia when completed.

There are numerous oldtimers around here who remember the building known as the "shot tower" and a few remember the "Tower" itself which was something like a smokestack and was much higher than the building proper.

Lead in ingots or other form were carried up in buckets suspended from an endless chain which in turn was powered by a steam engine. The lead reached platforms, one higher than the other, where it was melted down in a coke-fire furnace. Shot of B to 3T sizes were made at the top floor and smaller sizes at the lower floor. In dropping the lead through the center shaft, a copper collander of about a foot in diameter was suspended over the opening and lead was ladled into it from the molten supply in the furnace.

The lead droplets so formed fell downward, shaping themselves into very near perfect spheres by the cohesive properties of the lead and the cooling effect of the air. By the time that they had somewhat hardened on their surface they hit the pool of water in a trough at the base of the tower from which they were ladled out to be sorted, graphited, polished, inspected and bagged. An estimated batch of some 25 pounds would run out at one time, this probably to keep the water from heating too much and to keep the water trough from filling up.

While the greater bulk of the shot was good, imperfect specimens were ever present and to remove these the shot was run down slabs of glass with a gap between them. Those which were perfect would leap the gap but those which were imperfect would fall into it and be returned to the furnace to be remelted. After graphiting and polishing the shot was run through "ridles" or perforated revolving cylinders which sorted it according to size.



A view from the hill overlooking the intersecton of Cleveland, Jackson and Locust. This view was taken in the 1870 to 1880 period by Mrs. Cochran's father who was an accomplished photographer. The man, standing in the forks of the road is standing in the intersection of Cleveland and Locust. The continuation of Cleveland to the left in the picture has been known as Granny's Fishers Road. The large building at the left center can be recognized as the DAV home. Many of the buildings on can be recognized as the DAV home.Former home of Judge Haymond known as "Shadyside". Many of the buildings on Adams street are still standing. (Courtesy of Mr. J. A. Cochran)

PREDICTION

By C. J. Urbaniak, President, District #31, United Mine Workers of America

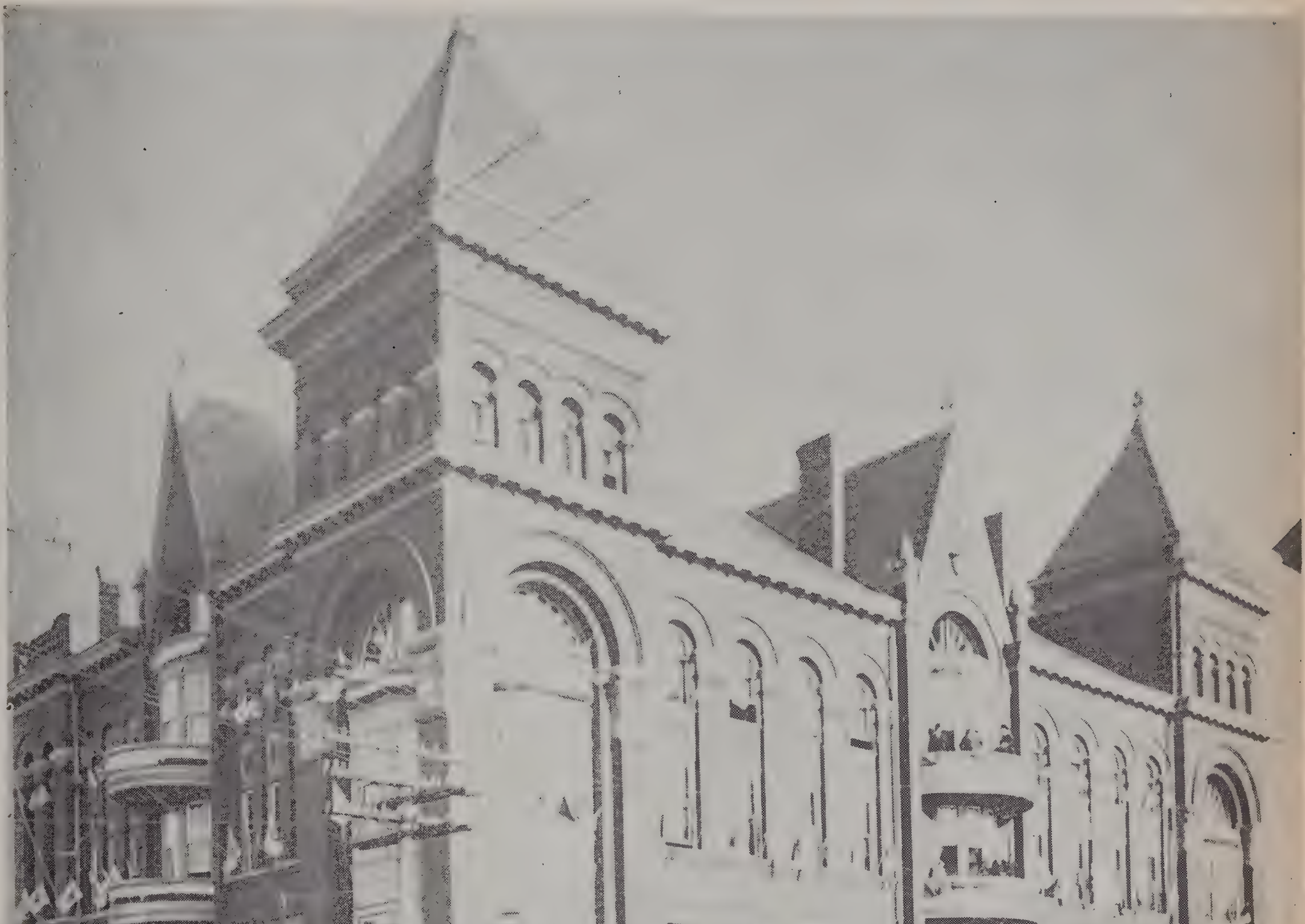
West Virginia is blessed with a concientious, competent, loyal labor force that is now enjoying the best management-labor relationship that it has in the past century. Labor and management mutually accept and respect each other's rights. This common understanding of each other's problems will help maintain a desirable economic condition between employer and employee.

The coal mining industry will hold its rightful importance in the economy and progress of this State. Coal companies and railroads have made some substantial investments in production, preparation, sales and transportation of coal to the consumer.

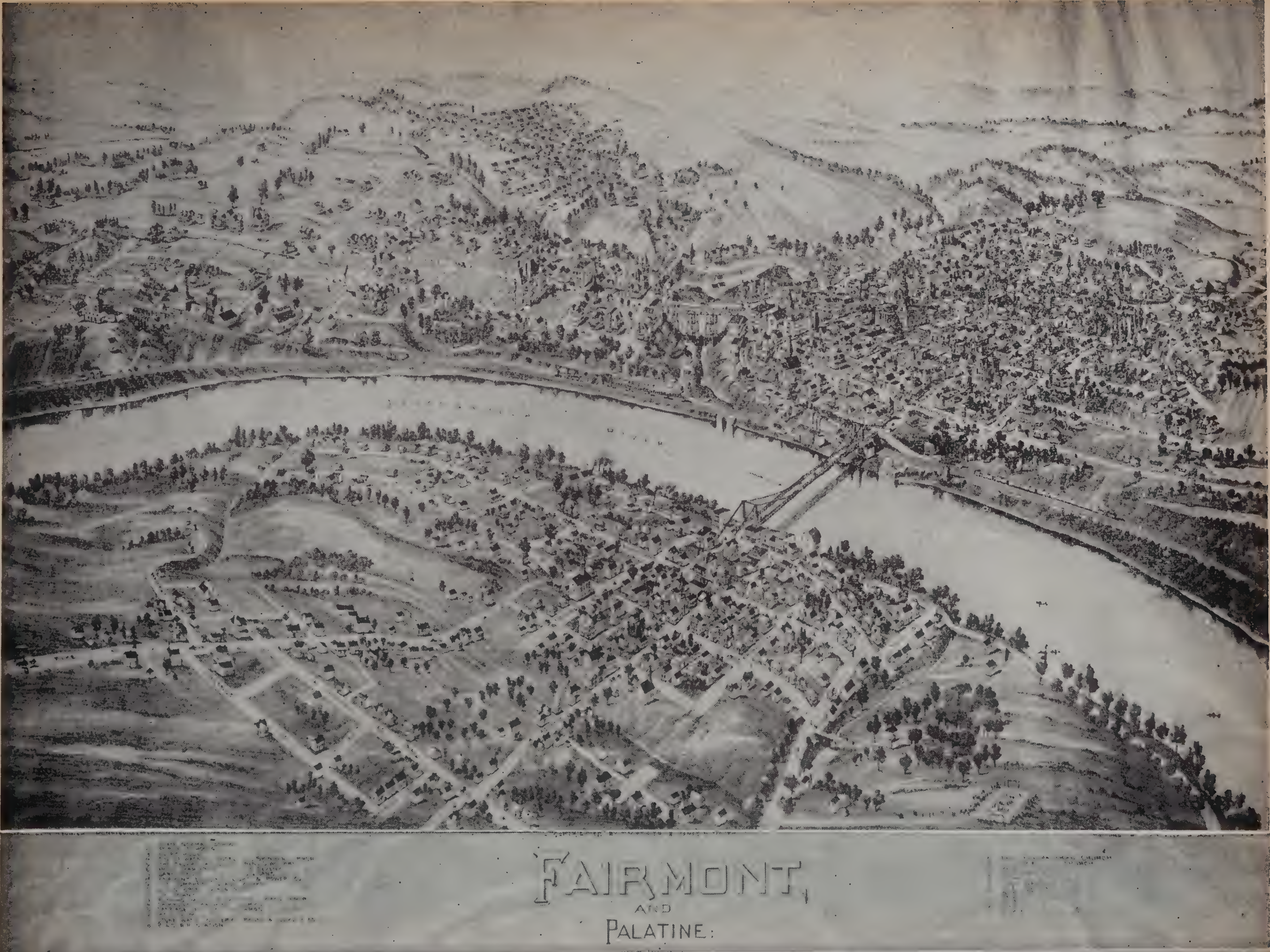
West Virginians well realize that if their State is to improve its statistical status, impetus toward this endeavor must come from within.

The Interstate Highway System will be a tremendous future boost toward the encouragement of new industries into the State as well attract tourist trade beyond the State's fondest dreams.

The people of West Virginia have it; they will put it to work and progress with it during the next century.



The Watson Hotel was opened in 1894 and razed in 1956. It was located one block from the first commercial bituminous coal mine west of the Allegheny Mountains. It was also one block from the first railroad built through this area and an equal distance from the suspension bridge across the Monongahela River. The area, the corner of Adams and Madison streets is now a parking lot. – Photo from the Marion County Historical Society donated by Mrs. C. C. Hinkle.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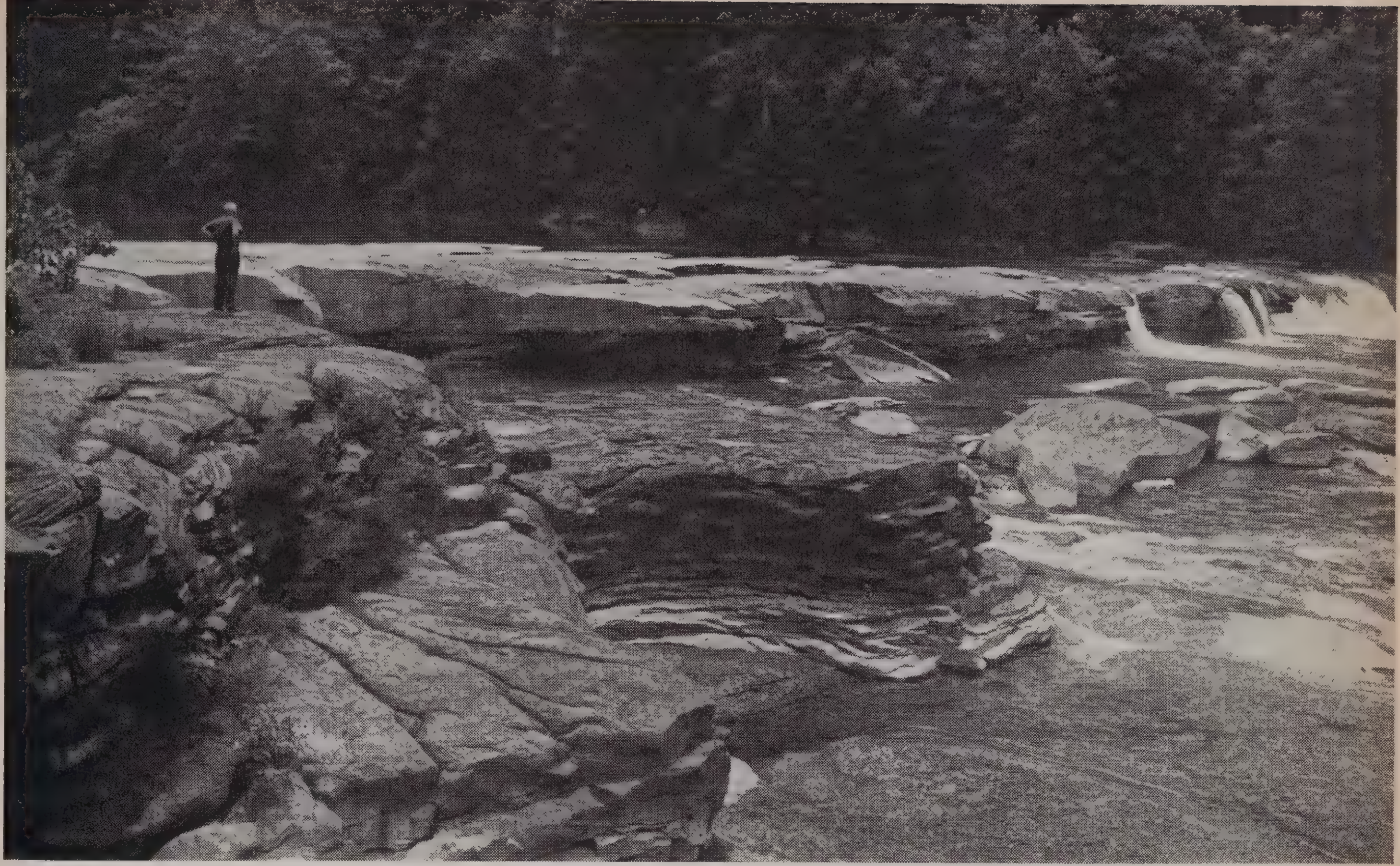


Valley Falls – One of the Scenic Spots of Marion

Fairmont Times—August 13, 1951

Valley Falls once was a vital shipping center on the western terminus of the first trans-Allegheny railroad. A century ago, it was a thriving milling and fur-trading town, seemingly destined to become one of West Virginia's larger cities.

In the early 1880's it was reported to have over 100 houses and business buildings strung along the banks of the Tygarts Valley river. The town's streets teemed with traders, lumbermen, railroaders and mill workers.

Valley Fall's industries were feed, flour, planing and saw mills, furniture and tool factories, and a flourishing "coffin business."

The two-story "Valley Falls hotel" boasted 18 rooms. The railroad constructed worker's cabins along the right of way. Restaurants, boarding houses, saloons and service shops lined its main street.

Discovery of Valley Falls is indefinite, but it's recorded that a settler named Robert Nuzum built a cabin two miles below the falls in 1775. It was included as "the Great Falls of the Tygarts Valley River" in a land grant signed by Patrick Henry in 1784.

When the Baltimore and Ohio railroad reached this area in 1852, the town became an important shipping point and large companies sent agents here to trade furs with the Cherokee Indians.

As building became a vital factor in this region's progress, the lumbering industry increased tremendously. By 1885, timber in the Valley Falls section was cut over, so operations were pushed farther up the valley towards what is now Grafton. Soon business dwindled in Valley Falls. A fire destroyed several of its larger buildings, which were never rebuilt.

In the Spring of 1888, over 3,000,000 saw logs were boomed across the river above Valley Falls. This giant timber raft was held in check by strands of cable and chains stretched from bank to bank.

A sudden rise of water one day created such an enormous pressure against the boom that its restraining cables snapped like twine. The unleased log boom swept unhesitatingly down the Valley with an enormous roar, destroying houses, barns, bridges, mills and every other obstacle in its path. There is no accurate accounting of the damage this man-made flood caused, but it ended the existance of Valley Falls as a community. With the turn of the century, only a few rotting buildings remained of the once prosperous frontier town.

Today Valley Falls is the place name for a spectacular series of foaming falls and rapids at the head of a two-mile long canyon near the Taylor-Marion county boundary line.

Thousands of gallons of water pour daily over the two main falls, which drop seventy feet in two short stages. The plunging waters send up a steady roar which can be heard long before the visitors nears the river banks.

Do you remember when Mabel Normand appeared in a motion picture taken partly at Valley Falls?

The Times of this date of 1918 comments upon this in these terms:

"Recently a moving picture company staged a picture at Valley Falls. One of America's noted swimmers and divers had one of the principal parts and did some fancy diving from the edge of the falls into the deep pool below. Mabel Normand, a prominent screen artist, was also working in the picture. A log cabin was built on one shore on a rocky eminence near the lower falls and this building is now used as a dressing house for bathers. The picture, displayed in many parts of the country has added interest to the falls."

The Times commented upon the dangers of swimming at Valley Falls:

"But despite its wild beauty and the ideal bathing just above the upper falls, danger lurks for the inexperienced and unwary swimmer in the pool at the lower falls. A strong undercurrent with eddying cross currents is experienced in this pool.

Mabel Normand paid a visit to Clarksburg while engaged on this picture and made a personal appearance on the stage at Moore's opera house, being introduced to the audience and making a few remarks.—**E. E. Meredith**

Growth of the Churches

METHODIST

Methodism was introduced into the upper Monongahela Valley as early as 1790. The Reverend Henry Smith, of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recorded in his "Recollection of an Old Itinerant" the following: "At the Conference in 1794 I was appointed to what was called the Clarksburg Circuit, on the Monongahela." The Circuit was made up of Churches from Martin's Church (now Fort Martin Church) in Monongalia County to Buckhannon.

The home of Thomas Barns, located at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, was the first preaching place for Methodists in what is now Marion County. Another of the early Methodist Societies was formed in the home of the Reverend Thomas Haymond, in what is now East Fairmont, on the spot where the Kettering Bakery is presently located.

Prior to 1800, several Methodist Churches had been formed in what is now the Mannington District of Marion County. Shortly after 1800, Methodist Churches began to be formed in other sections of Marion County, this section being a part of Monongalia County, until the formation of Marion County in 1842.

In 1828 the movement began by interested and dedicated laymen, motivated by an insistence on more adequate Lay representation, which resulted in the formation of the Methodist Protestant Church.

In 1844 there was another division, the cause being construed by some as being the question of slavery, by others as constitutional issues over the powers of the General Conference versus the Episcopacy, resulting in the formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

On May 10th, 1939, at Kansas City, Missouri, a plan of Union was agreed upon that resulted in the uniting of these three branches of Methodism into what is now known as The Methodist Church. After the historic Kansas City meeting, the work of actually uniting the churches into Annual Conferences remained yet to be accomplished. On September 8th, 1939, the three branches of Methodism in West Virginia held separate Annual Conferences in the City of Fairmont, the Methodist Episcopal Church meeting in what is now First Methodist Church, the Methodist Protestant Church meeting in what is now Methodist Temple, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, meeting in what is now Central Methodist Church. Later in the week the actual merger of these three Methodist Churches in West Virginia became a reality in a historic service held in what is now the First Methodist Church. Bishop Leonard presided over the first session of the united Conference.

From the very beginning Methodism has been strong in Marion County. Even before church buildings were erected, services were held; sometimes they were held in homes of members and at other times in Camp Meetings. Eight such Camp Meetings were held at one time in the Monongahela Valley. Here the worshippers camped under the trees of the forest and listened to the evangelists.

Many outstanding West Virginia leaders, past and present, have been Methodists. Francis H. Pierpoint was a loyal Methodist as was the first Governor A. I. Boreman. One of the Methodist Ministers about the time of the Civil War was the Reverend J. B. Feather. His daughter, Virginia, still lives at Kingwood, West Virginia, and will be 105 years of age on May 28th, 1963, this centennial year. Several Methodist Ministers served in the Wheeling Convention in 1861 from Marion County. Waitman T. Willey of Marion County, Senator of the reorganized government and who had much to do with the formation of the State, was a Methodist Sunday School Superintendent.

In March, 1863, the Annual Methodist Conference was held at Fairmont. At that Conference a biography was read for Gordon Battelle, who died as a Chaplain in the Union Army. He was an influential member of the Wheeling Convention. Resolutions of the Conference at Fairmont were as follows: "Our confidence in President Lincoln and his Cabinet is undiminished and we fully believe that under God true patriotism will finally triumph, the Union be preserved, peace restored, traitors punished, and 35 stars grace the blue field of our national flag which shall forever wave in triumph over our redeemed nation; that the war waged by the South is wicked, cruel and unjust; and that we tender to the President of the United States our prayers and support in every lawful way by which we can aid him in suppressing the wicked rebellion."

At present there are 68 Methodist Churches in Marion County. These churches are distributed over 24 Pastoral Charges served by 25 Ministers. The total membership of these churches is 10,374 persons. Marion County Methodism is a part of the Fairmont District of the West Virginia Annual Conference. Bishop Fred G. Holloway, Charleston, West Virginia is the Bishop of the West Virginia Conference and Doctor Walter S. Overstreet is the Superintendent of the Fairmont District.

CHRISTIAN

A half century before West Virginia became a state the largest religious body to have its origin on American soil had begun in the work of Barton Stone in Western Kentucky and Thomas and Alexander Campbell in western Pennsylvania and northwestern Virginia. Today there are over 4,000,000 persons who belong to this religious stream. In Marion county the oldest Christian Church (Disciples) is the Worthington Christian Church which was founded April 25, 1858 by evangelist Finley Oakes. William Perry Fortney was one of the early pastors. They are presently meeting in the original building. The Central Christian Church of Fairmont was formally organized on October 15, 1893. Their original building was on Church Street and is now occupied by the J. H. Snider Furniture Store. The present building on Walnut and 2nd Street was dedicated in 1916. The Mannington Christian Church was organized on June 2, 1903 by A. Linkletter, State Secretary of the West Virginia Christian Missionary Society and by the Rev. J. B. Smith of Moundsville. The present building was dedicated in 1905.

The Worthington Church now has 73 resident members, the Mannington Church 120, and the Fairmont Church 404.

E.U.B.

The Rivesville Circuit of E.U.B. Church includes three churches with a total membership of 331 in the three churches.

Montana E.U.B. Church was organized in 1896 by a layman, John Freeman, who was a Civil War veteran. He was the first Sunday School Superintendent and organized the first class. The church was then United Brethren (Union with Evangelical church came in 1946). One of the first pastors was Rev. Hezekiah K. Ash, who ran a store and led the congregation in preaching services which were held in a school house until the church was built. Miss Eunice Freeman was also active in Sunday School work for 22 years, retiring in 1957 due to ill health. Montana E.U.B. Church has 47 members.

White Rock E.U.B. Church was organized in 1908, (then United Brethren) meeting in a school house until church was built in August, 1911. Rev. Blackburn Hall was the first pastor. White Rock now has 123 members.

Rivesville E.U.B. Church was organized in 1922. Charter members were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hamrick, Mr. and Mrs. George Hamrick, Miss Lulu Hamrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harless. Rev. W. G. Ware was Conference Superintendent and Rev. F. E. Bauman the first pastor. Rivesville E.U.B. Church has 161 members presently.

The first class of the Fairmont United Brethren Church was organized in October, 1919, in the K. of P. Hall, under leadership of Rev. W. G. Ware. There were 19 members: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. N .S. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Campbell, Mr. Neil Sherwood, Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Ware, Miss Thelma Ware, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Bennett, Dana Bennett, Mr. R. E. Mason, Mr. L. G. Gainer, Mr. Burr Thompson, Mr. J. A. Wright, Miss Mollie Huffman and Mr. L. L. Cook.

After union with Evangelical Church in 1946 this became First Evangelical United Brethren Church. First Chapel (later to become a parsonage and now the Parish House) was built in 1920. In May, 1925, the cornerstone of the present Church building was laid. In May, 1951, a new parsonage was begun and completed in March, 1952. Fairmont First E.U.B. Church has 600 members.

The Mannington E.U.B. Circuit includes 3 churches with a total membership of 161: Mannington E.U.B. Church, 65 members; Flaggy Meadow, 36 members; and Bee Gum Church, 60 members.

CATHOLIC

The Catholic churches of Marion County can tie their origin very closely to the coming of industry to this area. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad brought the Irish, the coal industry attracted the Italians and Poles, and the glass industry drew western Europeans, notably the Belgians and French.

St. Peter's of Fairmont, first of the county's Catholic parishes, traces its beginning to about 1852 when the B. & O. completed its lines into the town, bringing with it many Irish laborers, and it was only a few years later that St. Patrick's, in Mannington had its beginning from the same source —Irish Catholics "fresh from the bogs of Connaught and the lakes of Killarney."

Monongah had its first Catholic church in 1893, named for St. Anthony but generally known as the "Irish Catholic Church." Most of the Catholics of old Monongah were Irish and even before the church was established, Sunday mass was being offered in the home of the James McKain family. That was in 1891.

The rapid growth of the county's foreign language Catholics in the second half of the 1800's resulted in the establishment of churches for the nationalities. In 1904, St. Stanislaus church was built in Monongah to serve a large Polish population. A year later, the first Italian Catholic church was built in Monongah. Now known as Our Lady of Pompeii, it was dedicated as "Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary of the Vale of Pompeii." The two churches still serving Monongah have had their share of trouble and sorrow. The mine explosion of 1907 wiped out large segments of the two congregations. Our Lady of Pompeii church alone lost 171 men from its flock. Another casualty was the Verdi Brass Band, a famous troupe that often paraded through the streets of the town under the baton of Prof. Raymond Verdi. The band was practically wiped out by the mine disaster and Prof. Verdi, brokenhearted, returned to Italy. In the spring of 1913, St. Stanislaus church was destroyed by fire. A year later the present brick structure known as the church of St. Stanislaus Kostka was completed.

Other parishes were established after the turn of the century. Grant Town, which had been a mission church of St. Peter's parish, was founded as a parish of its own in 1907. Rivesville still is a mission, served by the Grant Town Parish. St. Joseph's, in Fairmont, was established in 1909 to serve the city's growing Italian population and two years later St. Anthony's was established at Watson, a mission of St. Joseph's. A second mission church was the Immaculate Conception, built in 1931.

The original St. Joseph's was destroyed by fire in 1947 and the present-day church took its place in 1949. In 1960 a new Immaculate Conception church was completed on the East Side, Fairmont.

Carolina, now a mission church of St. Patrick's, Mannnington, formerly was a mission served by Monongah. St. Peter's of Farmington, established as a parish in 1921, had previously been a mission church, served by St. Peter's of Fairmont and St. Patrick's of Mannington.

Today, there are nearly 5,000 of the Catholic faith in Marion County, a far cry from the 1840's when a priest from Pittsburgh would come in on occasion to serve the few families scattered up and down the Monongahela.

St. Peter's, in Fairmont, naturally has the largest congregation and its pastor, Msgr. Martin J. Egan, is dean over all of the Catholic churches in the county. It is also the oldest of the county's parishes.

The parish books of St. Peter's open with a baptismal entry of January 1, 1873, but long before that Fairmont had a Catholic church. In 1853 Father James Cunningham, newly ordained, was appointed to take care of what were then called the B. & O. missions. He took up residence in Grafton and served Fairmont from there. In May, 1856, the cornerstone was laid for the first St. Peter's, at the corner of Jackson and Madison streets where the present church now stands, and it was dedicated a year later.

One of the church's most colorful figures came to Fairmont as pastor of St. Peter's in July, 1897. The Very Rev. Arsenius Boutlou, a native of France, presided over the Fairmont parish until his death in 1921 and in that period he proved himself a builder. Within a month after his arrival here he procured a piece of property next to the original church and plans were started for a new church. The cornerstone of the present St. Peter's was laid in 1902. The church was dedicated in 1904. On January 4, 1913, the parochial grade school opened its doors to its first pupils.

Fatther Boutlou endeared himself to many Fairmonters, irrespective of religious beliefs. He was deeply interested in botany, and many of the townspeople would visit his flower gardens at the rectory where he would describe the flowers by their botanical names and describe their origins. He often took pupils of the school on hikes into the woods to study wildflowers and plants.

Father Boutlou's successor was Father Patrick J. Gilsenan, who continued the building program, adding the high school in 1922 and also built the present rectory next door to the church. His pastorate ended with his death in 1935. His place was filled by Father Matthew Busheit, who served the parish until his death in 1947. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Martin J. Egan was appointed to St. Peter's in February, 1947. Under his direction, numerous improvements to the church and schools have been accomplished and the congregation has experienced its most notable growth.

Father Arsenius Boutlou, third pastor of St. Peters Catholic Church in Fairmont and builder of the present church and parochial grade school, with a group of his altar boys around the turn of the century. Left to right: Augustine Burke, Frank Haymond (presently a member of the West Virginia Supreme Court) John Mulvehill and the widely-known Clarence("Skinner") Lee.

JEWISH

By Max Levine

When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad began to expand to the banks of the Ohio River, and direct lines began to cross the State of Virginia in the 1840's, cutting through the mountains into Grafton, Clarksburg and Fairmont, Jewish men began to appear in these vicinities.

They came primarily from Baltimore with assorted goods which they sold from a wagon through the city and country side. Later some of the men settled down and brought their families here to live and make homes. But the numbers were few. With the passing of the Civil War many families had settled in this area. They were primarily in the mercantile trade, and when the coal and oil fields began to thrive quite a few made permanent homes here. One man, Max Jaffe, helped develop the gas and oil wells in Mannington where he lived. Later he went to the Texas oil fields where he became a prominent and rich man around Dallas, until his death about ten years ago.

By the early 1900's many Jewish families were living in Fairmont, and before the first World War a large Jewish community existed here. Most were still in the mercantile trade, with a few speculating in the coal, oil and gas business. Between the First and Second World Wars many families were an integrated part of the local community life and business. Lawrence M. Brile came here in 1923 as president of the Fairmont Aluminum Company and helped develop it into a vital Fairmont industry. Simon D. Goodman ran a large store on Adams street, and was among the first to build the Marion county tuberculosis association, and for many years later, until his death, was director of it. Many prominent Jewish merchants helped build the Elks Club, and other civic organizations. P. P. Lipson opened a jewelry store in 1905 and is still in business. In the last forty years the Jewish residents of Fairmont had entered into many fields of endeavor including medicine, teaching and law.

Many of the Fairmont Jewish young men saw service in the first World War, an it is a significant fact that ninety-eight per cent of all the eligible Jewish men entered into the armed forces during the second World War.

In 1947 the Jewish people built the Fairmont Jewish Community Center at the corner of Gaston avenue and Fourth street, and one young rabbi who became very popular with the entire city of Fairmant was Harold A. Friedman, who served as rabbi for four years. At present there are forty Jewish families, and are intermixed into the life blood of Fairmont in medicine, law, insurance, commerce and real estate.

The Jewish Center houses a chapel seating about 120 people, class rooms for Sunday school, and on the second floor there is a large social hall as well as meeting rooms. Fairmont has a lodge chapter of the international order of B'nia B'rith, and a temple sisterhood.

Jewish Center built in 1947.

CHURCHES

EPISCOPAL

The first service in the parish was held in the home of Mrs. James Greene Watson at Pine Grove near Smithtown in June, 1835, by Bishop Meade of Virginina.

The first service with sermon at Christ Church, Fairmont, was held by the Rt. Rev. J. Johns, assistant bishop of Virginia, in September, 1851. The Bishop was accompanied by The Rev. Mr. Thompkins.

In 1852, Bishop Meade brought the first rector to Fairmont, The Rev. R. A. Castleman. Mr. Castleman preached once a month (he rode horseback; this form of transportation being used until 1875). The church was an old frame structure on Washington Street, and in 1854, it was purchased from the Method- improvements and repairs. It remained the Episcopal Church in Fairmont until 1879. The Rev. Castleman resigned in 1856.

The Rev. George A. Gibbons came to Fairmont and took charge on October 21, 1865, as rector and stayed until 1875.

The first services were held in a new brick church on August 2, 1880. This church is located on Washington Street and is now used by the Church of Christ.

In 1899, the Rt. Rev. Charles C. Penick, D.D. who was missionary bishop to Africa, came to Fairmont and remained until October, 1904.

In 1905 the Rev. Morton A. Barnes took charge on April 8th. The Woman's guild was formed.

The Rev. Ambrose H. Bevin came to Fairmont on January 2, 1909. He resigned May 26, 1916, to accept a call at Emmanuel Parish at Cumberland, Md.

The Rev. Charles Baird Mitchell became rector on Thanksgiving Day 1916, and remained until 1920. Mr. Mitchell married Virginia Fleming, daughter of A. B. Fleming.

The Rev. Emory Shaler Towson was rector from 1920 until 1924. On May 19, 1923, the Rev. R. E. L. Strider was elected Bishop Coadjutor in the Diocese of W. Va. at the Annual Diocesan Council Meeting, which in 1923 was held in Fairmont.

On September 1, 1925, the Rev. Robert Stanley Lambert came from Pittsburgh to Fairmont as rector. He had a great deal of enthusiasm and succeeded in building the present parish house and gymnasium, the corner stone being laid by Bishop Strider on October 24, 1926.

The present church was constructed during the rectorship of F. Graham Luckenbill and dedicated by Bishop W. C. Campbell, bishop of West Virginia on July 5, 1951. It was consecrated July 8, 1956 in the rectorship of the Rev. Robert P. Atkinson. The present rector is the Rev. Thomas C. Seitz coming to Christ Church on February 1, 1959.

LUTHERAN

With the southward flow of German immigrants from Pennslyvania into the valley of Virginia during Colonial times came the establishment of the first Lutheran church in the area now known as West Virginia.

The first church was at Mecklenburg, now known as Shepherdstown, in 1765. It was soon followed by others: Pendleton county, 1769, Martinsburg, in 1775; and Salem, now known as Aurora, in Preston county in 1787.

Under the Old Dominion, missionary activity suffered from a lack of manpower. After 1863 missionary enterprises from the Maryland Synod on the East, the Pittsburgh Synod on the North, and the joint Synod of Ohio on the West, as well as the Virginia and Southwest Virginia synods to the South and East, ushered in a new period of activity. This eventually led to the birth of the West Virginia Synod in 1912.

Early in 1903 Mrs. Amelia Stanhagan, having moved here from Newburg with her husband and three sons, gathered together a few Lutheran families and organized a Sunday School which she conducted in the old Normal School Building at the corner of Quincy and Adams Street.

Later, for a short time, the meetings were in a room over what is now the H & H drug store at the corner of Adams and Jefferson streets. The Rev. J. A. Boord, then pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church in Morgantown, would conduct services from time to time.

The first congregation was organized on Easter Sunday, April 3, 1904, when 35 Lutherans met. A constitution was adopted and Grace Evangelical Lutheran church was formed.

The first church building at Third and Gaston Avenues is still the place of worship for Lutherans in Marion county. Purchase of the lot was in 1906 and the building was dedicated May 16, 1910. An education section of the church was added several years ago.

Pastors serving the Lutherans in Marion county have been: Rev. T. B. Yeakley, missionary pastor in 1904; Rev. J. J. Scherer, Jr., 1904 to 1906; Rev. A. G. Null, 1907 ato 1908; Rev. L. K. Probst, D.D., 1909 to 1915; Rev. Howard A. Kunkle, 1916 to 1917; Rev. Roy J. Meyer, 1918 to 1923 and William P. Cline, 1923 to 1934.

The present pastor, Harold L. Hann, came to the Lutheran congregation in 1934 and has become the Dean of the Clergy of Marion county—being the oldest, in point of service, of the ministers in the county.

PRESBYTERIAN

Following 1765, Presbyterian settlers came into the area at the head of the Monongahela river.

The First Presbyterian Church of Fairmont had its beginning in 1785 when Thomas and Nathan Hall settled here. The first meetings were held in the homes of settlers for the purpose of studying the Bible and teaching the unschooled to read.

In 1815, the First Presbyterian Church of Middletown, Virginia, now Fairmont, West Virginia, was organized under the authority of Redstone Presbytery (Pa.), in the home of Asa Hall. The first session was composed of Elders Boaz Fleming, Jordan Hall and Thomas Hall.

The church has had four buildings. The first was a one story building of rough hewn lumber erected in 1821. It was located directly across from the present court house. It had two doors, one for the men and one for the women.

The second was a two story brick, built in 1852. The first floor was used for a church; the second for a school and Masonic lodge.

The third, a red brick building, was erected in 1878 on the site of the present church.

In 1916 the present church was built and was remodeled in 1958.

Several missionaries have gone out from the congregation to serve Christ at home and abroad. They are Mrs. Amanda Reed McFarland, Miss Hildra Hellstrom, Miss Clara Lloyd, Mrs. Marion J. Brooks, Reverend Lorentz Emery and his brother the Reverend James Emery.

Among the twenty-eight ministers who have served the congregation since its beginning are Cyrus Bristol, the first installed minister, L. B. Barr, Herman G. Stoetzer who served for 25 years, George E. Bevans, James Chestnut, David K. Allen, and Frank C. Marvin, Jr., the present pastor. Others who have served the church in its ministry have been Miss Emma Post, Miss Bessie Loomis, Miss Eleanor Lapsley, Mrs. H. E. Troxell, and Mrs. Stuart Wallace.

The present membership is 1140.

CHURCHES

FLEMING CHAPEL

In 1896, according to Dr. H. G. Stoetzer, two members of the First Presbyterian Church, Mr. Walter Barnes and Mr. Frank Stuart, came and helped to start to work at Fleming, and several years later Fleming Chapel was organized.

According to Rev. Bristol's session records Joshua Hart and his wife, Rachel, from Uniontown, were received into the Presbyterian church and later dismissed to the Presbyterian church in Pittsburgh. Their daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hayes of Pittsburgh, later donated funds to build Fleming Chapel in memory of her mother, Rachel Fleming Hart, who was born near the present site of the church on grounds formerly owned by Nathan Fleming and donated by the Flemings. Mrs. Hayes' grandparents, Nathan and Lydia Russum Fleming are buried in the cemetery beside the church.

Originally Mrs. Hayes wished to have a monument erected in honor of the Flemings, but Reverend Barr, pastor of the First church at the time, with others, persuaded her to build a church as a monument.

In 1893-1894 a church was built, but Mrs. Hayes did not like it as the windows were too large and the roof too heavy necessitating the installation of iron rods to prevent the walls from spreading and the roof from falling in. She had the original church torn down and the present brick structure built in its place. Mrs. Hayes also left a bequest of $2,000 the interest of which was to be devoted to the aid of Fleming Chapel.

Aretus Brooks Fleming, a Governor of West Virginia, left a bequest of $1,000, the income derived to be devoted to the support of Fleming Chapel.

During the years from 1897 to 1912 the church was a mission church of the First Presbyterian Church in Fairmont. Reverend Barr preached at the First Church in the morning and at Fleming Chapel in the evening.

On September 1, 1927, the church was declared self-supporting and the property was deeded, July 2, 1928, to the Trustees of the Fleming Memorial Presbyterian Church.

With the merger of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. with the United Presbyterian Church, May 28, 1958, the name was changed to Fleming Memorial United Presbyterian Church.

THE MONUMENTAL METHODIST CHURCH

"October 16, 1843: Minutes of a meeting. A no. of the citizens of Finches Run held in Pricketts school house for the purpose of organizing a Sabbath at this place for the benefit of this neighborhood and after a short address upon the subject and some consultation, it was motion resolved that we form ourselves into a Sunday School auxillary auxillary to the S. S. Union of the M. E. Church and the following Constitution was read and after, it was read and examined and unanimously adopted.—George Evans"

This is a copy of a paper found in a record book of the Monumental Sunday School.

"Henry Prickett, who was a tanner by trade, later became the first preacher after the church was built. A majority of the supplies for the building were hauled in by teams of oxen. The classes were divided into male and female and studied entirely frim the Bible. A penny collection was taken every Sunday and when equipment was needed a special collection was taken. Records of Moonlight Festivals. sometimes running two or three evenings, and 4th of July Festivals, held to raise money. are also in this book.

BARRACKVILLE METHODIST CHURCH

The original stone church was built in 1855. Land, where the church and parsonage are built, was given by William B. Ice. Stone was hauled to the site and grading was done by oxen. Water was carried for the workers from across Buffalo Creek through the covered bridge which had been erected in 1852. L. L. Rennel was the church builder. The first "Sabbath School Society" was organized in July 1855 with six members present. John Barrack, for whom Barrackville was named, was present. Mr. Barrack was named assistant superintendent. Meetings were held only in the summer months with reorganization each year. Many prominent Marion County names are on the register.

CHURCHES

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN

Mannington, West Virginia

The First Presbyterian Church, Mannington, W. Va., is of the United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. denomination, in the Grafton Presbytery and the Synod of West Virginia. Officially organized as a Presbyterian Church in October 1873, the Congregation purchased a frame church building from the Methodist Episcopal South Church the same month. The building was located on Clarksburg Street on the site of the building now owned by Branson Morris. The Presbyterian Church trustees at the time of the purchase of the church building were James B. Marr, Joseph Dancer, and Franklin Burt.

In 1903 a new church building, of modified Gothic architectural design, was begun. A frame building, faced with Indiana red limestone, and having three large beautiful stained glass windows in the section housing the sanctuary, was completed in 1905, and has been the home of the Church since then.

In the nearly 90 years history of the Church there have been thirteen ministers. Dr. George McPherson Hunter, who retired in 1959 as the minister of the Church when he was well over 90 years of age, had the longest pastorate of any of the ministers, a pastorate of 30 years. Dr. Arthur C. Prichard the present minister, was born across the street from the Church and grew up as a member of the congregation.

BAPTIST

The first Baptist Church of Fairmont was organized as a Sunday School in the home of Mrs. A. J. Stone, a devoted Christian who has been rightly called the first Mother of the Church. It has been said that the organization of the Church on May 4, 1893, was the result of her untiring efforts.

The first baptisms for membership in the Church were made in the Monongahela River in 1894—the year of the laying of the cornerstone of the first structure to be erected. The Church has grown through the years from a handful of members to an active membership of close to 1000. On October 9, 1953, the cornerstone of the beautiful new church on Fairmont Avenue and Ninth Street was laid with the Services of Dedication being held September 19, 1954. Occupying one of the finest sites in West Virginia at a cost of close to a half million dollars, this Church has already outgrown its facilities.

In its over sixty years of service to God and the community it has been served by distinguished pastors known and loved across the State—including the Rev. W. J. Eddy, Dr. Hugh D. Pickett, long time Executive Secretary of the West Virginia Baptist Convention, The Rev. J. Edwin Ring and The Rev. M. C. Johns, under whose ministry the new church was built. The present minister, Dr. E. J. Dreisinger has been pastor of the Church for the past 5 years and to this growing congregation has been added over 200 members in his short pastorate.

A conference to organize a new Baptist Association from churches in the Union, Goshen and Judson Association was held in the First Baptist Church of Fairmont, Sunday, May 23, 1921.

The object of the Association as set forth in the first constitution is to "cultivate fraternal feeling, sound doctrine, mutual cooperation among the churches in all the interests of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ". The constitution further states "This Association fully recognizes the independence and equal rights of the churches, and shall only act as an advisory body, exercising no more control over the churches than the right to inquire into their condition, to advise them, and to withdraw fellowship from such as may be corrupt in doctrine or practice."

The following churches and Pastors are members of the Association in 1963: The Baptist Temple, Rev. J. William Bonner; Bethesda, Rev. L. B. James; Boothsville, Rev. John W. Kyle; Bula, Rev. William Sanders; Everson, Rev. Kenneth Bonnell; First Baptist of Fairmont, Rev. E. J. Dreisinger; Harmony, Rev. Lewis McCord; First Baptist of Mannington, Rev. J. Thomas Steele; Quiet Dell, Rev. John W. Kyle; St. Paul, Rev. Baber-Morris; Union, Rev. William Sanders; West Warren, Rev. William Sanders; Willow Tree, Rev. H. O. Simmons; and Worthington, Rev. Jack Godfrey.

When the Association was organized in 1921 the churches reported a total membership of 1494, a church school enrollment of 1003, and an average attendance of 1011 per Sunday. Last year the churches of Fairmont Baptist Association reported a total of 4054 members, a church school enrollment of 1973 and an average attendance of 1360.

EARLY HISTORIES

The first history of Fairmont, designated by the name, was written by John Clark Hazlett in 1850, and placed in a piece of furniture manufactured by Issac N. Rust, of Uniontown, Pa., "by permission." In 1891 that table came into the possession of Mrs. J. W. Shannon and her son, DeForrest L. Rathbone, made a flower stand out of it. Later they moved to Mannington, taking the flower stand with them. Still later they moved to Olean, New York, and Mr. Rathbone decided to take the walnut board top along and throw the rest of the stand away. In removing the top he found a paper placed between some brackets which gave the earliest history of Fairmont extant.

In 1880 George A. Dunnington, who later became editor of The Wheeling Intelligencer, wrote a history of Marion county which was styled "History of the Progress of Marion County from its first settlement by the whites down to the Present with biographical sketches of its most prominent citizens, from notes left by Richard P. Lott." In 1918 Miss Dora Lee Newman wrote "Marion County in the Making" which covered its history up to the coming of the B & O Railroad in 1852. This book has been highly praised by educators as "a model county history." Miss Newman returned to Fairmont in recent years to make her home. In 1919 J. Walter Barnes wrote a "Historical Sketch of the City of Fairmont" which was printed by the city. Norman F. Kendall, R. Emmett Mockler and J. F. McNeely have written histories of Mannington in typewritten form.

A Marion County Historical Society was organized January 14, 1926 in commemoration of the date that the bill was passed forming the county.

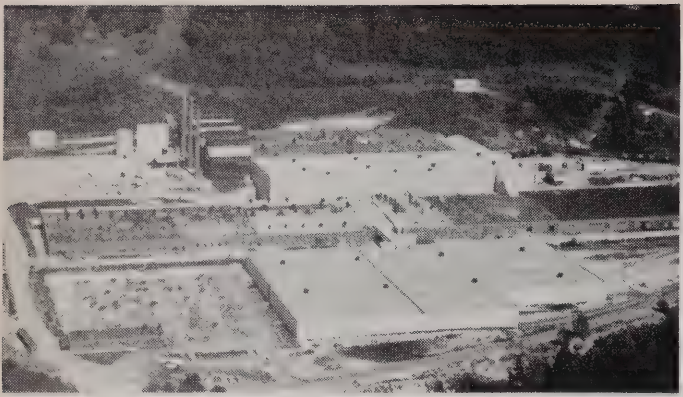
—**E. E. Meredith**

PREDICTIONS

By F. K. Webb

Works Manager, Sharon Steel, Fairmont

With resources that challenge the imagination of man, we can only think the next century will be greater than the last. While we have disposed of much of our natural resources that cannot be replaced, our progress will continue to a higher standard than we have ever known. Education and development of our people, the most valuable commodity we have, will make the difference. As long as men remain free, the road leads up the mountain. Mountaineers are always free.



Back in 1941 when the Westinghouse lamp plant was dedicated some of the most optimistic predictions called for the plant to eventually employ 1,000. Now, in 1963, it employs twice that number with a growing expansion program in progress. The latest picture of the plant is shown above.

Industry . . .

By Susan H. Hutchinson

Staff Writer For The West Virginian

One industry, almost as old as West Virginia herself and two of which were established during the last half of her first century were among those flourishing in Marion County in 1963.

The older, Helmick Foundry Co., was founded by Capt. N. D. Helmick shortly after the close of the Civil War. The first plant, burned out in 1891, was on Water Street. It was then rebuilt where an old slaughter house once stood.

After the site was purchased by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the plant moved to its present location at Eighth Street and the Belt Line. The main products of the plant are power plant, industrial and coal mining equipment. The foundry is capable of turning out castings weighing anywhere from one pound to 3000 pounds, and has turned out single castings weighing as much as 4000 pounds.

Of the 40 employees of the plant, many are sons of men who spent their working lives with Helmick Foundry. A check of employment records shows the average worker has been there for about 14 years. A legend has it that one of the first parts for the McCormick reaper was made in the old Water Street plant.

Still operated by the Helmick family, the present company recently introduced a new pump which may revolutionize the pumping of "fly ash" and subsequently replace the older and slower pumps being used in many industries today.

The Fairmont Owens-Illinois plant, a member of the large O-I family in the United States was established in Fairmont in 1910. In 1914 it became the world's first factory capable of finishing a sea of molten glass into finished bottles by a completely automatic system.

Michael J. Owens, a native West Virginian from Marion County, was the man responsible for the first fully automated glass bottle-making machine. Owens invented the automatic lehr, or annealing oven, and had it first installed here to work in unison with his automatic bottle machine.

From its first production the Fairmont plant of Owens-Illinois had the automatic bottle machine but the freshly molded glassware had to be transported by hand from the forming machine to the lehr, where the stresses and strains of the production process are removed by gradual cooling.

The local plant has always been a big producer of narrow-mouthed bottles and a great variety of other types has been added during the ensuing years.

Today's employees, numbering 1300, represent an annual payroll of over $7 million. In 1963 the Fairmont plant is working at full capacity, with a substantial backlog of orders.

The Westinghouse Electric Corp. Fairmont fluroscent lamp plant officially opened on Aug. 2, 1941, with an exhibition that typified Fairmont's sincere interest in the progress of its newest industry. Special trains and buses transported visitors to the plant three miles from the center of Fairmont on a 90-acre plot of land on the Monongahela River. An impressive float parade, the like of which has never since been seen in Fairmont, was organized reflecting the imagination and ingenuity of various local businessmen and organizations.

Westinghouse, originally employing 150 persons, today has reached a total of 2,000, with a multi-milion dollar payroll.

In 1943 a glass plant was constructed and the local plant entered into production of glass tubing. It later began the manufacture of sealed beam headlights, floodlights, other types of incandescent lamps, as well as other product lines including small motors and electric tubes.

The current modernization program makes it clearly evident that Westinghouse has placed great faith in its Fairmont lamp plant, the community, and the state of West Virginia.

Today Westinghouse is an integral part of the Fairmont area and the company relies heavily on the people of the community and its employees.

The diversified manufacturing picture in Fairmont can best be presented, however, by a roll call of those industries that are located in the country in this year of 1963.

This list compiled by the Greater Fairmont Development Association lists the major employers and number of employes, as well as the products, as of January 1, 1963, and in the approximate order of size.

Westinghouse Electric Corporation—G. E. Lambert, Mgr. Lamp Division; John Masters, Mgr. Glass Division—(2,000 employees). Glass-Fluorescent Lamps. Incandescent Lights: Showcase and Lumiline. Sealed Beam Lights: Headlights, Fog Lights, Flood and Spotlights.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company—Carl Snyder, Manager—(1,600 employees). All Glass Containers, Corrugated Boxes.

Cerro Aluminum Company—C. R. Rowe, General Manager—(400 employees). Aluminum Sheets and Coil.

Galis Electric Company—Mr. Alex Galis—(275 employees). Mine Tipples, Coal Washing Plants, Stokers.

Fairmont Box Company—Ralph H. Dollison, President—(180 employees). Corrugated Fibre Boxes.

Sharon Steel Corporation—Fairmont Coke Works; F. Kenneth Webb, Manager—(144 employees). Manufacturers of Coke and Coal By-Products, Namely: Sulphate, Tar, Benzol, Toluol, Xylol, Solvent, Phenol, Natalene, Pyridine, etc.

Industrial Contracting of Fairmont, Inc.; Arthur Lamb, Manager—(75 employees). Industrial and Mining Cars: Screening, Conveying and Loading Machinery; track equipment, Frogs, Switches, Crossovers, etc. Structural Work, Machine Work, Forging and Electric Welding: Grey Iron Castings; Castings 5 lbs. up to 3,000 lbs., practically all kinds; Furnace, Sewer, Machine Castings, etc.

Melpar-Fairmont Corporation—F. G. Edwards, Plant Manager—(45 employees). Specialized Electronic Parts.

INDUSTRY

Fischer Brothers Foundry—George A. Fischer—(34 employees). Grey Iron, Semi Steel, Alloy and Brass Castings, General Machine Castings. All Types Production Castings, Wood Pattern Making.

J & S Engineering Company—Gene Smith—(32 employees). Special Machinery built and assembled. Maintenance Service for Industry and Coal Mines. Welding and Steel Fabricating.

S. M. Kisner & Sons—W. F. Kisner—(30 employees). Sheet Metal Work; Fabricate Ventilating, Ductwork, etc.

Charles Phillips Tool Company—(25 employees), Mannington. Tools for Oil & Gas Production. General Machine Shop.

Bradshaw Hydraulic Service, Inc.—Thayer W. Bradshaw—(24 employees), Rt. 73, North. Hydraulic Pump Repairs.

West Virginia Armature Company of Fairmont—H. O. Shelor—(22 employees). Custom Built Replacement Parts, Armature & Field Coils—Specializing in Fiberglass Insulation. All types of machine work.

Electronic Control Systems, Inc.—Michael E. Basile, President—(20 employees), Westchester. Magnetic Control Systems.

Mundell Machine, Inc.—Ralph Mundell—(20 employees). Bearings, Mounts, Shafts, Gears, Precision Grinding, Millwork.

W. Va. Electric Company—M. A. McEntire—(20 employees). Electric Panel Boards, and Industrial Electric Wiring.

May Brothers—G. A. May, President—(18) employees). Cement and Cinder Blocks, Transit-Mix Concrete.

Reilly Tar & Chemical Corp.—Pete Neri—(16 employees). Coal Tar Refinery—Paving Tar, Roofing Pitch, Creosote Oil.

Barr-Thomas Lumber Company—John F. Barr—(15 ememployees). Lumber-Mill Works.

Fairmont Furniture Company—Rudolph Romberg—(15 employees). Fine Modern Furniture; Coffee tables, end tables, TV cabinets, bookcases, etc.

Hamilton Electronics Corp.—Charles M. Keyser—(15 employees). Glass Parts for the Electronics Industry.

Becker Manufacturing Company—F. P. Becker—(8 employees). Aluminum Awings, Fibre Glass Awnings, Aluminum Storm Windows and Doors, Casement Windows.

General Engineering Co. of Fairmont—Donald Tuckwiller—(7 employees). Metalizing—Electroplating.

McDougal Machine Company—Thomas F. McDougal—(7 employees). Automatic Bit Grinding Machine—Aluminum Die Casting.

Griffith & Griffith Manufacturing Co.—W. R. Griffith—(6 employees). Automative Hydraulic Brake Hoses, Carburetor Parts.

Olympic Products, Inc.—Anthony Sauro—(6 employees), Farmington. Gift Ware Items: Ice Buckets, Baby Seats.

Stone Aluminum Awning Company — Bruce Stone — (6 employees). Aluminum Awning, Fibre Glass, etc.

Tennant Electric Company—Robert H. Tennant—(6 employees), Westchester. Armature Winding.

Champion Block Company —John Mascara — (5 employees). Cement and Cinder Blocks.

Hall-Pigott Machine Shop—A. B. Hall—(5 employees). General Machine & Mill Work.

Fairmont Mattress Company—Virgil Smith, Manager—(4 employees). Mattresses, Box Springs, Beds, Cushions.

Valley Machine & Electric Shop—Eli D. Fortney—(4 employees). Iron Coal Car Cleaners—Shaker Type.

Tiano Brothers—Anthony Tiano, Leonard Tiano—(3 employees). Clay Tamping, Sand and Mine Dummies.

C & G Hydraulic Service — Charles Glaspell — (2 employees). Hydraulic Pump Repair.

Fairmont Art Glass Works — George Hentzy — (2 employees), Glass Nest Eggs.

Mountain State Artificial Limb Company—Perry E. Wilson—(2 employees). All types Artificial Limbs.

The newest product of the Owens-Illinois glass plant in Fairmont are these plastic coated glass bottles designed specifically for cosmetics and similar products .The plant has a decorating section as well as the plastic coating department to supplement the production of narrow mouthed glass bottles for products ranging from catsup, soft-drinks to beer and distilled spirits.

Aultman Pump Company—William B. Aultman—(Owner). Mining Pumps—Centrifugal and Reciprocating.

H. E. Hough (Owner), Dakota. Cement Gun (A Steel Tool to cement out caves and oil wells). Machine work.

UTILITIES COMPANIES

Monongahela Power Company—Don Potter, President—(650 employees in Marion County). Electric Utility.

C & P Telephone Company—Chris F. Gore, Commercial Manager in Fairmont—(150 employees). Communication.

Hope Natural Gas Company—Willard Ayers, Manager in Fairmont—(98 employees). Gas Utility.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co.—Harry Fischer, Agent—(275 employees).

Monongahela Railway Co.—D. D. Clowser, Agent—(15 employees).

City Lines of W. Va., Inc.—L. D. Bowman, Manager—20 employees). Bus Operations in Fairmont, Fairview and Clarksburg.

COAL PRODUCERS

Bethlehem Mines Corp., Bethlehem, Penna.
  Barrackville, No. 41, 500 employed.
  Ida May, No. 44, 560 employed.

Eastern Gass & Fuel Assn., Grant Town, W. Va., Koppers Coal Division, Koppers Building, Pittsburgh 19, Penn.
  Grant Town, Federal No. 1, 360 employed.

G. H. &. M. Coal Co., Worthington, W. Va.
  Worthington, Fortney No. 2, 15 employed.

J. & P. Coal Co., Worthington, W. Va.
  Worthington, No. 1, 9 employed.

Joanne Coal Co., 1100 Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.
  Rachel, Joanne, 300 employed.

Mountaineer Coal Co., Division of Consolidation Coal Co.,

Office at Monongah, W. Va., Box 132, Fairmont, W. Va.
  Monongah, General Office, 50 employed.
  Monongah, Central Shop, 50 employed.
  Jordan, Consol No. 93, 85 employed.
  Farmington, Consol No. 9, 155 employed.
  Fairview, Loveridge, 190 employed.
  Owings, Consol No. 32, 132 employed.
  Stringer, Williams, 110 employed.

Pitfair Coal Co., Bingamon Junction, W. Va.
  Bingamon Junction, Pitfair No. 3, 25 employed.

Rochester & Pittsburgh Coal Co., Indiana, Pa.
  Four States, O'Donnell, 210 employed.

Skyline Coal Co., R.F.D., Brigdeport, W. Va.
  Bridgeport, Skyline, 6 employed.

Grant Coal Company, Fairmont, W. Va.
  Kingmont, Kingmont, 14 employed.

GREATER FAIRMONT AND RECREATION

(From "TRAVEL WEST VIRGINIA" official publication of the West Virginia Department of Commerce)

By Joseph E. Hoffmann

"Breathes there a city with soul so dead that to itself it has not said"—to make a paraphrase—' "This is mine own, mine own country,."

No self-respecting city with the rich red blood of an active Chamber of Commerce flowing through its veins can resist such a 'center of the world' outlook—and Fairmont is no exception.

Fairmont, a city of approximately 25,000 people, is located in Marion County in the north-central section of West Virginia. To back up their Sir Walter Scott point of view toward the surrounding hills and mountains, good Fairmonters point with pride to the following facts:

Fairmonters pioneered the development of the great northern West Virginia coal fields at the turn of the 19th Century, and today Fairmont is the center of coal mining activity that produces over 30 million tons annually;

Products of Fairmont factories can be found wherever the world-wide distribution systems of American enterprise can reach—from the bottle that contains Coca-Cola to the sealed-beam headlights on a jungle jeep;

The Monongahela River begins at Fairmont, thus making Fairmont the head of navigation of the great inland waterway system that culminates when the Mississippi River flows into the Gulf of Mexico;

West Virginia's great scenic and recreation areas are within a one to three-hour drive of Fairmont. These include Blackwater Falls State Park with its spectacular gorge; the space-age telescope development at Green Bank; the 3,860-acre lake created by Tygart Dam; the ski slopes of Tucker County; and six other beautiful State parks.

In less time than it takes a New Yorker or Chicagoan to drive from one side of his city to the other, a Fairmonter can be in Morgantown for a West Virginia University basketball game, or he could be wetting his trout-fly in a cool, clear, mountain stream, or taking an underground tour through Seneca Caverns where the year round temperature is 54 degrees.

Fairmont's central location was emphasized by its early settlers who called the location "Middletown," being halfway between the towns of Morgantown and Clarksburg. The name "Fairmont" was adopted when the county of Marion was created in 1847, and Fairmont became the county seat.

Legend has it that Fairmont was founded where it is because the land was too poor and too hilly for farming. The hills and valleys made many bridges necessary, and one of Fairmont's sobriquents is "The City of Beautiful Bridges." The hollow under one of the bridges leading directly to the business section has been paved and utilized as a 500-car parking lot with an elevator, three stories high, from the lot to the bridge above. Civic boosters bill the parking lot as the world's only open air parking lot with an elevator.

Fairmont's industrial history started in the 1830's with copper factories, machine works, and mills turning out woolen products. About 1849, the approach of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad stimulated other activities in the area. Three turnpikes were opened, connecting Fairmont with eastern and western settlements. Arrival of the first steamboat, "The Globe," inaugurated navigation of the Monongahela River during high water. The town prospered as a supply base for the railroad construction crews.

In January, 1852, the railroad reached Fairmont and the town began to boom. Coal underlying the region could now be shipped profitably. As the coal industry grew, the Fairmont field became a trade name, embracing an area of several counties.

Northern West Virginia mines are tied closely to the electric industry, with most of their output going to serve the great generating station throughout the eastern part of the United States. A proposed pipeline, to carry coal to the east coast in the form of slurry, would have its origin in the Fairmont-Morgantown area, while development of extra high voltage lines to carry electricity over longer distances heralds a bright future for coal.

Fairmont enjoys industrial diversification with major plants producing glass bottles, florescent lights, quartz glass tubing, and sheet aluminum. A variety of other plants produce items ranging from cardboard boxes, mining machinery, electronic control systems, metal castings, and metallurgical coke to fine handfinished furniture and cabinets.

Since transportation has played an historial role in the development of Fairmont, it is likely that the city may be on the verge of another period of expansion. Three significate developments in transportation are now taking place-expansion of the airports in neighboring Morgantown and Bridgeport, each airport being only 20 minutes away; construction of new locks on the Monongahela River that will increase the navigable depth and the locking capacity; and the building of the first section of the North-South highway, Interstate Route 79.

The Interstate highway will provide easy access to Fairmont, but for scenic drives, the present highway system cannot be surpassed. A two or three-hour drive along the backroads will give the traveler a rich reward in the type of scenery that inspired the song, "The West Virginia Hills —How Majestic and How Grand."

In autumn, the yellow of the poplar, the orange and bright red of the maple, the green accent of the pine and spruce, and the deep red of the oak compose scenes that afford the motorist a visual thrill around every bend and curve. In the spring, dogwood, redbud, serviceberry, laurel, azalea, and rhododenden bloom in profusion.

When the leaves begin to turn, any drive from Fairmont will be a pleasant experience. Within easy driving distance are such interesting points as the colorful college towns of Philippi, Elkins, and Buckhannon; Audra State Park, where dense rhododendren thickets provide the utmost privacy for picnicking and mountain trials wind by rock-studded streams; scenic Canaan Valley, a 3,500-foot high plateau with a pollen-free atmosphere where hay fever sufferers can find relief; and Spruce Knob Lake, located near the peak of 4,860-foot Spruce Knob, highest point in the Mountain State.

Is it any wonder, then, that there are few Fairmonters "with soul so dead that to themselves they have not said— this is mine own, mine own country"—and who look upon their city with pride because of this variety of things so near to them that they can reach them in just about the same length of time it would take a metropolite to drive from one side of his city to the other?

GOV. PIERPONT

LEST WE FORGET!

Francis Harrison Pierpont, illustrious citizen of Fairmont, headed the movement which resulted in the only change made in the map of the United States as a result of the Civil War.

Elected governor of the RESTORED government of Virginia by the Wheeling convention, (receiving every one of the 77 votes of the delegates present) he was later named to fill out the unexpired term of John Letcher, governor of Virginia who had joined the Southern Confederacy, at a general election, held in May of 1862. In May of 1863 he was elected for a full term of four years beginning January 1, 1864, by the loyal voters of Virginia.

Governor Pierpont was the outstanding man in a movement having its inception at Clarksburg and its development largely at Wheeling which is to be credited with (1) shifting the scene of the Civil War from this section to eastern Virginia, (2) checking the rebellion in Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, (3) strengthening the Union sentiment in the North, (4) adding backbone to the administration at Washington, and (5) dampening the ardor of the rebels at Richmond

Governor Pierpont was never governor of West Virginia, although governor of the territory which later became West Virginia. He led movements which resulted in two state governments and ultimately in the formation of West Virginia.

Governor Pierpont "hated the institution of slavery, the intolerant spirit of pro-slavery men and their oppression," according to Frank S. Reader, a historian of his time, and became known as an abolitionist before the movement had gained much headway in Northern West Virginia. He figured in the various Wheeling conventions in an important way and was satisfactory to conflicting factions as the choice of that convention for head of the restored government and satisfactory to the loyal voters of the state at two different elections.

Governor Pierpont's greatest service to the Union cause was in mustering 19,500 men (some from Ohio and Pennsylvania, who wanted to help West Virginia), which is proved by what President Lincoln said: "We can scarce dispense with the aid of West Virginia in the struggle. Much less can we afford to have her against us in congress and in the field."

But for the action taken by Governor Pierpont and his associates the chances are that Northern West Virginia would have been the scene of the major battles of the Civil War and it is important to remember that the Baltimore & Ohio provided the means of transporting soldiers from Ohio and other states to Washington.

A. W. Campbell, editor of The Wheeling Intelligencer, the only daily paper in what is now West Virginia at the time, ranks next to Governor Pierpont in importance in this movement. Frank S. Reader quotes Governor Pierpont as saying: "The Wheeling Intelligencer, the only daily paper in the state, edited with great ability by A. W. Campbell, Esq., was a tower of strength in the movement."

Governor Pierpont was born in a log cabin, 20 feet square, at Easton in Monongalia county, (five miles from Morgantown), being a grandson of Zackquil Morgan, founder of Morgantown. When but nine months old, his parents moved to a point between the Tygart's Valley and West Fork rivers, south of Fairmont, and at that time in Harrison county. The Pierponts lived there until 1827 when the family moved to Fairmont, where Governor Pierpont resided until the last two years of his life which were spent at the home of his daughter, Anna Pierpont Siviter at Pittsburgh. He died at the age of 85. His remains were laid to rest at Woodlawn cemetery in Fairmont. His father and mother had been buried in the old cemetery just across the street.

Governor Pierpont went two and one-half miles to a log school house for four terms of three months each. From the age 13 until he was 21, he worked at his father's tannery within a stone's throw of the Newspaper building. After reaching man's estate he decided to obtain a college education. He started to walk the 180 miles to enter Allegheny college at Meadsville, Pa. He obtained a patch of ground and raised his own garden while in school there. It is said that he and Rev. Gordon Battelle (from whom Battelle district in Monongalia county was named) were roommates and lived for 45 cents per week for a time. He even mixed mortar and plaster and carried it up several flights of steps to plasterers who were fixing up the literary society halls at the school; in this way he obtained enough money to carry him through one term at college. He graduated, taught school in Mississippi and Virginia, returned to Fairmont just when the county of Marion was being formed, began the practice of law, became an "amateur" politician, was fond of making speeches, and suddenly found himself the preserver of a commonwealth and a leader in the formation of another.

Governor Pierpont was at first located at Wheeling as the head of the restored government of Virginia, but later the seat of government was removed to Alexandria, Va., and in 1865 it was again removed to Richmond, which completely restored the government of that state.

On the day that President Lincoln returned from Richmond, after its evacuation, he sent for Governor Pierpont. The governor's own recollection of this conservation follows:

"Governor," said the President, "I never told you the turning point with me in signing the bill making West Virginia a new state."

"No," replied the governor.

"Well, a great deal has been said on both sides about the constitutionality of the bill. The members of the cabinet had given me their opinions, some claiming and some denying its constitutionality. I was perplexed on the subject. On the last day I could hold the bill you sent me a telegram. Do you remember?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, when I got that telegram a new light flashed on me. I said to myself there is no constitutional question about this bill. It is purely political. We have been fighting the rebellion about two years without success. The friends of the bill say it will strengthen the Union cause and weaken the rebels. I will haggle no longer on constitutional grounds, but sign the bill on political grounds."

The telegram of Governor Pierpont to President Lincoln was dictated to A. W. Campbell, editor of The Wheeling Intelligencer, and read:

"I am in great hopes you will sign the bill to make West Virginia a new state. The loyal people of the state have their hearts set upon it. If the bill fails, God only knows the result. I fear general demoralization. I am clear; the consequences are in your hands."

When Union troops approached Fairmont for the first time in the Civil War, it was learned to the dismay of the loyal people that there was no United States flag in the village and so the good women got busy at the home of Francis Harrison Pierpont and made one under the direction of Mrs. Pierpont.

Barrackville

By Lawrence Conaway

Barrackville's first settler was William (Indian Billie) Ice who built his log residence near the location of the present High School building in 1770. The record of surveys shows that he had a track of 400 acres surveyed on both sides of Buffalo, May 28, 1785 to include his settlement, "made in the year 1770".

It is thought that his brother, John, located here shortly after as a survey was made for 400 acres to him on the 1st of June 1784.

The record of this survey shows that he had made an improvement on it in 1773.

Later John Ice was killed by the Indians, along with a Snodgrass, near Brink while trying to recover horses from the Indians. In 1796 William sold James Edgle, Anthony Mahon, Eden Bayles and Adam Ice each 100 acres of land on Buffalo Creek and recited in his deed that the land had been patented to John Ice and that "the said William Ice became heir at law to the same."

Later his three half brothers, Andrew born Oct. 16, 1757; Abraham, born Nov. 7, 1765; and David Adam, born Aug. 5, 1767 came to what is now Barrackville and patented land.

Some time between Abraham's birth 1765 and David Adam's in 1767 the family moved from the upper waters of the Potomac to the waters of the Cheat.

This record is the basis for the claim of his being the first white child born west of the Alleghenies.

Among the names of early settlers of Barrackville may be found the names of Peter Miller, Henry Hayes, Uz Barns and Peter Straight.

Barrackville was named for Henry Barrick, always spelled Barrick, who established a blacksmith shop about 1,000 feet from the iron bridge on the right side of the Barrackville to Fairview road in 1810.

There, for a period of 80 years, Henry Barrick and later his son John worked at their trade building wagons, buggies, ox yokes, shoeing horses and oxen and doing general blacksmithing. The Barricks are said to have made the bolts used in the building of the Barrackville covered bridge.

The Barrick family is of French Huguenot origin and came to America in the 1700's.

The 1790 census of Frederick Couch Maryland, lists Jacob Barrick as having four sons, namely: Henry, Isaac, George and Adam.

In 1810 Henry came to Barrackville and established the business which he conducted until his death in 1866, continued by John until 1886. Members of the family say Henry Barrick died of T.B. contacted at Camp Chase where he was interred—accused of being a southern sympathizer—during the war between the states.

According to a survey made in January, 1963, there are 521 houses within one mile of the Post Office. Also 14 trailers. Since the first of the present year there has been constructed, or in process of construction, 12 additional houses, each one costing from 12,000 to 18,000 dollars.

Barrackville is an outstanding religious community. Four faiths have church buildings, the new Church of Christ building being the most modern. Near it the stone building of the Methodist was built in 1851.

The Baptist Church is located near the Methodist while the Catholics have their building at No. 7.

Barrackville High was established in 1922 and in that time has had but three Principals; Otis Milam, Sr., 16 years; Harry Green, 3 years; Larnie P. Gump, 23 years.

The achievement of its graduates reads like an Alger story. In education Joe Freeland (Cape Canaveral); Waddron Skinner (Frostburg, Md.) (Voted the college's most outstanding teacher) Larnie Gump, Jr. (Head of Counciling Dept., Williams Tennant High School in Philadelphia) Junior Doddrell (State Department of Education, State of Virginia) Arch Ware (State Department of Education, State of Delaware) Otis Milam, Jr., Registrar, Fairmont Teachers College, David Cole (Teacher of Psychology, W.V.U.).

In medicine: Gene Ball, Tom Janickie, and Forest McDougal

In Service: Carroll Murrell, Bernard Freeland, Homer Tennant, Forest McDougal, Arthur Prunty, Edwin Heck, Calvin Conaway and John Dragoo. All received their wings. John Dragoo was lost in a bombing mission in the South Pacific.

Jim Conaway and Donald Straight are thought to be two of the three original Guadalcanal Marines from this county.

Austin Garlitz was among the first killed in the second World War.

Others from Barrackville making the supreme sacrifice in World War II were: Eugene Moore, Harry Wells, Edward Hanne, Lawrence Adams, Edward Bollinger, William Howells, Edna McQuam, Anna Grumback, and Ann Cesteric.

Among the ladies the following "stand out": Mrs. W. N. Daugherty (Georgiana Steis) Miss West Virginia 1949. Yvonne Gump had children's television programs over WTEN (Huntington) and WSAZ (Albany, N. Y.) for several years.

More recently Lorain Foster took first honor in the Elks National Youth Leadership Contest. Another lady, a Mrs. Arnett, is said to have served as Postmistress at Barrackville in the 1860's being commissioned by President Lincoln.

Among present county officers: The sheriff, the President of the Marion County Board of Education and one of the three members of the House of Delegates are graduates of Barrackville High.

Five of the eight houses on Pike Street between the Post Office and the covered bridge are over 100 years old. In the town at least 12 houses are more than 100 years old.

Three former residents who achieved a measure of fame were Vic Dolliver (U. S. Senator of Iowa), Jim Lakin (Member State Board Public Works), E. E. Mercer (Mathematics Teacher, Fairmont Norm.)

Places of special interest:

The covered bridge built 1853 and still in use. The Methodist stone church built 1851 and still in use. Fort Hill farm—home of the beloved James O. Watson—on Straight Run, especially the cabin back of the house.

The grave of Adam Ice, first white child, born west of the Alleghenies.

The grave of William (Indian Billie) Ice in the Ice cemetary.

The No. 7 Mine of the Bethlehem Mines Corporation where more than one million tons of coal are mined each year.

The Baptist Cemetery, burial place of the Barricks; Thomas F. Conaway who named the county; Bailes Ice (State Senator 1872); Colonel Burgess—who received a letter from President Hayes concerning his army service.

History of the Old Covered Bridge at Barrackville

12FT 0IN
ONE LANE BRIDGE

Covered Bridge at Barrackville

The Old Covered Bridge at Barrackville was erected in 1852 by Lemuel and Eli Chenoweth. It was built in the same year that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad reached Barrackville. The contract was let by the Commonwealth of Virginia before West Virginia separated from the Mother State. It was probably the first covered bridge constructed in what is now Marion County.

Lemuel Chenoweth was associated in the buliding of this and many other covered bridges in what is now West Virginia, between 1851 and his death in 1884. He was a cabinet maker by trade. He arrived in Richmond in 1850 with a model of his bridge packed in his saddle bags. Before the Board of Public Works which was then considering bids for the construction of bridges, Chenoweth assembled his model "made of poplar and nary a nail in 'er". He suspended the frail looking toy between two chairs, stood upon it, and challenged his competitors to put their models to the same test.

The construction of the stone work of the bridge was let to squire James E. Conaway and the masons were the forefathers of many prominent Barrackville people.

Years ago when Barrackville and Fairmont were the only voting places in Marion County all the people from the western end of the county used this historic bridge.

The only hostile army ever in Marion County crossed this bridge on the morning of April 29, 1863. General Jones at first planned destruction of the bridge but decided to spare the bridge although two B. & O. bridges in the immediate vicinity were destroyed by "Jones Raiders".

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foggy p.m. or

FUZZY KNIGHT

or the befurred sir

Raymond "Fuzzy" Knight, whose colorful career led him from the green hills of West Virginia across 3,000 miles of these United States to Southern California, is, by far, the Mountain State's most outstanding contribution to Flickerville and the motion picture industry.

Once upon a time (as begin all good stories) at a West Virginia State basketball tournament, thousands of court fans crammed their way into a comparatively tiny Buckhannon gymnasium to watch their favorite high school teams battle for a mythical crown. These rabid rooters contemplated the usual thrills that a State championship meet offers. But unlike any tournament before or since, the sensation of the festivities was not some lanky center.

The most-talked-of-thing at the 1919 State basketball tournament was a dimutive bundle of tow-headed dynamite who led cheers and songs for a Fairmont student body with a vengeance. His name was "Fuzzy" Knight, and he was so hot with his antics before the crowded bleachers that the tournament officials awarded him a silver loving cup when the affair was over.

Piano Playing Paid Way Through College

Time staggered on, and in due length cleerleading "Fuzzy" hopped a train from Fairmont the following September and rode down to Morgantown, where he enrolled in the University. He purchased a Freshman dink; the brethern of Sigma Nu fraternity, knowing a good thing when they saw it, pinned a pledge button on his coat lapel; and the cigar-smoking major domo of athletics, Harry Stansbury, personally asked "Fuzzy" Knight to report for the Varsity cheerleading tryouts.

The four years that followed made history at West Virginia University!

Came graduation, eventually. And in the fall of 1924, "Fuzzy" and other members of the campus orchestra trekked to New York where a lengthy engagement awaited. Making the trip were Eddie Barret, leader of the band; Paul Weston, a Morgantown boy; Reese Henry; Paul Mason, member of Phi Sigma Kappa, now with Vincent Lopez; and several others.

First Appearance on Broadway 'Flops'

The "backer" of the West Virginia dance band was a lady of sweet 60 who possessed ambitions to become a toe-dancer. The opening night on Broadway, the Mountaineer orchestra played its best music, but the comely toe-dancer fell down 12 times during the first musical number. When she picked herself up for the dozenth time, the curtain dropped and the New York newcomers found themselves without a job.

The immortal words of Horace Greely, quote: "Go West, young Man," had their full effect on "Fuzzy" Knight.

Knight played bit parts in several pictures and in the meantime developed an enviable reputation as an entertainer at local night spots, which under Knight became an overnight sensation.

Perhaps his greatest performance was several years ago in "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." His plaintive song in the "grave scene" has been claimed by many as being one or the most heartrending emotional scenes in motion picture history.

The Black Hand!

It's Grip Was Felt In Fairmont Years Ago

By John C. McKinney

The ugly head of the Mafia, as it is known world-wide, or more commonly in West Virginia as the Black Hand, first made its terrifying appearance in Marion County in the year of 1908, and by the following year its activities had grown so that the Marion County's Sheriff's office, spurred by a young Prosecuting Attorney, Tusca Morris, now the dean of the practicing attorneys in Fairmont, successfully conducted a campaign against the old world crime syndicate, and eradicated the organization in this section of the state for many years.

The headquarters of the organization was in Kilarm Hollow, then an out-of-the-way section of the county, reached only by a dirt road that in bad weather was almost inaccessable.

A young man, Francisco Beradelli, who was tabbed for a prospective member of the organization proved a big factor in its downfall. Nineteen members of the organization were indicted. Nine of them were found guilty of felonies and went to the state prison for terms of from one to ten years, and ten of the members were convicted of misdemeanors and received jail terms and fines.

Black Hand

The members of the organization, all natives of Italy, had banded together as a Black Hand Society, with Frank Pisconeri as their president. They were carrying on a campaign of extortion throughout the county. Their victims were all either Italians, or Italians by descent. Letters, threatening death and punishment to the prospective victims, were sent and signed with a crudely drawn picture of a hand, which was painted black.

Signal lights would be established on Palatine Knob, on dark nights, and the meaning would be well understood by persons who had been threatened by the organization, but had not responded. Some homes were dynamited and some individuals were beaten and tortured. How many persons, and how much money was paid in tributes will never be known.

Initiation Fee

Beradelli was ordered to join the Black Hand and to pay the sum of $30 as an initiation fee. He was given the alternative of paying $20 and not joining the Society. Instead of complying with the demands he went to the office of Prosecutor Morris and told his story. He was given $30 in marked bills and made arrangements to meet at the appointed time and place to join the outlaws. He furnished Prosecutor Morris with the date of the initiation and the place of the gathering.

A number of county officers were smuggled into Kilarm Hollow, and the meeting place placed under surveillance. The meeting was held, the money was delivered to the treasurer and the initiation began. Then the police swooped in and those assembled were carted off to the county jail.

Court Battle

A hard court battle followed. Attorney Howard N. Ogden, now deceased, defended the group. They were tried jointly, convicted and sentenced. An appeal was taken, and the State Supreme Court sustained the trial court. The group was indicted under the Red Man's Act. In the appeal the defense charged entrapment on the part of the state, but the high court held, that since Beradelli had first been approached by the Black Hand and threatened if he did not join, then the actions of the police in baiting a trap with marked money was not entrapment, but was legal.

The next appearance of the Mafia locally was in 1921, when the law enforcement officers begun to see evidence of organized crime. Water street in East Fairmont appeared to be the headquarters. A city detective began an intensive investigation and found the crimes were linked with similar crimes in Clarksburg. City detectives of that city joined with the local officers.

Famalie Vagabonda

Locally the organization was known as the Famalie Vagabonda, loosely translated as Family of Vagabonds. Later in the investigation the police seized the constitution and by-laws of the organization, written in Italian.

The laws provided that to become a member of the organization, the applicant must have committed a murder at the order of the organization. If the murder was committed by the individual for personal reasons, it did not qualify him.

In the local organization Joe Urso, who lived with his family at Maple Point was the president. Rocco Fioiello of Clarksburg was the secretary and Ricard Ferri, or as he was known, Dick Ferry of Fairmont was the executioner. Ferry was one of five members of the organization who was later hanged at the state prison in Moundsville. He boasted that he had slain 23 persons during his time as executioner, and many of these murders were fully substantiated.

Headquarters of the Fairmont Organization was on Water Street, in the rear of a barber shop, which was operated by an Italian known as Pete Fisher. Fisher later went to federal prison for dealing in narcotics.

The group engaged in extortion, and also operated brothels in various localities, where they strictly supervised the activities of the women who were in their power. They also had extensive activity in narcotics.

Extortion Letter

A chosen victim, usually an Italian businessman, would receive a letter demanding a sum of money, varying from $500 to $25,000 depending on what the group considered the ability of the victim to pay.

The first letter would make the demand, and state the place and time for the delivery. The second letter, if the first was ignored, would increase the amount, set a new time and place for delivery. If this failed the third letter would inform the victim he had been marked for death. Then dynamiting would follow. The homes of no less than ten residents of Fairmont were dynamited when the victims refused to pay. Finally the murder would be carried out.

The threatened Italians were afraid to report to the officers, and when the officers learned in some manner of an extortion, it was impossible to get those who were made the victims of the extortions to testify in court. But this was not always the case. In at least two instances in this county the intended victims had other ideas. In one instance when the collector entered an Italian grocery store, and told the owner in Italian, certain words which had previously been selected to identify him, the owner answered with an Italian phrase, also previously selected. The owner then reached under the counter of the store, apparently to get the package containing $5,000 in bills, as had been agreed. But instead the merchant came up with a revolver in his hand, and shot and killed the two collectors.

Resist Demands

In another instance which took place in this city, a collector was killed by the intended victim, when the collector came into the store to collect. In both cases, following an official investigation the intended victims were exonorated.

It may seem strange, but in no case in which the intended victim actually put up a fight, or offered resistance, did the organization make any attempt of punishment. The enforcement officers who were close to the members of the Black Hand, during the investigations all agreed that the Black Handers were a cowardly group, who while strong and boastful in their numbers, cruel, vicious and with not the slightest repungance to commit murder, when they were met with fearless resistance, would always back down.

"Big Jim" Centeniene, was president of the Clarksburg lodge. He had resorts in Kelley Hill and elsewhere. The Fairmont group had resorts in Fairmont, Leith, Pa., Nrack Bridge, Pa. and also in Kelley Hill. Finally the expected trouble grew, when the two organizations began to feel that the other was moving into territory belonging to the other.

Black Sedans

One summer night "Big Jim" Centeniene came out of a pool room in Clarksburg in the rear of which was the meeting place of the organization. As he stepped onto the sidewalk illuminated by the electric signs overhead, a large black automobile came slowly down the street. Centeniene saw the car approaching and attempted to run back into the poolroom. The car speeded up and gunfire from the passing car struck down Big Jim. He was dead when the police arrived.

This led to the breech in the organizations which sent five men to the gallows from the Harrison County Courts and some 15 men to the state penitentiary, some sentenced in Harrison county and some in Marion County. Among those hanged were Dick Ferry, Phillip Cenendre, known as "Big Nose Phil" and others.

State's Evidence

Rocco Fioiello, the Secretary, turned state's evidence, and testified against his fellow members. He produced the constitution and by-laws of the Familia Vagabonda and the minutes of the meetings.

Frank R. Amos, now deceased, was the Marion County Prosecuting Attorney and he and Will Morris, Prosecuting Attorney of Harrison county worked together in the prosecution of the members of the organization.

For several weeks after the trials, and until after the five men who were hanged had been executed, and the others were serving time in prison an armed guard was kept constantly watching Rocco Fioiello. But when things had quieted down, Fioiello disappeared. His car was found later in a deep hole in a creek near Clarksburg, and his bullet riddled body lying alongside a log, and partly covered with brush and leaves. His murderers were never found but evidence was obtained to prove that two men had been sent from Cleveland, Ohio, by the Mafia, to kill Fioiello.

The murder of Belle Lemmon, which took place in Baltimore about 1920 opened the way for the destroying of the Black Hand in Fairmont. Belle Lemmon had lived in an apartment on Water street with Rosairo DeMarko, a tall, fair skinned, light haired Italian.

Members Assessed

The two got along very well together. Then the Black Hand in Chicago got into trouble, and money was needed for their defense. Assessments were made and collectors sent out. Rosario DeMarko was assessed $500 for his share of the money for the "mouth piece". When the collector came, DeMarko told him that he could not pay that amount. Business had been bad. He could pay $200. The collector refused the $200 and after making other collections, returned to Chicago. Not long after Rosario DeMarko left Fairmont and went to Chicago and Phillip Cenendre came here and moved into the Water Street apartment. Phillip was known as "Big Nose Phil". He was a short, dark swarthy Italian with a very large nose. DeMarko had been sporty in his dress, clean, friendly, congenial and spoke excellent English. Cendendre was slovenly in dress, not too clean, spoke imperfect English and was mean and contentious. Bella Lemmon hated her new companion and they quarreled violently. In her long association with the Italians, she had learned to understand considerable Italian. But when she tried to learn what the Black Handers were talking about, she was handicapped to some degree because the members used a slang peculiar to them. A knife was a shive, a stilletto was a needle, and so forth. So to understand their conversation Bella needed to know the slang they spoke and the meaning of the slang they used when translated to English.

Bella Talks

Bella began to drink to excess, and when she was intoxicated she became talkative. She told the city detectives many things that should have been secret. Soon the organization suspected something. They removed Cenendre and sent Tony Corbi, a very presentable young Italian from Baltimore to the Water Street apartment. Patsy Corbi, an older brother of Tony was an officer of the Mafia and Tony was trying to qualify for membership. Tony soon fell in love with Bella Lemmon and she recipocated the feeling. So when the order came through for her death, it was Tony who was named for the execution.

One afternoon Bella Lemmon and Tony Corbi, riding in the Pullman coach of a Baltimore and Ohio Railroad passenger train left Fairmont bound for Baltimore. Bella Lemmon was riding with Tony Corbi. In the smoker on the same train were Dick Ferry and Phillip Cenendre. I happened to be crossing the low level bridge when the train left and I noticed Carmella Malone, a little Irish Girl, who lived in one of the resorts on Water Street, leaving the railroad station. She was crying. I asked her what was the trouble. She told me Bella was going to Baltimore and she would never see her again.

Body is Found

A few days later George Armstrong, then Chief of Detectives for the city of Baltimore, called me by telephone and told me the body of a naked woman, mutilated and defiled, was found in a privit hedge along the Rolling Stone Golf Course in Baltimore and he thought she was a Fairmont woman. He advised me he was mailing by airmail a photograph of the woman and asked me to attempt an identification. I began an investigation. When the picture came I did not recognize it. The picture was of a woman with bobbed hair and a full fat face. Armstrong told me that two young men who were on their way to their room in Baltimore early in the morning passed a car and heard a woman screaming. A short distance down the road they saw a woman's hat lying on the highway. They picked up the hat and took it to their room. When they stopped to pick up the hat they noticed the other car was backing up apparently to get the hat. That afternoon when the two returned to their room from work, they bought an afternoon paper, and read of the finding of the body at the Golf Club. They then took the hat to the nearest police station. Inside the hat was the heading cut from a Fairmont paper, and used to make the hat smaller inside. Contacting residents of Water Street it was learned that Bella Lemmon was still missing and that a few days before she left Fairmont she had her hair bobbed.

Baltimore Call

Inspector Armstrong asked me to come to Baltimore and assist in the investigation. The night that Bella Lemmon was killed I was at the headquarters of the Familia Vagabonda on Water Street and Jim Urso was there. A telephone call came in the early morning hours. Urso answered the call and talked in Italian. Then he told the others gathered there that everything was all right. Then he and the others left.

In Baltimore Inspector Armstrong traced the telephone call from the home of Tony Corbi's father to the headquarters in Fairmont. He and I went to the Corbi home, and in a search found a new cap, in which was rolled up a blackjack, hidden in the forks of an old apple tree in the rear of the Corbi home. We traced this cap to a Jewish haberdashery nearby, and the owner then identified the cap as one he had sold to Tony Corbi.

Carmella Goes

We took the case to State's Attorney Courtney Jennefer, of Baltimore County and took Carmella Malone to Baltimore and she told her story to Jennefer. She asked for police protection and was committed to a reformatory just outside Baltimore. Jennefer left orders that no one was to see her and she was to be allowed no communications with any one. A few days later Armstrong and I went to the reformatory to talk to her. We found that a Baltimore attorney had come to the reformatory with a court order and a bondsman, and against the protests of Carmella Malone had taken her away. She was never heard from again.

Armstrong and I learned that Tony Corbi had been ordered to kill Bella Lemmon. She was taken to Baltimore and at Camden Station was taken off the train. Patsy Corbi was waiting in his car, parked in a taxi stop. A taxi driver had attempted to have Corbi move the car but Corbi refused. The taxi driver took the license of the car, and we traced it to Corbi's car. Bella Lemmon was then placed in the car and driven to her death. Tony Corbi had struck her on the head with the blackjack, but he had fallen in love with the girl, and his blow was light. She screamed and her hat was lost. Then the others in the car took over and she was killed. There were 17 stiletto wounds in the body.

Case Ended

Jennefer agreed to take the case to court, only if Tony Corbi was in custody. Armstrong and I were able to arrest Patsy Corbi, Dick Ferry, Phillip Conendra, but Tony Corbi had disappeared and was never found. The case never went to trial.

The family of Bella Lemmon claimed the body and her father brought it back to Mannington for burial.

Since the breaking up of the Familia Vagabonda, there has been no further Black Hand activities in this section, and so far as I can learn, there have been no such organizations in the state since that time.

John C. McKinney is a retired police detective and was active in the Black Hand investigations. He later served as police chief. For 50 or more years he has been a police reporter for the Fairmont Times.

TELEPHONES

Then and Now

The first telephone in Fairmont was installed about 1884 connecting the residence of Governor A. Brooks Fleming and James Otis Watson's residence.

In 1890 a long distance line was constructed from Fairmont to Mannington, Morgantown and Uniontown. The franchise for the operation of this line was granted September, 1884 to the Central District and Printing Telegraph Company, predecessors of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of West Virginia. The telephone on this first long distance line was located in the Mountain City House on Main Street.

The next development came with the construction of a line from Wheeling to Clarksburg and Grafton which passed through Fairmont. The business men of Fairmont made frequent trips to the telephone headquarters to talk to out-of-town points. The telephone on this line was located in the store of Charles McCray in the Mountain City House. About this time leading business men became interested in telephone service and started negotiations with the telephone company to have a central office established in the city. The first survey interested only seven or eight people and discouraged the promoters. However, they did not give up, and shorty another canvass of the business men of the community resulted in thirty-five applications. The telephone company installed a switchboard in the old Skinner building and started operation on September 1, 1894.

For a number of years two telephone systems were in operation in Fairmont when a group of local business men started an independent company. The streets became crowded with poles, open wire and cables, and it was apparent to the telephone companies that something would have to be done to overcome this condition. The Bell Company applied for an underground franchise which was granted December 6, 1913, and all of the business sections and parts of the residential areas were soon after this served from underground cables.

When the telephone office was first established in Fairmont, only two operators were required to handle the service — a day operator and a night operator. The central office consisted of one small room which contained all of the equipment necessary to the operation of the system.

About 1915 the Bell Company acquired the independent system and merged the two operations.

The building now housing the business offices of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company was constructed at 214 Monroe Street in 1917. It was doubled in size in 1925. Additional switchboard and associated equipment has been added on several occasions. In 1949 Fairmont was connected to the toll cable from Charleston to Pittsburgh.

In July 1959 the announcement of a $3,650,000 dial program for Fairmont and vicinity was made. January 1960, an improvement program began with Rivesville and Monongah converting to the seven-digit All-Number-Calling system which was completed in December 1960. June 4, 1961, the city of Fairmont which was reported to have had the largest manual telephone system in operation in the United States lost its national distinction when it was converted to a complete dial telephone system.

Mannington Might Have Been The County Seat Of Augusta County—But It Didn't Make It

FROM A FAIRMONT PAPER
OF JANUARY, 1936

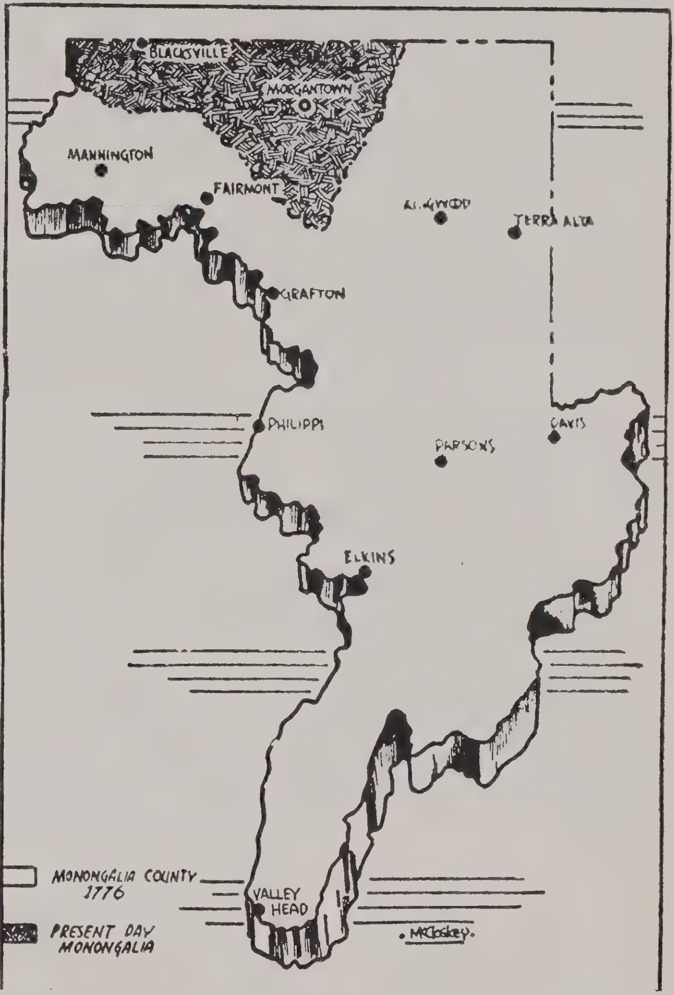
Mannington people had dreams of a new county over a period of some seven years beginning in 1896 and ending in 1903 and on two occasions the bill providing for the formation of a new county to be called "Augusta" came so near passing in the House of Delegates that the claim made by all those who boosted for the new county that the measure came "nearly going through" is justified, despite the fact that the bill died in the House on both occasions and the politicians who put the disabling act to it there might have been even stronger in the State Senate. The proposed Augusta county was almost square with Mannington in about the center of the territory. It would have been a pretty county for the mapmaker for the county seat would have been nicely surrounded with towns—Farmington, Worthington, Amos (now called Fairview), Blacksville, Smithfield, Littleton, Hundred and Burton. The lines bounding the proposed new county were never quite clear, it would seem, and the chances are that the boosters for the new county felt that it was wise to have limits uncertain so that there could be some trading around if necessary.

The opposition to the new county called repeatedly for an official survey and urged that people not knowing the confines of the proposed county were at a loss what action to take. Again it was set forth that there was a constitutional provision that a county must have 400 square miles but this could not have been so very convincing since Ohio county has but 120 square miles, Taylor only 150 square miles, Hancock only 100 square miles and Brooke only 80 square miles. It was also emphasized by the opposition that Harrison with its 450 square miles was to contribute only a small portion of Coal District when the county was first proposed and that later that part of Harrison county was eliminated from the plans of the "Augusta pushers" and territory drawn only from Marion, Monongalia and Wetzel counties.

When the Augusta county bill came up in the House in 1897 it was defeated by a vote of 38 to 25.

During the years that the "Augusta county fight" was staged Mannington was enjoying such a boom that the people in that section became intoxicated with their ability to purchase things and it was probably but natural that they see visions of a new county. When people have money there are always men bobbing up who are willing to serve either the individual or the community if they are merely permitted to see sums of money. It was so in Mannington. The new county became a certainty with its "boomers." The quarreling was in regard to its exact limits. The officers of the new county had been decided upon. The powers-that-be over that way determined these things with great care for at that time Fairmont, the county seat of Marion county, with its many millionaires and its go-getter politicians, kind of ran things in Northern West Virginia.

The Mannington bunch must have spent as much as $100,000 in connection with the Augusta county mirage of 1897-1903. There was $50,000 raised at one time for one particular fund, which went to political gangs in Ohio and Kanawha counties, who assured the pushers of the proposed new county that they would hurry the bill through both houses and have the governor's signature to it before the opposition realized what was in the air. These two groups "delivered" to the extent that they organized both houses of the legislature. The carefully laid plan included making the measure bill No. 1 in both house and senate. It took two days for people living in North-



The partition of Monongalia county might have given the Augusta county boosters their idea. This is an artist's conception of the size of Monongalia county in 1776. In those days the area that is now Marion county was part of Monongalia county and of Harrison county. Marion was formed in 1842. For early historical facts—prior to 1842—a Marion county researcher must look in the county records of both Monongalia and Harrison counties.

ern West Virginia to reach Charleston in those days and this fact was to be taken advantage of. The "boomers" of the new county movement were assured that the contest would not be the tame affair it had proven in 1897.

Fifty men gave their checks for $1,000 each and in this way a fund of $50,000 was raised which was assembled in the three banks at Mannington, according to one authority, who says that half of this went to the Ohio county crowd and the other half to the Kanawha county ring. At this time it was believed that these two groups when working in harmony could accomplish almost anything of a political nature.

Organization was effected as planned. Howard R. Furbee, of Mannington, was elected chairman of the committee on Counties, Districts and Municipal Corporations. The house and senate were properly organized excepting that inadventantly they let Harry Shaw, of Fairmont, now Judge of the Marion county circuit court, slip in as clerk of the house.

It was unquestionably the greatest legislative debauch ever planned in the history of West Virginia. The "Formation of New Counties" provision of Article IX of the constitution was laughed at. It reads:

"No new county shall hereafter be formed in this state with an area of less than 400 square miles nor shall a new county be formed without a consent of a majority of the voters residing within the boundaries of the proposed new county, and voting on the question."

There had been wide talk of an new county but the raising of this fund was kept secret. It is believed that the fifty contributors were contacted without the opposition to the new county realizing the scheme which was afoot. (Errors and deficiencies are bound to creep into this story and there is no guarantee that what is recorded here is the real truth.. For instance some assert that one of the Mannington crowd intimated to the opposition what was going on.)

The Charleston Gazette of January 25, 1903 printed an article which indicated that there had been some dirty work suspected in connection with the proposal to form a new county. The headlines of the article read:

"SENSATIONAL DISAPPEARANCE OF AUGUSTA COUNTY BILL. CLERK SHAW COULD NOT PRODUCE MEASURE. INCORRECT SUBSTITUTE OFFERED INSTEAD OF ORIGINAL BILL. INTERESTING PROCEEDINGS AT COMMITTEE MEETING."

Judge Harry Shaw, of Fairmont, who was at that time clerk of the House if Delegates, was an active opponent of the bill. The article stated that when the committee on Counties, District and Municipal Corporations met to consider the bill it was planned to have it read—Clerk Shaw, "who was present at the meeting in the character of one of its opponents" substituted a bill for the original. A Manningtonian discovered that the supposed official document was not at all what had been introduced into the house but a bogus arrangement which had the calls wrong making the lines embodied different from that supposed to be taken in.

Mr. Shaw was called upon to explain why the spurious document of the kind had been palmed off in the committee in the place of the genuine paper and his explanation was that he had given the original to a stenographer to make some copies that he might send them to Fairmont to the opponents of the bill and that the stenographer had locked the original in his typewriter desk and had gone to Petersburg, Va., to visit a young lady. So the only way the official document could be secured, was to break the lock on the desk which he said he would do if the committee said the word.

But it was finally agreed that a copy of the original bill in the possession of a booster for the new county would be suffice for reading at the committee meeting. It was also charged that the real title of the bill had been omitted.

The copy in the possession of the Mannington "pusher" was read. Atty. A. C. Snodgrass, of Mannington, and S. B. Avis, of Charleston, led the discussion of the bill, assisted by Ex-Gov. Atkinson. Senator John Hoge, of Wetzel county, Hon. A. N. Prichard, of Mannington, Atty. W. G. Snodgrass, of Wetzel county and Atty L. R. Taylor of Monongahela county. The bill was opposed by Amos O. Stanley, one of the delegates from Marion county. (The other delegates from Marion county were J. O. McNeely, of Fairmont, and Howard R. Furbee, of Mannington. The delegates at the 1897 fight included John A. Bock, of Farmington, and W. H. Bunner, of Norwood.)

The committee seemed inclined to make a favorable report. This aroused the Fairmonters who had no idea that their long dictation of political matters in Northern West Virginia was to come to an end. There was bitter feeling between Fairmont and Mannington and both sides had sympathizers in the territory in Lincoln and Paw Paw districts which was outlined to be included in the new county of Augusta.

Somehow or other, from what can be learned, the bill was held over from a Thursday adjournment until Monday which gave the opposition a chance to be heard. C. Powell arrived in Charleston from Fairmont. The Augusta "pushers" grew uneasy as soon as he appeared. One "pusher" would whisper to another. Soon two or three of them would have their heads together. A certain delegate would be mentioned. They would be joined by a scout. When they querried him about this delegate he would answer "GONE." This four-letter word meant that the delegate who had been so enthusiastic about the new county had "gone over to the opposition." Soon another member would be under discussion by the same heads. Another scout would show up. There was great excitement. The same ominous "GONE" would be heard. An so it continued.

Lest the opinion prevail that Clerk Shaw was tricky enough in the matter let it be made plain that the bill did not really disappear—that it simply was not available for reading! Clerk Shaw called upon the house of delegates to make an investigation and set forth that it was charged in this newspaper article that "I, as the clerk of your honorable body, had intentionally mislaid a certain bill in my custody known as the Augusta county bill and that I have palmed off a spurious copy of said bill and that I had boasted that said bill should not be considered by said committee and also containing other insinuations and intitions of wrong doings on my part in relation to said bill. These are grave charges and I deem it proper that the same should be investigated."

So a committee of the house was named to make the investigation. The committee reported that Mr. Shaw "should be exonerated from the charges made by the newspaper article" and the report continued "we deeply deplore the fact that such charges were ever made or given publicity." The committee finds him blameless of any wrong doing or improper acts in conjunction with the Augusta county bill."

Further details of the "fight" are not available but the 1903 effort ended in failure just as the one had in 1897.

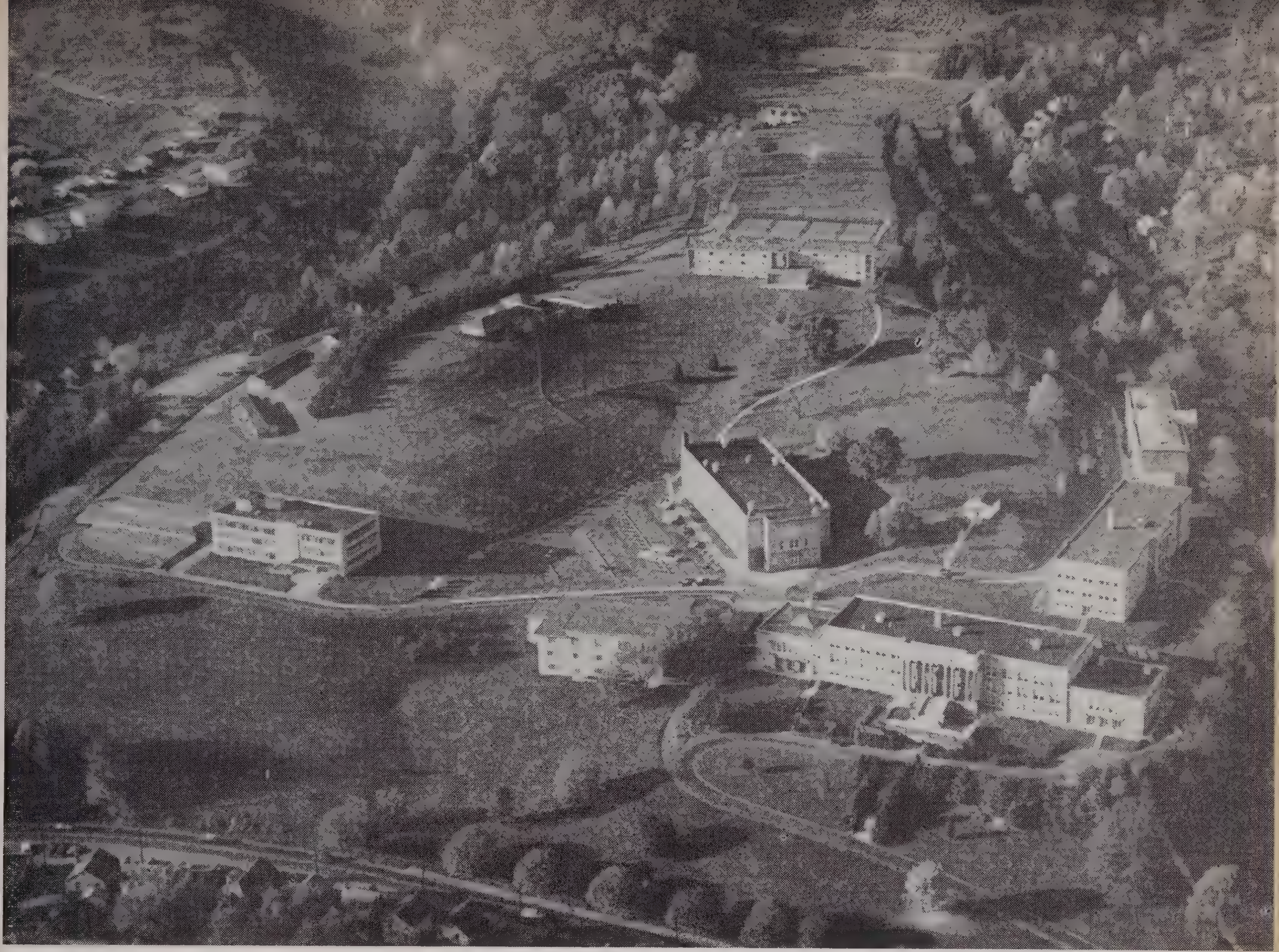


Photo by Dave Springer

Number One College Soon To Be 100

By Earl N. Straight, Director of Public Relations, FSC

When Fairmont State College opens its doors this September, it will mark the arrival of prospective members of its Centennial Class—freshmen who will be graduated in four years on the 100th birthday of the founding of the college.

The oldest teacher training institution south of the Mason-Dixon line, and one of the oldest in the nation, FSC has expanded steadily through the years until now it emphasizes not only the training of teachers but a diversified pre-professional program as well.

Around the college has grown some of the area's most fascinating history and, in this its 96th year, the historical memoranda becomes noteworthy not only for students and Fairmonters, but for all residents of the Mountain State.

Established 1865

The forerunner of the college, and the first school of its type in the state, was established in 1865 in the basement of the Methodist Protestant Church of Fairmont. It was not until two years later, by the "Acts of 1867" that the legislature appropriated funds for the "Regency of the West Virginia Normal School at Fairmont."

According to the late Dr. I. F. Boughter of the college faculty, editor of the first history of the institution, the people of Fairmont, desiring to establish the school permanently, attempted unsuccessfully in 1865 to enlist state aid by presenting a bill to the state legislature providing for the establishment of a Normal School in Fairmont. When the governing body adjourned without taking action the citizens, tired of delay, took matters into their own hands. And in 1866, formed a stock company in compliance with the general corporation laws of the state, under the title of "The Regency of the West Virginia Normal School."

Local Backers

These original stockholders were men prominent in the history of their day, whose decendents have helped make Fairmont and West Virginia great. Such names as Beeson, Hall, Jackson, Boyd, Dorsey, Burns, Maulsby and Fleming appear on the original documents. An enthusiastic group, these early administrators promptly began the construction of the first home of the "Old Normal" which became the college of today.

Dr. R. W. White of Fairmont, state superintendent of free schools, in his report of 1865 was the first to formally propose the establishment of State Normal Schools. The period of establishment and organization ends in 1872 when the school was operating with a student body of 85. Today the regular yearly term enrollment runs between 1475 and 1500 students.

First Graduate

The first graduate was the late Hyre D. Clark of Buckhannon who received his diploma in 1871. He leads the list of a long roster of men and women who have been graduated from the Old Normal and the college of today, many of whom have made illustrious names for themselves in state, national and world history.

Due to rapid expansion, it became necessary in 1893 to move the campus from down town Fairmont to a new and larger building on Fairmont Avenue, which was to be known as "The Normal on Fairmont Avenue." It is proper to equate the new building, located on the site of what is now the Marion County Federal Building, with the end of one period and the beginning of a new era in the history of the college. With a new home, greatly enlarged faculty, reorganized curriculum and an energetic administration, the school looked forward to substantial growth and development.

And such was the case. So great was the expansion that in 1912 it became apparent that again new quarters must be established. Accordingly, the legislature authorized the sale of the Fairmont Avenue building and the purchase of a new site and the erection of a new building.

New Campus

Thus began the college of today. The school, in new quarters on Locust Avenue by 1917, launched the course that would eventually make it solely a teacher training institution. In 1920 the high school academic department was discontinued and three years later the school was given permission to offer a four-year college course and to grant an A.B. degree in Education. The first college degrees were granted in June, 1924.

The long struggle for high goals was won when the Fairmont State Normal School was admitted to the Teacher Training division of the North Central Association of Colleges and Universities, the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education and was given a high rating by the American Association of Teachers Colleges.

Name Changes

In 1931 the legislature changed the name of Fairmont State Normal School to Fairmont State Teachers College. The title was again changed by the legislature in 1943 to Fairmont State College, and authorization was given to offer Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees. As a result of these developments, FSC is now equipped to offer a wider educational service to the people of West Virginia than ever before in its long history.

The first home of the "Old Normal" was at Adams and Quincy Streets. This building later became the newspaper building. The area is now a parking lot.

Today students may be granted a Bachelor of Arts degree in both elementary and secondary education and history, home economics, mathematics, music, philosophy, psychology, sociology, speech and drama. The Bachelor of Science degree is offered for work in the following fields: biology, business administration, chemistry, home economics, industrial arts, physical education, recreation and social studies. Preprofessional programs are offered in dentistry, medicine, nursing, pharmacy, law, medical technology and social work. The Two-Year Terminal Curricula includes programs for students in accounting, clerical studies, general education and secretarial studies.

Expansion Steady

Following completion of the library and auditorium wings to the Administration Building which was opened in 1917, the next structure to be completed was Morrow Hall, a residence for women. In 1927, Rosier Field and a stadium were dedicated, followed several years later by the Science Hall. In 1940 Colebank Gymnasium was added and eight years later the Industrial Arts Building. One of the finest libraries in the state was erected on the campus in 1950, prefacing by one year the construction of a President's Residence and by eight years the opening of Pence Hall, a large dormitory for men, and the ultra modern Student Center.

Future plans for the beautiful 80-acre campus include an extensive building and remodeling program during the next four years to meet the needs of a growing student community.

Since its beginning 96 years ago, Fairmont State College has been guided by 22 presidents.

Dr. Rosier

The longest term of office was held by the late Dr. Joseph Rosier who directed campus affairs for over 30 years. During this period he gained recognition for the college by serving as United States Senator and a president of the National Education Association.

Other presidents include Dr. J. N. Boyd, 1865-67; who operated the private school that was the beginning of the Old Normal; Dr. W. R. White, founder of the Normal School, who served from 1868-71; Dr. S. C. Gilchrist, 1871-72; Dr. J. G. Blair, 1872-78; Miss M. L. Dickey (Mrs. Fleming), 1878-82; U. S. Fleming, 1882-90; John N. Rosmuer, 1890-91; J. C. Guynn, 1891-92; J. Walter Barnes, 1892-1901; Marcus M. Ross, 1901 (died in office); M. C.

Lough (finished term); W. L. McCowan 1902-05; U. S. Fleming, 1905-07; C. J. C. Bennett, 1907-1910; C. I. Woodley, 1910-15; Dr. Joseph Rosier, 1915-45; Dr. George W. Hand, 1946-51; Dr. John Wesley Pence, 1952-59, and Dr. Eston K. Feaster who was appointed president in 1960.

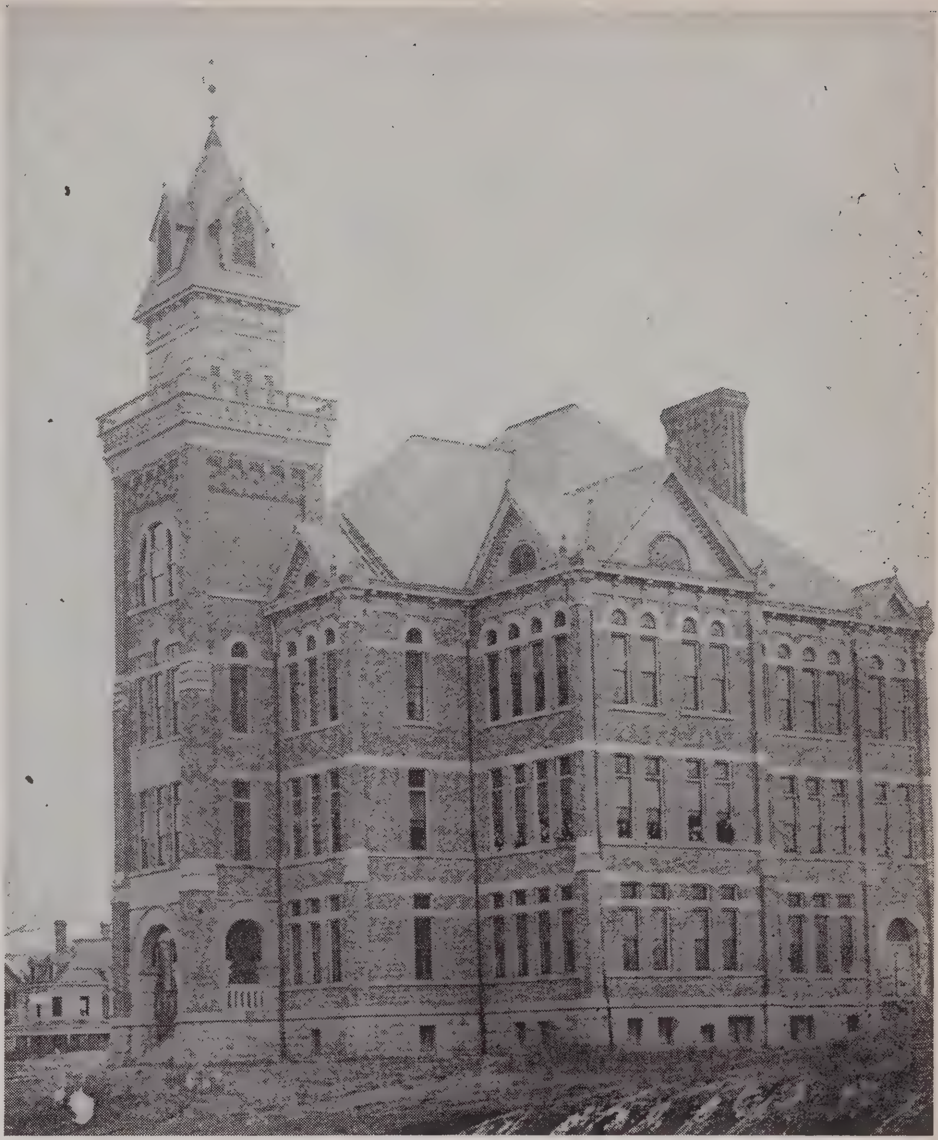
The college has for many years boasted one of the finest bands to be found in an institution of similar size, and its art department, founded almost 50 years ago, is recognized as one of the most outstainding in the state.

Fairmont State was one of the first half dozen teacher training institutions in the nation to begin broadcasting regular programs, and the first to give a course in education by radio. The programs were begun over 30 years ago through the courtesy of radio station WMMN and have been a regular feature of the station during the school year since that time.

A newspaper and other publications of importance add prestige to this modern institution of higher learning which began when Fairmont was an infant.

Work in dramatics of a caliber far surpassing that done in many larger institutions is available at FSC. The Alpha Chapter of Alpha Psi Omega, Honorary Dramatics Fraternity is here. Other courses of like dimensions including the fine, well equipped department of home economics, the physical science laboratories, the music department, the training school, with its city schools and rural school laboratories, the mathematics and social science departments and all others are included in the well rounded curriculum.

With a man who has played a significant role in West Virginia's education program during the past decade as its president, Dr. Eston K. Feaster, author of the "Feaster Report," and with the formation of an expanded building program, and with progressive educational developments in the offing, the next four years promise to write themselves brilliantly in the annals of the institution.



This building dominated the scene on Fairmont Avenue from 1893 until 1917. In that time the school had grown so rapidly that a move to an acreage with plenty of growing room was necessary. The Post Office and Federal Building is now located on this site.

A PREDICTION — EDUCATION 1963-2063

E. K. Feaster, President
Fairmont State College

To predict with any degree of certainty what will actually occur during the next 100 years is impossible. Walter Lippmann was right when he said, "We shall never imagine the present nor make any sense of it until we have explained our past well enough to imagine our future."

Based upon the changes which have already occurred in education, especially during recent years, one can safely predict that—

Buildings will become highly flexible to accomodate better more students for varied types of programs.

A comprehensive system of education will be developed to meet the personal, social, and vocational needs of all students of widely different potential, motivation, and aspirations.

The public will become more educationally conscious and will recognize the true value of education both for the individual and for national purposes and survival.

The public will make a much larger investment of resources and energy in the total educational enterprise.

Automation in teaching will be developed extensively so as to free the teacher to increasingly humanize learning.

Automation will enable the library to become a repository of all kinds of information in miniaturized form.

Public education will become universal through a coordinated system of elementary and secondary schools, junior colleges, colleges, and universities.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS
In Marion County

By Virginia Ann Trach
Fairmont State College Journalism Staff

The year was 1779, two years before the end of the American Revolution and 84 before West Virginia would be granted statehood.

It was in this time of national conflict that the rugged mountaineers of this area in Virginia opened the doors of their first school. Erected on the banks of East Run, the structure was no more than a log hut with paper windows and split-log writing benches.

By taking such a step, the early county residents displayed open defiance of the old colony attitude of education as a class privilege which for generations had prevented widespread establishment of free schools. Through this action, Marion County may also be considered a leader, for the proportion of illiterates was still high and school buildings were few when the United States became an independent nation in 1783.

The curriculum has broadened considerably since the days of the East Run school when children used only two texts, the "United States Spelling Book" and the "Single Rule of Three;" and the school term lasted only three months, beginning after fall work was finished in November, and ending at the end of January before Spring planting began.

From six students per term in one room, enrollment in Marion County has risen to 13,187 on the elementary, junior high and secondary levels. There are now eight high schools in Marion County with a total enrollment of 4,707.

The first secondary school was founded in Mannington where the first class was graduated in May of 1908. Other high schools and the date of the original graduating classes are Fairmont High, 1908; Farmington High, 1914; Rivesville High, 1917; Monongah High, 1918; East Fairmont High, 1921, and Barrackville, 1924.

Marion also boasts the oldest teacher-training institution south of the Mason-Dixon line. Fairmont State College, situated on a beautiful 80-acre campus in the center of Fairmont, will celebrate its 96th year this fall.

The field of education has been dominated by prominent leaders, such men as the late Dr. Joseph Rosier, a president of FSC for 30 years, who also served as United States senator and president of the National Education Association. The list includes the names of William R. White, Dr. Frank S. White, and Dr. R. W. White, founder of the college and a former president of the state board of education. Also noteworthy are the names of Thomas C. Miller, Bernard L. Butcher, Dean Oliver Shurtleff, Otis G. Wilson, Dr. John W. Pence, Miss Louise Leonard, D. C. Tabler, A. L. Thomas, Miss Dorcas Pritchard, Harry E. Odgers, W. A. Hustead, O. C. Tennant, Earl H. Micheal, Otis H. Milam, Miss Evelyn Prickett, Miss Clara Wilson, Glenn A. Keister and Roy J. Martin.

Those who have figured actively in recent years are W. E. Buckey, W. C. Whaley, L. W. Harper, A. J. Gibson, E. E. Halee, W. O. Armstrong, Miss Ethel Ice, Dr. George Hunt, Haddon S. Rhodes, Harry H. Greene, Paul N. Musgrave, Miss Pearl L. Scott, Miss Jane Yost, Homer C. Toothman and J. C. Hupp.

Superintendents of the era include William Kennedy, 1911-1915; Homer C. Toothman, 1915-1917; Earl Micheal, 1917-1919; Homer C. Toothman, 1919-1921; I. A. Barnes, 1921-1923; Miss Clara Wilson, 1923-1927; Edward Everett Hale, 1927-1931; A. L. Thomas, 1931-1935; J. J. Straight, 1935 to present. (longest term to date)

According to official memoranda, it would appear that the Mannington District Board of Education was the first in Marion County to provide school bus transportation. In the year 1925, three buses were operated by that board while, in 1928, Paw Paw district purchased two buses. These were the only districts transporting pupils until 1933.

Since that time the transportation program has expanded steadily. Today 41 school busses are transporting approximately 6,725 pupils a distance of 1,900 miles daily. The annual cost of this program is approximately $163,920.

An extraordinary transformation in the past few years has been rapidly changing the face of education in Marion County. Due to obsolescene of present buildings and a lack of teachers with proper qualifications the present program is in the state of flux.

In recent years attempts have been made to consolidate the eight secondary schools into a single unit, housed in an ultra modern physical plant designed to meet the requirements of contemporary education.

This would have greatly reduced the number of teachers required and eliminated the unqualified, thus permitting the school board to assemble one of the most outstanding academic faculties in West Virginia.

With a superior faculty and a modern school, the county board had hoped to expand the curriculum to include not only the academic course of study, but complete programs of vocational and technical studies as well. This three-fold program was to have been organized in such a way that pupils of differing maturity, environment, national backgrounds and mental abilities could gain satisfaction from learning at their individual rate. This meant curriculum reorganization for different levels of ability and enriched subject matter fields for the individual.

At the same time, it was advised that a thorough program is guidance counseling be conducted by specialists in the field, with a testing program of wide scope to play an important role in the student-centered guidance plan.

When first presented to the public, the proposed comprehensive school plan met with defeat by sizable margin. Educators termed the final vote a refusal of the public to recognize its responsibility to provide funds sufficient to make possible a program of education that recognizes and provides for individual differences. The vote was also influenced by a reluctance of the citizens to part with schools in various communities.

When the Fairmont Junior High School was condemned as unsafe for students by county and city officials who also announced that several other county schools were being studied, the Marion County School system drew a bad report card.

Since then, members of the board, concerned parents parents and an aroused citizenry have moved faster than at any time since the first school was built. With a primary concern for the safety of youth of the county, county residents are beginning to see the wisdom of the board's earlier proposal.

Educators with an eye to the future have estimated that as a result of concern over obsolescence of the present buildings, within the next five years great changes will occur within the education program in Marion County. In the tradition of the school builders of 184 years ago, educators and citizens will join together to construct modern, safe structures where classrooms will crackle with new teaching methods, modernized courses, stiffer standards and novel, sometimes-daring, teaching experiments.

Rivesville power station is one of the three major power stations in the present day Monongahela Power system generating 212.000 kilowatts of power it is the smallest of the three –Yet, in 1917, when Rivesville was planned, it was anticipated that it was more than big enough to satisfy all the future demands for power. Monongahela Power Company today has a generating capability of 699,945 kilowatts and is a member of the Allegheny Power System with a total capability of 2,376,570. Plans now call for an additional power plant at Fort Martin, just north of Morgantown, with 500,000 kilowatts capacity—to start with.

Photo by J. Dale Stewart

Electricity

The Future of Coal is Tied to Its Production

by Joseph A. Anwyll, Jr., Monongahela Power Company

It was a tense moment that summer day in 1890 when, in the little plant on the river front near the railroad station, a crowd had gathered to see Fairmont's first electric light plant put into operation.

John Wigginton took a final check on the steam pressure in the 100 horsepower boiler, then cautiously turned the steam into the Hart engine which was to drive the plant's two 15-kilowatt generators. Nothing happened. A feeling of despair and disappointment must have flashed through the minds of people like J. M. Hartley, Larney Carr and Captain J. M. Shroyer, business men who had invested $18,100 in the new plant; Smith "Bud" Hood, who had done much of the wiring in preparation of this moment, and possibly the Mayers boys—Will, Ed and Dayton—and the Dadismans, all of whom had been a part of installing the plant and connecting of customers, and Arthur Jones, who passed up a May 30th trip to the National Cemetery in Grafton to help set the first pool.

Their doubts were short-lived. Wigginton switched on the exciter and the generators started. Electric lighting for the first time came to Fairmont.

Fairmont in those days was a town of 1,093 inhabitants. Fairmont Avenue as it is known today was out in the country. The town limits extended from the north end of what is now the South Side bridge to Quincy street, and from High street to the river. The plant served a system of 13 Thompson street arc lights.

That was Fairmont, 1890, eleven years after Thomas Alva Edison had invnted the incandescent electric lamp. The little plant on the riverfront was the cornerstone for a great utility system that, in West Virginia's centennial year 1963, is serving nearly a quarter-million customers. Thirty kilowatts of generating capacity had grown to nearly 700,000 in 1963 with plans for 1,200,000 by 1967 and the $18,100 investment had been parleyed into property and plant value of more than $200 million.

In the years between 1890 and 1963 growth was accompanied by many changes in name, ownership and purpose. The original plant was expanded twice in its first 10 years before it was replaced by a "mammoth" new plant on the Belt Line at the foot of Sixth Street. In the meantime, ownership of the company passed to S. L. Watson, Smith Hood and associates, along with J. M. Hartley and Mrs. Horan and they in turn sold the property to the Schmulbach brewing interests of Wheeling. The interest of the new owners was primarily an electric railway system and it was in 1900 that they built the first street car line to Twelfth street. That was the main reason for the bigger power plant on the Belt Line, placed in operation in 1900 with a 150-kilowatt generator and a 60-kilowatt generator. That same year the Fairmont-Clarksburg interurban line was started, with service extended to Chiefton.

The Schmulbachs changed the name to Fairmont and Suburban Railway Company. In 1903 the Fairmont and Clarksburg Traction Company was incorporated although the line connecting the two cities was not completed until 1906. The Belt Line station grew to a capacity

One of the early street cars that gave the first "horseless" rides to the general public. The growth of the electric railroads gave the generating of electricity its first big spurt.

of more than 400 kilowatts before it was replaced by a newer plant at Jayenne, also in 1906. Jayenne had an initial capacity of 3,000 kilowatts.

In the interim, local interests, principally the Watson family, re-purchased the property which they were to operate for another 20 years. And as the electric light and railway business grew, more names were added to the list of electric pioneers of the area—J. O. Watson, son of one of the owners, later to become president of the company, set up the first double entry bookkeeping systems in the middle 90's; Howard Kuhn, who wired the Opera House in 1901—a magnificant structure with 600 electrical outlets; Carroll Helmick, who became one of the city's first electrical engineers after taking an International Correspondence School course, and operated the electric plant just before the turn of the century; Ord F. Lough, who as a boy worked in the company offices under Smith Hood, later rose to a vice presidency; and young Tom Fitzgerald, who managed the first electric railway system—Tom, who captained the lacrosse team at John Hopkins and spent two years with the street railway system in New York before returning home to head the street car system here, later advanced to head of the Pittsburgh Railway.

In 1912, consolidation of the Fairmont and Clarksburg Traction Company, the Fairmont and Northern Traction Company and the Clarksburg and Weston Electric Company resulted in the formation of the Monongahela Valley Traction Company. In 1915 the company got into the gas business, acquiring the property of the Fairmont Gas Company.

About that time the Traction company, seeking to assure itself a steady supply of coal, went into the coal business, buying coal properties near Rivesville and, in addition to filling its own needs, sold large quantities of coal to Bethlehem Steel during the boom period leading up to World War I.

WEST VIRGINIA
WV

The deluxe model cars were put into service between Fairmont and Clarksburg as "Limited" specials. Not too long after these cars went into service buses began their inroads.

The year 1915 also marks another milestone in power generation. Jayenne Station had become inadequate to serve the requirements of the electric railway system and the growing use of electricity for lighting and for industrial purposes. Consolidation Coal Company, needing more and more power, had built their own plant at Hutchinson in 1911 but by 1914 it was inadequate. The Traction company and Consol together expanded the Hutchinson plant to a capacity of 10,000 kilowatts, but it was still a race to keep up with the demand. Some planning for the future was in order and the result was a decision to build Rivesville station. It would have generating capacity of 50,000 kilowatts.

Sanderson & Porter, the engineering firm which surveyed the company's future power needs and which eventually built Rivesville station, made this interesting recommendation back in 1917:

"The immediate construuction of a modern economical steam generating station in the center of the Fairmont district will permit the Traction company to solicit new power business energetically and to dominate the power market throughout this region. This should result in its ultimately securing all profitable power business that may be offered and should effectively prevent the invasion of this territory by any of the power interests having large developments which they are constantly increasing in the surrounding territory."

It was thought the ultimate capacity of Rivesville would be 100,000 kilowatts based on available water supply, but there was no one who had the slightest idea there would ever be a need for that much power. (Rivesville grew to a plant with a capability of 212,000 kilowatts).

The first two units at Rivesville went into operation in 1919. Its capacity was doubled in 1921, another 25,000 kilowatts added in 1937, 35,000 in 1943 and, in 1951, the plant got its biggest unit, one with a capability of more than 90,000 kilowatts.

Also in 1917, the Traction Company expanded its operations by acquiring the Kanawha Traction and Electric Company, operating electric and railway systems in the Parkersburg and Marietta, Ohio, areas. It also acquired the Fairmont and Mannington Railroad Company.

In the years immediately following World War I, power requirements were growing and local interests were pressed for capital with which to finance the necessary plant growth. A depression further complicated the problems of local ownership. In 1921 the company changed its name from Monongahela Valley Traction Company to Monongahela Power and Railway Company. A year later, after disposing of its coal properties to Consolidation Coal Company, the electric and railway system was acquired by the West Penn Monongahela Company, a subsidiary of the West Penn Company. In 1923 the name was again changed to Monongahela West Penn Public Service Company.

For the record, the directors of the company in its last year of local ownership were: Walton Miller, S. L. Watson, O. E. Swartz, J. E. Watson, S. C. Denham, G. M. Alexander, M. L. Hutchinson, J. C. Fenhagen, J. O. Watson and F. D. Fenhagen. Mr. Alexander was president, Smith Hood was vice president and Mr. Miller secretary and treasurer. Mr. Alexander and Mr. Miller continued in their positions after the change in ownership.

In 1923 the West Virginia Public Service Company serving Sutton and surrounding area, came into the West Penn system. In 1924, Clarksburg Gas and Electric was acquired. Between 1925 and 1931 the company acquired small systems serving in the northern panhandle area, Oakland, Md., Parsons, Buckhannon, Belington, Newburg, Rowlesburg, Shinnston, St. Marys, Weston, Spencer, Salem, West Union, Webster Springs, Richwood, Camden-on-Gauley, Davis, Franklin, Marlinton and Summersville. Franchises were acquired in many other rural communities and lines were built to carry energy into all parts of a growing territory. West Virginia Utilities Company, serving the Morgantown area, became a part of the system in 1927 and Monterey Utilities Corporation, a subsidiary serving electric sustomers in Highland County, Virgina, was acquired in 1930.

Abandonment of traction lines was underway by 1931 and by 1941 all railway and bus services had been sold.

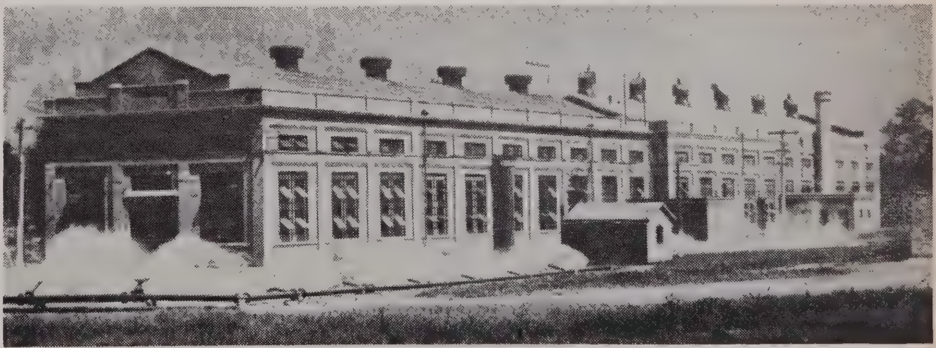
The name "Monongahela Power Company" was adopted in 1945.

There were other corporate name changes. West Penn Company, of which Monongahela had become a subsidiary in 1922, was in turn a subsidiary of the American Water Works and Electric Company. In 1947 that corporation was split up and West Penn Electric Company then became the top company of the integrated electric system which consisted of Monongahela Power Company, West Penn Power Company and the Potomac Edison Company, all operating members of the system. In 1960 the holding company name was again changed to Allegheny Power System, Inc. The status and the names of the operating companies remained unchanged.

With World War II, Monongahela's service area was well established. Lines had been built into every nook and corner. The order of the day became service and more service. Television, electric cookery, electric heating, air conditioning, mechanization of industry —the electric service industry was facing unprecedented requirements and, to meet those requirements, a need for bigger generating stations. As late as 1947, generating capability of 116,504 kilowatts provided a surplus of power. The first unit at Willow Island, on the Ohio River above Parkersburg, was placed in operation in 1949, two years later Rivesville had a new unit of 91,000 kilowatts and by fall of 1954 two units at the company's new Albright station in Preston county had added 245,000 kilowatts to the system capability. In 1960 a second unit, of 180,000 kilowatts capability, was added at the Willow Island Station.

The Allegheny Power System companies also have joined with 14 other eastern electric utilities in an unprecedented transmission-generation project that will connect the east coast and the midwest through a 500,000-volt transmission system, the highest voltage ever used for commercial power transmission. That system, also scheduled for completion in 1967, means that power can be delivered economically from mine-mouth plants in Monongahela's coal-rich area to potential consumers hundreds of miles away.

At the time Monongahela became a part of an integrated system back in the twenties and turned its full attention to electric service, the average cost of electricity per kilowatt-hour used in the home was more than 7 cents. Today, the average price is less than 3 cents, and in 1963 the Company inaugurated a new electric heating rate which reduced the cost of electricity for heating purposes to 1.20 cents per kilowatt-hour, one of the lowest rates in the entire United States. It is the Company's boast that it never has raised residential rates. At the same time, advances in the technology of transmitting and generating power has made it possible to offer industrial power at rates competitive with most areas of the nation.



The Central Power Station at Hutchinson is pictured as it was in 1916, a year before Rivesville station went into service. Hutchinson is now a Monongahela Power substation with a large part of the structure occupied by a foundry. As pictured, however, it was outstanding in construction and the "biggest thing around" in power generation.

PREDICTIONS . . .

By Don Potter

President, Monongahela Power Co.

Our area very definitely will see important industrial growth in the years ahead. It will be large industry directly related to coal and timber and extending its employment benefits to those basic natural resources. We should recognize that our hopes for growth are tied directly to our principal assets and they are coal and timber. In both fields the potential is great. We could very well expect refineries that will produce gasoline and other fuels from coal. The aluminum industry, needing low-priced power for its reduction plants, will find that kind of power here, in an area where mine-mouth power supply assures abundant power at low industrial rates. And, as for the utilization of our timber, there already is a trend towards the development of plants producing plywood and particle board close to the raw timber supply which our Central West Virginia forests offer. That trend will accelerate.

by A. Sweeny Fleming

President, First National Bank in Fairmont

In any effort to analyze and foretell the events of the next 100 years as compared with the accomplishments of the past Century, we must remember that the citizenry of the United States has substantially changed in its thinking. In the past it was considered right and proper to forge ahead in business and to be ambitious economically. It seems to me that the thinking now is fast veering to an attitude of dependency on a Central Government for almost everything, especially those services which were formerly attained by personal effort and hard work. This attitude seems to have changed completely and all we hear now, to an ever increasing crescendo, is the idea "let the Government do it" and, in my opinion, it will soon result in a "Welfare State" and this is not good. Therefore, I do not look forward to any real, worthwhile advancement in the next Century, certainly not at the same pace as heretofore. In the past the idea of going into debt was not popular and people made a great effort to pay their debts as contrasted with a growing tendency now to go into debt for many things which are not necessary provided the money can be borowed and with no clear idea of how repayment can be made—just so somebody will make the loan. Our National debt is enormous and, in my opinion, will never be reduced but will continue to grow bigger and bigger.

By Jack Carpenter

Chairman of the Marion County Centennial Committee

As I look at the prospects for Marion County in the next 100 years, I am encouraged.

Her people have courage and imagination and are willing to give of their time and talent to develop and to support community projects.

Physical characteristics such as the new interstate highway, a navigable river, near a good airport, good hospitals and a first class and growing college are important, but progress is made by men, not machines.

Marion County has men of the highest quality; her people demonstrate outstanding leadership, fierce pride, and a cooperative spirit that will insure prosperity in the next century.

By B. J. Hannon

President of the Greater Fairmont Council of Churches

The years between 1863 and 1963 may be called the Church building years in America. During this time the proportion of Americans in the Church has risen from 15% to over 60%. The great majority of the churches of Marion County were founded in the later half of this century. Since 1946 American Churches have gained 42 million new members and have been expending over one billion dollars a year for new Church construction. The year 1962 marked the end of this era of building as Church membership grew by 1.4% while the national population increased by 1.6%. For the first time in our national history the percentage of Church membership decreased. For one hundred years the churches energy has gone into building membership and physical facilities.

I believe the next hundred years will see the church's energies go into deepening the religious life of its members, in building the spiritual life of the Church, and in recovering the unity of the Church. If these efforts at renewal and union are successful, I would predict that by 2063 the Churches of Marion County would grow from the present approximate 40% of the population to about 60% of a greatly enlarged population. This could mean a net gain in membership of from 50% to 100% with membership rising to from 45,000 to 60,000. By 2063 60% of the Protestant or Evangelical Christians will be in one united Church.

The Church will also be far more influential in community and personal life than it has ever been before. I believe racial prejudice will be largely forgotten, alcoholism will no longer be a significant problem, the divorce rate will drop sharply, poverty and unemployment will be eliminated, all qualified young people will be able to attend college, we will have fine public schools and every person will have access to adequate medical care. There will be close cooperation between a renewed and united Protestantism and a renewed Roman Catholicism. If the present efforts to unite and renew the Church fail, then I believe the Church will become a small and insignificant group within an increasingly secular society in which life will be mean, nasty and brutish.

West Virginia's Centennial Year is the year of decision, it can mark the end or the beginning of the Christian era in American and in Marion county.

by William Dent Evans, Jr.,

Editor of The Fairmont Times

It seems inevitable to me that Fairmont and the Monongahela Valley will, a hundred years from now, be the heart of an industrial complex which can only now be imagined. Methods of transporting "coal by wire" will be advanced to the point where the generating stations will be located "on top of the mines," and this area will be sending power over ultra-high voltage lines to the entire Eastern United States. The development of brines and other chemicals, now untouched in this section, will bring a chemical industry to the banks of the Monongahela River. Since we have the raw materials here which industry needs, it will come to Fairmont for them, never fear!

Gas

An Important Industry in Marion

by Jack Skinner

Hope Natural Gas Company

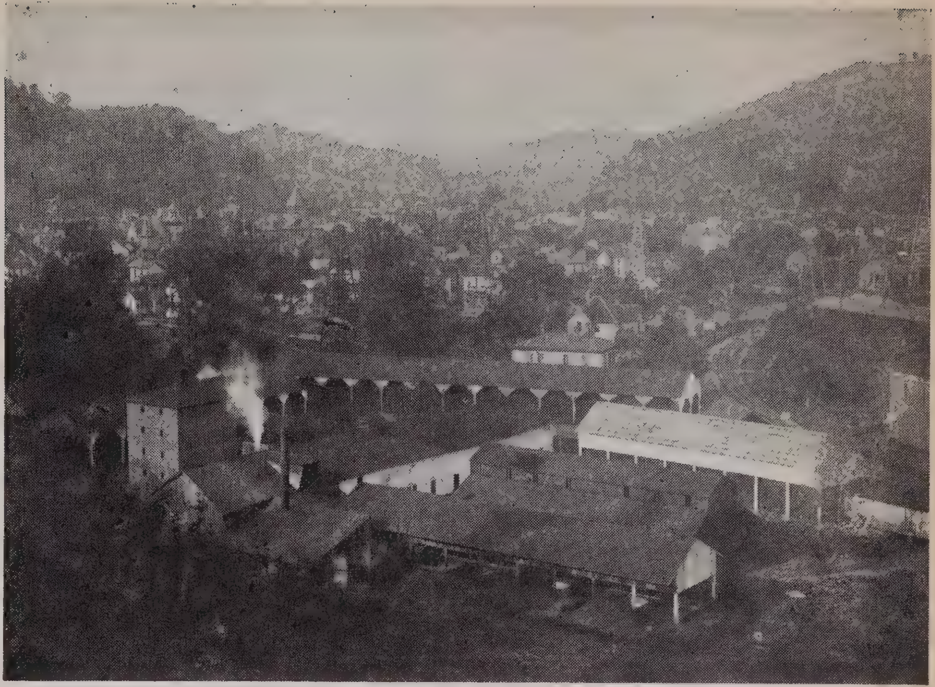
Natural gas plays a vital part in the economic life of Marion County. Many plants in this area depend upon this fine fuel for essential phases of their manufacturing processes, or for other purposes, and natural gas is a servant in thousands of homes and commercial establishments.

Also, as a matter of historical interest, the Marion County town of Mannington has the distinction of being the first in West Virginia, and one of the first in the country, to enjoy the use of this form of energy.

On November 9, 1891, the State of West Virginia granted a charter to the Flaggy Meadow Gas Company, authorizing it to engage in drilling for natural gas and to transport it for sale in Mannington and surrounding communities, directing the principal office of business to be located in Mannington. This charter was one of the first to be granted a natural gas company anywhere.

Prior to 1890, operators drilling for oil in the state were often greatly handicapped by encountering great volumes of gaseous vapor which, rushing and hissing from the well with tremendous force, effectively stopped all further progress of the drill until the gas had spent itself into the air.

This now highly prized fuel was long considered a nuisance, one of the bad breaks of the oil business. Gradually, however, this bothersome product became recognized as a treasure in its own right— a fuel destined to revolutionize the heating, lighting, cooking and other features of domestic life, not to mention its industrial and commercial applications. A fuel that should be brought under control when found, and saved for the service of mankind instead of being blown out upon the air in wasteful exhaustion.



A view of Mannington in 1896 showing the many oil and gas wells scattered through the main part of town. The plant in the foreground is the Burt Tannery.

The South Penn Oil Co. was then exceedingly active in the Mannington region and became the foremost exponent of "shutting in" the gas well and saving its product for domestic and industrial use. But with the dawn of 1891, the company had a larger number of gas wells with such a heavy volume of confined gas production that it was deemed advisable to divorce its gas activities from the oil operations of the company.

This decision marked the advent of the Flaggy Meadow Gas Co., the name being taken from the little stream flowing into Buffalo Creek near Mannington, near which the South Penn Oil Co. had considerable production.

Those active in the organization of this pioneer gas company included M. B. Montgomery of Washington, Pa., John Worthington of Pittsburgh, Dr. I. C. White of Morgantown, C. L. Smith of Fairmont, T. M. Jackson of Clarksburg, and A. L. Prichard and A. W. Prichard of Mannington.

During the "Gay Nineties" the Flaggy Meadow Gas Co. continued to supply natural gas to the people of Mannington and, in a limited way, to extend this service in other nearby communities.

Widespread eagerness for the new fuel, combined with an increasingly heavy production in upper West Virginia, which operators could not economically keep shut in for absorption in the very limited West Virginia market, made the acquisition of more extensive markets highly desirable. For this expansion, a company of greater financial resources and facilities than the very dependable but limited Flaggy Gas Co. was needed.

At this time, the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) appeared upon the scene and, on September 17, 1898, brought forth an offspring christened the Hope Natural Gas Co., which was destined to become a giant among natural gas companies and a powerful factor in the growth of the natural gas industry in our country.

Standard's new child received its name in a unique but natural manner. One of those present at the advent of the newcomer remarked in effect: "Now we have made a lot of hopeful plans—hopeful of acquiring great volumes of natural gas and a growing market, and hopeful of the company being a success —let's name it the Hope Natural Gas Co."

Hope's original capital stock was only two hundred thousand dollars, and the company began business with just a small number of oil and gas leases in Marshall and Wetzel counties. But during the years since this unpretentious but hopeful beginning, it has weathered the bad times and made the most of the good times, and has become recognized as a progressive organization and one of the leaders in its field.

Hope absorbed the Flaggy Meadow Gas Co. in 1902, marking the start of Hope's expansion.

The demand for the company's production was increased substantially in 1903 when The East Ohio Gas Co., a Standard subsidiary and Hope wholesale customer, extended its service to the large Cleveland market. Also, about the same time, The Peoples Natural Gas Co., which distributed gas in Pittsburgh and vicinity, was acquired by Standard and became a Hope wholesale customer.

Then, in 1904, the charter purposes of the Hope Natural Gas Co., were enlarged to include the delivery of gas at retail to West Virginia towns and cities.

In the beginning, the gas had flowed through Hope's lines under its natural rock pressure, but as a result of this expansion program, in order to move the gas properly it became necessary to install a compressor station, utilizing two 4,500 horsepower units, at Hastings in Wetzel County. As the demand grew for gas, this station was expanded until eventually it became one of the largest installations of its kind in the world. Also, as the natural rock pressures of the wells diminished, additional compressor stations were built in the producing areas.

One of Hope's greatest periods of expansion took place between 1910 and 1920, when production in Ohio and Pennsylvania declined concurrently with increased demands, resulting in a rapid development of the great gas fields of central West Virginia.

Another vast expansion program was required following World War II, when the demand for gas continued to soar, even after the close of hostilities. A "Three Year Plan" calling for the ex-expenditure of $15,000,000 was started in 1946, with various construction projects, including four new compressor stations, planned for completion in 1948, the year of the company's "Golden Anniversary" celebration. Since then continuation has been in order and is still in progress at the present time.

Moving equipment through the hills needed the combined efforts of many men and many horses.

Up until 1945, Hope's gas supply came entirely from West Virginia production. That year the company began purchasing large volumes of out-of-state gas from Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. These deliveries have been increased, but a substantial portion of Hope's gas supply is still produced in West Virginia.

In 1932 Hope started preliminary tests leading to the development of underground gas storage fields. This was a comparatively new development in the industry at that time but is now a standard practice. Hope's first storage field was established near Bridgeport in 1937, and since then four others have been established. These facilities make it possible for Hope to accept large year-round deliveries of gas from the Southwest.

The latest development in Hope's progressive approach toward meeting future requirements is a drilling venture in Louisiana. Hope, as the representative of Consolidated Natural Gas Co., has been engaged in an exploration and development program in this area, including offshore operations in the Gulf of Mexico, since 1956. Production and purchases from this area are being transported for Hope to the Consolidated System by the Texas Gas Transmission Corp. and Texas Eastern Transmission Corp.

Hope has been a part of the Consolidated System since 1943 when all gas properties were separated from the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), and the Consolidated Natural Gas Co. was formed with Hope as one of the five subsidiaries.

Another major change, which would merge Hope and a sister company, New York State Natural Gas Corp., into a single operating subsidiary to be known as Consolidated Gas Supply Corp., is contemplated. General headquarters for the merged company would be in Clarksburg, and the Hope Natural Gas Co. would continue to conduct its gas distribution business, involving some 93,000 retail customers in West Virginia, as a division of the new subsidiary.

Over the years, Hope's distribution system in West Virginia has been enlarged mainly by three major transactions. In 1910 Hope purchased the physical properties of the Mountain State Gas Co. and thus acquired the opportunity of supplying the Parkersburg area. In 1929 it added the Clarksburg Light and Heat Co. and in 1950 it purchased the gas properties of the Monangahela Power Co. and took over the responsibility of supplying the Fairmont and Morgantown areas.

The latter transaction made Hope the principal supplier of natural gas in Marion County.

Hope is proud of its history, which dates back to the days of the Flaggy Meadow Gas Co., and has demonstrated its interest in local aspirations not only by providing good gas service but by joining with other industries and organizations in actively supporting the promotion of industrial development and other programs related to the progress of Marion County.

NEWSPAPERS

By Susan H. Hutchinson

Two daily newspapers, The West Virginian and The Fairmont Times, plus a Sunday edition, The Times-West Virginian, now published in Fairmont, had their beginning during West Virginia's first 100 years.

Of these, The West Virginian was the first, dating back to 1866 when the Vedette was published in Fairmont by J. N. Boyd. The name of the paper was changed to The West Virginian when it was sold to the Rev. Josiah Dillon in 1868.

After various changes of ownership, the paper became a daily in 1904 when a re-organization was effected and the Fairmont West Virginian Publishing Co. took over the paper. In 1914, W. J. Wiegel and associates bought control of the West Virginian from the G. M. Jacobs estate.

The paper moved to the old Fairmont State Normal Building at Adams and Quincy in 1919 and merged with The Fairmont Times in August, 1926, when the papers were published by the Fairmont Newspaper Publishing Co.

The Fairmont Times was first published as an evening paper in 1900 by Gen. C. L. Smith and O. S. McKinney, with Col. Earl H. Smith and Odell P. McKinney as editor and business manager respectively.

The first Sunday morning edition was published March 17, 1918, and on Sept. 13, 1931, The Times-West Virginian assumed its present name and the editorial staff of The West Virginian took over its publication.

The Fairmont Newspaper Publishing Co. moved to new offices constructed at the corner of Ogden Avenue and Quincy Street in 1954.

Herschel C. Ogden, founder of the Ogden newspaper group, which bought The West Virginian, The Times and the Times-West Virginian in 1934, was born at Worthington, Jan. 12, 1869.

He was graduated from Fairmont State Normal School in 1883 and from West Virgina University in 1887. Following his graduation at WVU he became a reporter for the Wheeling Register.

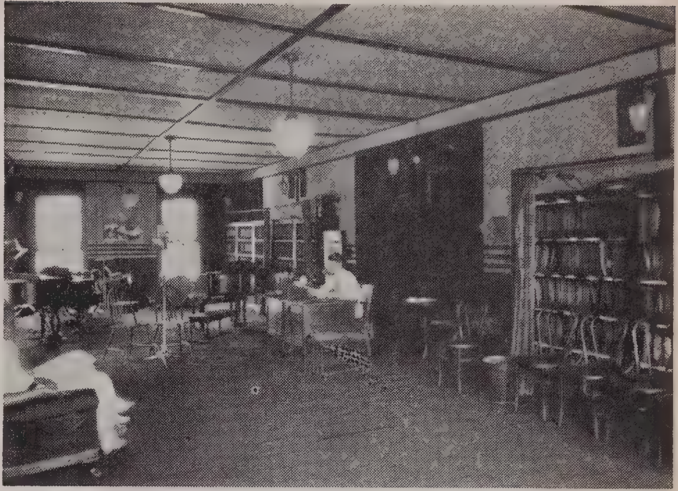
He was soon promoted from reporter to telegraph editor, night editor, political and editorial writer and distinguished himself on the coverage of the 1889 State Legislature.

In 1890, at the age of 21, Ogden formed a company with his brother, Dr. W. C. Ogden, and other businessmen and purchased the Wheeling Newsletter, later the Evening News, Wheeling Daily News and is now called Wheeling News-Register, the beginning of the Ogden chain.

Present manager of the Publishing Company is Walter J. Mason. Editor of the Times is William Dent Evans, Jr., and Editor of the West Virginian is Richard Parrish.

Susan Haymond Hutchinson is a staff writer for the West Virginian, Fairmont's evening newspaper. She is married to John Hutchinson, purchasing agent at Industrial Contractors of Fairmont. Inc. John is the son of Frank Hutchinson, one of the eight sons of "Sonnencroft" about which Susan wrote in the Fabulous Homes section of this yearbook. The Haymonds are one of the original pioneer families of Marion county.
Owner "Stout's Den of Antiquity". One of the largest Antique Shops in the State. A collector for many years she became a dealer three years ago.

RADIO—WMMN



An early WMMN broadcasting studio. At the microphone is Herb Morrison, famous for his eye-witness account of the Hindenburg explosion. He is now at WIIC-TV.

WMMN in Fairmont is a pioneer of radio in West Virginia. In 1928 the local Holt-Rowe Novelty Company opened broadcasting studios in the Fairmont Hotel, with two 90 foot towers on the hotel roof. The first program was broadcast at 6:00 P.M. on December 22, 1928.

The station, founded by A. M. Rowe and Clyde S. Holt, started with 500 watts power. On March 1, 1935, WMMN was purchased by the Fort Industry Company of Toledo, Ohio, now Storer Broadcasting Company and studios were moved to the present location at 208 Adams Street.

That same year WMMN became affiliated with the Columbia Broadcasting System and increased power to 1000 watts. Subsequent power increases resulted and today the station operates with a power of 5000 watts.

RADIO—WTCS

Fairmont became a two-radio station town in 1947 when the 250 watt WVVW went on the air affiliated with Mutual Broadcasting System.

Now the station is 1000 watts, it is WTCS and is affiliated with the American Broadcasting Company. Nick Fantasia is vice-president and General Manager. Paul Pitrolo is president. It is locally owned and operated.

WTCS pioneered in local high school sports in this area and regularly broadcasts football and basketball games—as does WMMN.

The Italian Hour, which is broadcast on WTCS, has been on the air for fourteen continuous years and is one of the longest running shows on the air.

TELEVISION—WJPB-TV

WJPB-TV came on the air first as an Ultra-High-Frequency station in 1953—one of the first UHF stations in West Virginia and the first in Central West Virginia. After operating for two years on Channel 35 the station as WJPB-TV ceased telecasting and asked the Federal Communications Commission to grant it a Very-High-Frequency channel.

This was done in 1959 and on January 8, 1960 WJPB-TV started regularly programming on Channel 5. The WJPB-TV executive offices, studios, sales and programming are all handled from the Fairmont office, Broadcast House, on Quincy street. The transmitter and broadcast studio are located near Weston on Route 19.

J. Patrick Beacom is president and general manager of the station. He owns 50 per cent of the stock. Thomas P. Johnson and George W. Eby of Pittsburgh are directors and own the remaining stock in Channel 5. Power is 100,000 watts Video and 50,000 watts Audio. The tower is 2,610 feet above sea level.

Marion County in the State Political Scene

By Helen H. Summers

Few Counties of the fifty-five in West Virginia can claim sons who have been more instrumental in the development of the State than Marion County. Each of her political figures stand out as diversified in interests and accomplishments.

There have been many dedicated public servants—on the local, State and national level, who have guided Marion County to its present position as a progressive, forward-looking County of West Virginia. Each and all, deserve mention in aiding this County and its communities achieve eminence in good public administration, development of public institutions, public school excellence, industrial development, resource conservation, anti-pollution of our beautiful streams, and many other factors designed to improve the circumstances of the citizenry.

These profiles will touch upon but a few of the outstanding political figures—to do all of them, and to do all of them justice, would require volumes.

FOUNDING FATHERS

Francis Harrison Pierpont has been called "the Father of West Virginia." He was never elected Governor of West Virginia, but instead, was elected Governor of the Reorganized Government of Virginia on June 20, 1861, by the Second Wheeling Convention. This new government was formed by the northern and western Counties of Virginia who did not wish to secede from the Union, as did the eastern brothers prior to the outbreak of the Civil War. By July 13, 1861, this new government of Virginia had Waitman T. Willey and John Carlile recognized, and seated, in the Senate of the United States. It was through the sanction and support of men like Pierpont and Willey that the State of West Virginia was formed in 1863, since it was the Reorganized Government of Virginia that allowed the new State of West Virginia to be formed within its boundaries.

Governor Pierpont was born in Monongalia County (before Marion was formed) January 25, 1814. He was educated locally but went to Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. It was said that he walked the entire 180 miles to Meadville when he started to school.

Governor Pierpont was a businessman and a lawyer in Fairmont. He was a conservative man and an ardent Abolitionist. He had collected a very fine library, with copies and originals of important manuscripts and papers, such as the Jefferson papers, plus many first editions. In April of 1863, his home on Quincy Street was one of the main targets for the Jones Raiders and the bulk of his fine library was destroyed. West Virginia University now has the existing Pierpont manuscripts. These papers give insight into that time of our history in which Governor Pierpont had an active part, showing his relationships with the important people engaged in war effort; giving a picture of his devoutness; showing his stature as a mature executive and staunch patriot.

Governor Pierpont's business acumen served him well as the Governor of Virginia. It was imperative that this new government he was heading have a sound financial basis and adequate revenues in order to exist. And these things he accomplished.

He had three Capitols during his Governorship—Wheeling, Virginia 1861-1863, Alexandria, Virginia 1863-1865, and Richmond, Virginia 1865-1868 (following the end of the Civil War).

Francis Pierpont was married to Julia Robertson who had come to Fairmont as a governess for the Haymond family. He died from old age, at 85, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on March 25, 1899, according to the Death Records in the Marion County Court House. He was brought to Fairmont and buried in Woodlawn Cemetery on March 27, 1899, where his wife is also buried. It could not be ascertained whether any surviving members of his family reside in this area.

Francis H. Pierpont lived long enough to see "his child" (W. Va.) well out of its infancy and on its way to the growing pains of the 20th Century.

Waitman T. Willey, mentioned above, although later made his permanent home in Monongalia County, spent his boyhood at his home on the mouth of Paw Paw Creek in Rivesville. So Marion County has some claim to another "father" of West Virginia—Waitman T. Willey—who served as United States Senator first from Virginia and then West Virginia.

THE GOVERNORS

As said before, each of the County's political figures stand out as diversified in their interests and accomplishments. In the case of those who became Governors from Marion County, each can be noted for a different approach to the Governorship, no doubt reflecting the times in which they served. Marion County has given West Virginia three Governors—the first and third, Democrats, the second a Republican.

GOVERNOR FLEMING

Aretas Brooks Fleming was the 8th Governor of West Virginia. He ran against Nathan Goff, Jr. of Clarksburg, in 1888. The election was a close affair, and it took so long to finally decide who was to be Governor, that for almost a year there were four contenders for the Governorship—Governor Wilson, the incumbent (who refused to step aside); Mr. Carr, the President of the Senate; and the two candidates who each thought they had been elected. Finally, after a vote by the Legislature, Governor Fleming was inaugurated on February 6, 1890, instead of March 4, 1889.

Throughout his career, Governor Fleming advocated the conservation and development of the great resources of West Virginia. In most of his public utterances during his administration, in the State or out of it, he continually stressed the need for the diversificatiion of industry, the preservation and proper development of the industrial potential, and the ultimate greatness of West Virginia. In his inaugural address, delivered February 6, 1890, he said this: "The present should not be employed to keep open election wounds (referring to the contested gubernatorial election). It is better that these be healed as speedily as possible, that the people of our State may again address themselves to the successful development of our vigorous young Commonwealth and to securing their share of the wealth which a beneficent Providence has so bounteously placed within its borders."

At the laying of a cornerstone at the Fairmont Normal School in 1891, he stated:

"May I not digress and say to these students, those young men, that Horace Greeley, if living, would not repeat his advice to 'Go West.' He would say, 'Remain here, go to West Virginia, a state outstripping all her sisters.'"

And in a speech delivered at the Southern Inter-State Exposition at Raleigh, North Carolina, November 6, 1891, he spoke of the greatness of West Virginia's potential.

"When I come to describe the vastness of our timber forests, iron ores, coal fields, and petroleum deposits, I fear to do them justice lest I be accused of exaggeration. We have natural gas enough to blow up the universe, and oil sufficient to illuminate a goodly section of the night eternal."

Governor Fleming was born in Fairmont (Middletown) on October 15, 1839. He was educated locally and taught in the country schools for some time. He graduated from the University of Virginia Law School in 1863, and began the practice of law the same year.

Governor Fleming was a corporation lawyer and one of the founders of the Gaston Coal Company, Monongahela Coal and Coke, and Montana Coal and Coke. He was associated in business with his father-in-law, James Otis Watson, and a good friend of John Newlon Camden who developed mines and railroads in this area.

Mr. Fleming was the prosecuting attorney for Marion County from 1863 to 1867; a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates from 1872 to 1875; a Circuit Judge from 1878 to 1888. He resigned as Judge to run for Governor. He was considered a very capable administrator.

After retirement, he walked to downtown Fairmont almost daily when Court was in session, probably thinking back to his own days on the Bench.

Governor Fleming was married to Carrie Watson, and the father of six children, all of whom are deceased. He died on October 13, 1923 and was buried on his 84th birthday, October 15.

GOVERNOR MORGAN

Ephram Franklin Morgan was the 16th Governor of West Virginia. He went into office at the beginning of the "Roaring Twenties," serving from 1921 to 1925. Following World War I, Governor Morgan and his predecessor, Governor Cornwell, had to adjust to new conditions. There was depression at this time which resulted from many combined factors plus a business slump following the end of the war. Automobiles were now a fact of life and the highway systems in no way met the new needs; State governments had broadened their duties and responsibilities and required greater revenues; West Virginia needed a new Capitol to replace the "Cardboard Capitol;" there was labor unrest, strikes and strike-breaking.

During Governor Morgan's administration many of these problems were met. The Legislature created the State Sinking Fund Commission, to establish a good credit rating for the State; the Privilege and Occupation Tax (Gross Sales) was begun as a fairer and more equitable form of taxation than used previously and, resultingly, remains the largest source of State revenue; the State Road Law was revised, making the State Road Commission responsible for Primary Roads, thus insuring some continuity in the development of highways throughout the State, instead of continuing to make this a County responsibility; the 4-H Camp was established at Jackson's Mill.

In relation to the necessity for calling Federal troops to stop the troubles in the southern coal fields when unionizing of non-union miners was being resisted by coal operators, Goveror Morgan said that he held no brief for either side; that his position was:

"I am interested, however, both as an official and a citizen in the maintainenance of law and the preservation of order and all of the force at my command will be used to require those engaged in labor strife, whether operator or miner, union or non-union, to obey the laws of the State—As Governor of the State, it is one of my duties to insist upon the enforcement of law—Personally, I have the highest regard for union labor. I know from personal observation that it has accomplished much for the wage-earner in many instances. It has brought him comfort and contentment that otherwise could not have been secured."

Ephriam F. Morgan was the great great-grandson of David Morgan, a pioneer settler in this County. He was born about one mile north of Bunners Ridge, at Forksburg, January 16, 1869. He graduated from Fairmont Normal School and later from the West Virginia University Law School. He taught school at the Layman and Forksburg schools for several years. One of his former pupils relates that when he went away to the University to study for a year all of his students cried, and when he returned the following year they all cried again, for happiness. Governor Morgan began the practice of law in Fairmont in 1898, and was the city Solicitor in 1901-1902. He served as Judge of the Marion County Intermediate Court for the years 1907 to 1912. He was appointed by Governor Hatfield to serve on the West Virginia Public Service Commission from 1915 until 1920, at which time he resigned to run for Governor. Following his Governorship he was appointed by President Hoover as a solicitor for the United States Department of Commerce in 1925, a post which he held for several years. He remained in Washington, practicing law until the time of his death, never retiring. As an anti-New Dealer he ran for the United States Senate in 1940, at the age of 71, and was defeated.

Governor Morgan was married to Alma Bennett, who had been a school teacher. A son, Albert, is a lawyer who resides in Morgantown. Three sisters survive Governor Morgan. They all live in Fairmont and they are all in their eighties—Mrs. Nettie Meredith, Mrs. Mary West and Mrs. Mattie Hawn.

Governor Morgan died January 15, 1950 at the age of 81, and was buried in the Mt. Zion Cemetery.

GOVERNOR NEELY

The 21st Governor of West Virginia cannot be pigeonholed neatly into the category of Governor. He was more than this, having held the highest elective offices in the State—as a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, a United States Senator, and the Governor of West Virginia. He was probably the most ardently loved and the most ardently opposed man in the history of politics in West Virginia; he was the most elected man in the history of the State; he was probably the most tireless campaigner ever produced in the State; the most controversial; the most adept public speaker; one of the most literate and well-read men; the most prominent West Virginian on the National scene for many years; one of the most liberal New Dealers; and for those who followed his long career there are probably many other "mosts" that would have applied to Matthew Mansfield Neely.

Governor Neely began his political career as the Mayor of Fairmont in 1908. In 1911 he was Clerk for the House of Delegates in Charleston. Thereafter, there were only six years, beginning in 1913, until 1958, that Matthew M. Neely did not hold an elective office; the years were 1920-22 (a Republican landslide), 1928-1930 (narrowly beaten by Senator Hatfield), and 1946-1948 (lost to Congressman Francis J. Love). He was United States Congressman for four terms, from 1913 to 1921. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1922, 1930, and 1936. He resigned from the Senate in 1940 when he became Governor of West Virginia—its oldest Governor. The following excerpt from a primary campaign speech made in Charleston on May 2, 1940 gives his reason for giving up his Senatorship to run for Governor:

"In my opinion, the Democratic party in West Virginia is worth rescuing from a handful of ambitious, selfish, wilful dictators who now have a stranglehold upon it and are apparently determined to rule it or ruin it during the next four years. Fidelity to this opinion is solely responsible for my having become a candidate for Governor of West Virginia.

As Governor, Mr. Neely, who was more liberal than the opposition in his own party, was successful in getting some of the legislation that he desired. But during the latter half of his administration he was known as the "Veto King." An equally determined legislature passed many bills over his vetoes, however.

Governor Neely has been described as the friend of the common man; one who desired more welfare measures to aid the people of the State; desired better teachers salaries; and worked for collective bargaining. During the first meeting of the Legislature a retirement fund was established for teachers, a Permanent Voters Registeration law was put into effect, and a non-partisan Board of Education was established.

While still Governor, in 1942, with two years remaining of his term, Mr. Neely ran again for the Senate, but was defeated. He finished his term as Governor and successfully won a seat in the House of Representatives in 1944, only to be defeated in 1946. However, he returned to the Senate in 1948 and was serving his fifth term in the Senate (having won the seat again in 1954) at the time of his death in 1958. Mr. Neely had the same liberal aims and objectives while a member of the Congress of the United States as those he held as Governor of West Virginia.

Governor Neely was serious and dedicated in the fight against cancer and spoke many times on this subject. And it was from this affliction that he died. In 1946 he made a speech on the floor of the House of Representatives about a bill that had been defeated:

"Everyone who voted against the bill did so with the knowledge that he was rejecting the last opportunity of the year to throw out the governmental life line to this country's agonized victims of cancer, who are dying at the shocking rate of 20 every hour.

He fought the cause for cancer research continually.

Matthew Mansfield Neely was born in Doddridge County on November 9, 1874. He taught school at the age of 18. He attended Salem College, and graduated from West Virginia University with an AB degree, and in 1902 with a law degree. He began the practice of law in Fairmont in 1902 with partner Henry S. Lively. He married Alberta Ramage the following year. He is survived by Mrs. Neely and three children —Alfred, Judge of Marion County Criminal Court; Corrine Pettit, Charleston, South Carolina; John Neely of Arnold, Maryland.

Governor Neely kept his law office open in Fairmont and practiced when not in legislature. He never took a vacation and read voraciously, even with his meals. His effects include some 30,000 files which even yet have not been completely catalogued.

Governor Neely was a very active and energetic man. In 1957 he had suffered a hip fracture and had been in the Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Maryland. The following excerpt was taken from the Fairmont Times, January 18, 1958, the day of his death:

"Last summer he was reported at the point of death, but after stories to that effect had been published, he strode into the Senate for an important vote, disdaining use of a wheelchair. When an earlier report of his death was circulated, a newsman called him at his home here. Told of the rumor, Neely replied: 'I'll talk to you just as soon as I put down these logs. I've been chopping wood.'"

West Virginia has probably never had a son with the oratorical ability of Matthew Neely. He was an avid reader and had a copious memory. He was noted for the many types of speeches that he could deliver. It is said that his extemporaneous pleas before juries were his very best. Unfortunately there is no record of these. Following will be examples of some of the types of speeches that he did make that have been recorded in his State Papers and Public Addresses.

Here are some passages from the 1941 West Virginia University Commencement speech:

"The greedy Alexander the Great, with his ironshod foot on the throat of prostrate humanity, wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer. He regarded war, despite the desolation, the only activity worthy of his perverted thought, his destructive genius, or his boundless ambition . . . many of those who are about to receive their coveted college degrees and begin their lifelong struggle for success, and fortune and fame are, like Alexander, harrassed by the baneful belief that there are no more wars to wage; that there are no more worlds to conquer. We know that Alexander reached a false conclusion . . . and could not understand that it is better to live for humanity than it is to destroy it on the crimsoned fields of battle . . . But there is no justification for the assumption that there are no great wars for you to wage; that there are no glorious worlds for you to conquer; that there is no place on fame's eternal camping ground for you. . ."

At an extraordinary session of the West Virginia Legislature January 3, 1944 which he called in order to enact a law allowing members of the armed forces to vote, plus the examination of some irregularities, Mr. Neely had this to say, in part:

". . . the most disreputable, and mendacious muck-raking daily paper in the state is maliciously striving to degrade this session to a carnival of unmitigated factional turmoil and unlimited partisan strife because of the insane desire of the wicked, friendless misanthrope who owns it to feed fat the ancient grudge he bears practically everybody and everything under the sun . . . this abominable journalistic reprobate, with his wildcat disposition and his rattlesnake venom, would, if he could without danger of punishment, remorselessly sink the ship of state, or steal a poor man's sheep in order to harass anyone of the innocent multitudes he hates with all the malevolence of his marble heart . . ."

At a Jackson day dinner in Charleston in 1941, he had this to say:

"As long as democracy lives, love for "Old Hickory" Jackson will not die. He was the child of poverty, the master of adversity, the preeminent patriot, the peerless soldier and illustrious statesman whose accomplishments in behalf of humanity will shine forever like the bright morning star.

"To endeavor by oral tribute to augment the glory of this great man would be as wasteful and ridiculous excess as to gild the lily, throw perfume on the violet, or add to the rainbow's gorgeous hues. Therefore, let us simply drink a toast to General Jackson:

> "On fame's eternal camping ground
> His silent tent is spread;
> Where glory guards with solemn round,
> The bivouac of our dead."

West Virginia lost an illustrious son when Matthew Neely died on January 18, 1958. His friend Edward Keating who wrote the introduction to Mr. Neely's Public Papers and State Addresses, might well have been writing a fitting epitaph when he wrote this:

"He fully understands the true meaning of public service and, with unstinted courage and unquestioned integrity, he habitually renders it to the limit of his capacity. With the deepest gratitude for Mansfield Neely's sympathetic heart, his lofty statesmanship and his never-failing devotion to duty, the people will write his name high on the scroll of those who have lived to bless mankind."

SENATORS

Marion County has had three United States Senators, all Democrats. Mr. Neely, at the time of his inauguration as Governor, appointed Dr. Joseph Rosier to fill the interim vacancy from January 13, 1941 to November 18, 1942, left by him when he resigned to become Governor. Dr. Rosier had been the head of Fairmont Normal School, later Fairmont State Teachers College, from 1915 until his appointment as Senator. Dr. Rosier was a well-known and highly respected educator in the State.

Clarence Wayland Watson, a prominent coal operator and businessman, completed Stephen B. Elkins' unextern in the Senate upon Senator Elkins' death. He served from 1911 to 1913, but was unsuccessful in a second bid against Davis Elkins in 1918.

OTHERS ON THE POLITICAL SCENE

Clement Lawrence Shaver was the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee from 1924 until 1928. He guided and arranged the nomination of West Virginian John W. Davis for the Presidency of the United States. Ambassador Davis was defeated, however, by Calvin Coolidge.

"Clem" Shaver was born and lived in Marion County. He attended Fairmont Normal School, taught school, and later obtained a law degree at George Washington University.

He was three times elected to the House of Delegates, 1911-1915. He served as chairman for the County State and National Committees, and was campaign manager for several aspiring candidates. He was an assistant to Jesse Jones, Chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Commission, during the 1930's. Presently, A. Blake Billingslea is the Marion County Republican Chairman, and James C. Morgan is the Democratic County Chairman.

Since 1863 Marion County has had the following offices in the West Virginia Senate:

President—Ulysses N. Arnett, 1877-79.

Clerks—Ellery R. Hall, 1863-68; Edward S. Moore, 1869-71; A. Hale Watkins, 1941-43.

Sergeant-at-arms—Charles W. Swisher, 1899.

Doorkeepers—W. M. Dunnington, 1863; Thomas L. Boggess, 1864-65.

In the House of Delegates the Following have been elected:

Speaker of the House · Owen S. McKinney, 1899.

Clerks—M. M. Neely, 1911; John Guy Pritchard, 1913-15.

Doorkeeper—A. N. Knotts, 1889.

PRESENT OFFICIALS FROM MARION COUNTY

Judge of the United States District Court for Northern and Southern West Virginia—Harry E. Watkins (by appointment)

Judge of the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals—Frank C. Haymond (D).

Herschel H. Rose was a member of the W. Va. Supreme Court of Appeals at the time of his death.

West Virginia Senate · Oley G. Hedrick (D) (14th Senatorial District)

West Virginia House of Delegates—J. E. Watson (D); Wilford Wilson (D); Robert H. Tennant (D).

Circuit Court Judge (16th Judicial Circuit): —J. Harper Meredith (D).

Clerk of the Circuit Court—James C. Morgan (D).

Judge of the Criminal Court—Alfred Neely (D).

County Officers:

Assessor—J. Carney Davis (D).

Superintendent of Schools: J. J. Straight.

Board of Education—Paul C. Davis (D); Allison Frum (D); Hershel Rose (D); Stanley Urban (D); Joseph Cotrel (D).

Prosecuting Attorney—Paul E. Parker, Jr. (D).

Sheriff—Frank H. Conaway (D).

County Clerk—Joan H. Demus (D).

County Commissioners - C. J. Wright (D); John Gill (D); Joseph Onderko (D).

Justices of the Peace:

Fairmont District—Robert W. Downs (D); F. J. Sanderbeck (D).

Grant District—Jack Hammond (D); Vacancy.

Lincoln District—Samuel Bennett (D); Millard Cutlip (D)

Mannington District - J. C. Looman (R); J. S. North West (R).

Paw Paw District— Wayne Duncan (D); Walter C. Ballan (D).

Union District—J. Virgil Harr (D); E. J. Tichnell (D).

Winfield District—Hugh A. Meredith (D); Charles L. Knight (D).

The present official regristration figures for Marion County show 12,542 Republicans, 26,041 Democrats, 252 Independents registered for a total of 38,935.

During the most recent election, November 6, 1962, about 64% of those who were registered excercised their franchise to vote.

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Mrs. Paul C. Summers (Helen Hood Summers) is a graduate of West Virginia University. Now, after starting a family of two boys, she has renewed her interest in College studies and is attending Fairmont State College to gain her teacher's certification. Her research for G. Wayne Smith in the History Department gave as a by-product this story for the Yearbook. She is a member of the Hood family, a pioneer name in Marion county, and is a member of the Marion County Historical Society.

POPULATION FIGURES

	1870	1880	1890
Fairmont	621	900	1,023
Palatine	558	678	860
Mannington	411	822	908
Barrackville	114	124	200
Boothsville	125	150	223
Worthington	127	118	175
Farmington	85	200	312
Fairview	72	......	226
Newport	68	120	......
Rivesville	63	140	150
Johntown	55	......	......
Basnettsville	54	158	......
Winfield	47	164	......
Houlttown	33	......	......
Bobtown	......	100	......
Briartown	......	75	......

Where the population is not given the figures are not available.

(Continued from Page 18)

Dowell they were so close together that during momentary lulls in the fighting the men recognized one another and hurled personal epithets or in some instances, personal greetings across no man's land. These regiments also shared the carnage of Cedar Mountain, where Jackson, himself a native of Clarksburg, led his division in one of the grimest and bloodiest fights of the war. Congressman Edmiston comes into the picture again because his grandfather, Alfred Jackson, acting as colonel of the 31st, was wounded at Cedar Mountain, possibly by a bullet fired by a former friend or neighbor.

The Thirty First Virginia, like scores of similar regiments in the Confederate Army, fought on until its ranks were almost wholly depleted. Some few of them were at the surrender.

The Third West Virginia was subsequently mounted and made-over into a cavalry regiment—the Sixth West Virginia, we believe—which was commanded by Col. Rufus Fleming of Fairmont. After earning great fame under Sheridan the regiment, much against its will, was sent to the western plains to fight the Sioux Indians. At Fort Leavenworth Col. Fleming had a hard time with about two thirds of his men, who felt they had served for the duration of the war and were entitled to go home. Eventually he cajoled them into doing their duty in making the wild west safe for the white people and after a year of thrills, they were mustered out of the service.

Not enough has been done in West Virginia to keep green the memory of her sons who fought so valiantly in the two armies. If it does not already have one, the state should organize a historical and research society to preserve her war records, and especially to hold up for the enlightment of future generations the heroic exploits of her sons on the battlefields.

In the past, partisan bitterness has played no small part in preventing this from being done, but there is no reason why suitable markers and monuments, cotaining both Confederate and Union inscriptions should not be planned.

Certain facts should not be overlooked. For instance West Virginia blue soldiers, in point of numbers engaged, captured more battle flags than the soldiers from any other state.

The First West Virginia Cavalry was one of the most famous mounted organizations in the annals of the country. One of the most noted blue regiments in the whole army was the Seventh West Virginia. As a single instance of the heroism of its soldiers, the Confederate records of the winter battle at Fredericksburg show that the dead closest to the wall at Mary's Heights bore the white trefoil and the insignia of the Seventh. A West Virginia regiment-the Tenth, we believe -was the first to enter Richmond when that city was evacuated. A West Virginia cavalry regiment pursued the assassins of President Lincoln and captured several of the plotters.

Western Virginia soldiers in the Confederate Army made up the bulk of the famous Stonewall Brigade, and whole regiments which did notable service in the Lost Cause were recruited from the borders of our state. General Jones' Raiders were largely West Virginians.

Good Morning!

June 29, 1934

We can remember back in the old days when Tony Delligatti's fruit stand occupied the Jefferson street sidewalk of somebody coming along and remarking that Rome was no bigger than Monongah. We can remember the look on Tony's face and his earnest efforts to convince the blasphemer of the utter folly of his remark. Tony had not then long been in this country, and we have forgotten what fair place in Italy it was that he came from. It used never to occur to us the quiet courage it took to leave one's homeland and journey forth into a new land where men spoke in an alien tongue, and spoke not well, and where one and all looked upon the intrusion of any stranger with badly concealed suspicion.

We can remember also, 'way back in the dim days of childhood when the first Poles were brought to Barnsville and moved into the company houses which lined the road. We can remember them at our grandmother's house whither they came for milk and eggs and butter and how wistfully they looked into the cow stable where old Rose, and Pink and Sukey and another, whose name we have forgotten, chewed contentedly their cuds. These Polish women (our grandmother called them Polanders) spoke no English and the purchases they made at the farmhouse was by the language of signs. The men folks worked in the Shaft mine and it was the job of the women to turn the dreary mine shacks into some semblance of home. Although our grandmother remained discreetly aloof, she having seen no "furriners" since the Irish came to build the railroad 40 years before, she marvelled at the cleanliness of some of the houses and of the outside ovens in which they baked their big, heavy loaves of bread. It wasn't long, however, before our folks began to know their names and as the intricacies of the language were grasped by them, they came to know us, and we lived very happily together in the same community for several years.

But the point we are trying to make is that we as natives probably never gave a thought to what those strangers thought of us. In fact it never seemed to occur to us that they ever thought of us any differently than we thought of ourselves. Had we not come there when the whole country was a wilderness and did we not wrest it from the Indians, chopping down the trees and planting fields and living wholly upon what we produced, except for maybe a few trinkets which we bought from itinerant peddlers?

And we have wondered since what those old Italians and Poles, so sad of homesickness in the brown, dreary months of the winter, did really think of those of us with whom they had settled down to live.

What kind of barbarians did they think we were when we would say the Eternal City was no greater than Monongah? Or when we showed no linguistic interest in their ancient speech or sympathy for their homeland customs, such as the celebration of church holidays and of births and marriages? To us they were foreign and strange; to them we must have been formidable and appalling.

The melting pot in this valley has been slowly stirred for 40 years. Today we live together in common sympathy and common understanding. We Scotch-Irish are now but a link in the chain of many peoples who make up the population of this valley. The only outwardly distinguishing characteristics are in our nomenclature, but even names are no longer strange. But in the final analysis it isn't that we have at last learned these people; it is that they have learned us and to them we are no longer formidable and appaling.

It is good that this is so. Upon them falls much of the responsibilities of the rehabilitation of our community and from them we must expect a full measure of public service. Communities only strive by the united efforts of all their citizens. No longer can the few pull the load of the many. To win now all must work together.

It is a good sign when boys and girls of these racial groups who have educated themselves in the public schools and have forged their way through our colleges come forth and bid for public office. Just now we have before us a campaign card of Joe Arcuri, a lad who wishes to serve on the board of education.

Here and there also are boys of Joe's age entering the professions and engaging in businesses their grandfathers never hoped to attain.

We natives are gradually losing our aloofness and our racial prejudices; upon their part they are learning that we are really nice people to live with after all.

Good Morning!

July 8, 1934

We mean that if a fellow contemplated the purchase of an automobile he thought only in terms of Packards. So far as Fairmont was concerned any other brand of car was **de classe.** There were other cars to be sure, but if one had a car at all and that car wasn't a Packard, one felt a bit out of things, and some women of our acquaintance were acutely unhappy if they were forced by circumstances to pay an afternoon call or ride to a function in any other make of car. In those days Packards, cost from $4800 up. Those poor people whose economic circumstance rendered it absolutely impossible to raise a mere $4800 could still be a part of things by acquiring a second hand Packard, which came in the models of '08, '09, and '10 for about $2,000. When a word of comment would be spoken concerning the ownership of a second hand Packard the unhappy fellow would reply to the effect that "we have so little need for a car this season we decided a second handed one would do us."

Good Morning!

September 2, 1934

Our friend, Dr. George E. Bevans, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, who recently struck a blow on behalf of slum eradication on Water street in order to make the Monongahela river of recreational and scenic value to the people of the community, hit a very responsive chord. We have known for some time that the Water street park idea was taking hold, but when a man like Dr. Bevans begins to preach it from his pulpit the signs are growing most propitious.

As things stand today the mere presence of Water street is a disgrace to this city. The poor people who live or hibernate there cannot be blamed for this condition. The fault lies squarely with those who would make Fairmont a better place in which to live.

And on the other side of the river, facing the Water street slums, we have Washington street. There is no rime or reason for the existence of these two slum areas within the city. Slum eradication and beautification is the only solution to these problems. To attack them on moral grounds is futile; to invoke the police power is to start something that is hard to finish.

The encroachment of vice upon this city is a natural sequence to the letting up of cultural activities. Its limitations are always defined by the strength of public opinion. If prostitution gets out of bounds, or gambling, or speakeasy dives, the answer lies in a recession of cultural activities. In many of its aspects vice is negative; it grows only when the better things of community life cease to progress.

The entire East Side river bank could be turned into a city park and at the same time the present slums, which we repeat, are a disgrace to the city, would be removed forever. Similar treatment could be applied to the Washington street area east of Madison. The slums could be done away with and the ground could either be utilized for modern tenements or devoted to park purposes.

Other civic improvements could be carried out at the same time. The widening of Main street and Fairmont avenue to relieve traffic conditions seems to admit of a ready solution. The construction of community swimming pools—one, perhaps, at Morris Park—appears to be an essential step in the civic program.

Good Morning!

September 4, 1934

About this time of the year we have made it a point to pay a visit to Morgantown and have our football pulse quickened by the enthusiasm of Harry Stansbury. In the old days we would peep through a crack in the fence of the old splinter stadium to get a peep at the boys at practice in order to confirm our own judgment of their prowess. This is how we discovered Mr. Rat Rogers. We peeped through the fence and saw him practice those long forward passes which nearly revolutionized eastern football.

In 15 or more years we never missed following the team upon its trips. In fact we were usually there and established before the team arrived. When games were to be played in Pittsburgh it was the custom of our set to leave home early Friday and return not sooner than the following Monday. We always aimed to reach the hotel before the lobby furniture was removed and the silver locked up. In those days the Pittsburgh hotels regarded a West Virginia football game as people would regard the annual visitation of a pestilential plague. In fact they armed themselves against the southern invasion. At least a largely augmented force of hotel house detectives did. They were a sturdy set, those house dicks. They would knock you for a loop first and ask questions afterwards.

The high water mark of West Virginia football was reached about a dozen years ago in New York when Penn State was played at the Yankee Stadium. Several hundred, perhaps thousands, of home folks accompanied the team by special trains. A Morgantown coal company supplied a band to augment the university musicians. The game, which resulted in a tie, disappointed the crowd which expected a great victory, but New York City, itself administered the most crushing defeat. Our boys and girls found the big city entirely too vast for them. Speakeasy bartenders served 'em up faster than they could be consumed. New Yorkers were sympathetic but unconvinced when a celebrant would step to the middle of Broadway and give vent to the battlecry of "West by gawd Virginia!" In short New York seemed too busily engaged with its own affairs to pay much mind to us.

One West Virginia boy ordered an $8 meal and passed out after eating one oyster. Later he sent a check for 25 cents to the management to pay for the oyster.

The return of the special train was a retreat from Moscow. Hundreds of heads were never raised from the pillows.

It was the first and last invasion of the post-war football hystericals to the metropolis.

We imagine, some of these days, another immortal thousand West Virginia fans will be developed who will follow the team in season and out of season to the games—both at home and abroad.

Those were, as some folks will tell you now, the good old days.

Good Morning!

September 18, 1934

Reading as how, as the fellow said, the Baltimore & Ohio railroad is going to discontinue passenger train service on the line between Grafton and Wheeling it is hard for one not to fall into the mood of looking back a spell and thinking of the romantic history of that old line.

What Wheeling was in the old days was greatly due to the railroad which operated its entire fleet of through passenger trains by the way of the old Fourth Division. It is true that in the later years the bridge between Benwood and Bellaire diverted this service four miles south from the city, nevertheless its importance was so great 25 years ago that the railroad company invested a million dollars in a passenger station in the heart of Wheeling.

The greatest single achievement of the B. & O. in the way of serving its country was in the Fall of 1863. A great crisis confronted the Union. General Rosecrans and the federal army had suffered a crushing defeat at Chattanooga and it was necessary for reinforcements to be sent immediately to Rosecrans to prevent the national army from being cut in two.

After an all night session in the War Department at Washington which Lincoln attended, it was decided to detach the 11th and 12th Corps from the Army of the Potomac and send them by rail to Chattanooga. This was the first time in the history of the world that the railroads had become an important factor in warfare.

At the beginning of the conference it was stated that 60 days would be required to transport the 20,000 soldiers and their equipment to the threatened area but Lincoln made his decision to undertake the movement when he was assured that it could be completed in 15 days. As a matter of fact it was accomplished in seven days, an unheard of feat in the history of railroading.

The first of these trains passed through Fairmont on September 26, 1863, and for the next few days they followed one after another at very brief intervals. The people of the town didn't know any of the details of the movement. They didn't understand why the blue hordes, which for two years had been moving steadily eastward would suddenly pass to the west in such large numbers.

These soldiers were veterans of the army. The 11th Corps had gone through the ordeal of being shattered at Chancellorsville less than five months before, and only two months previously had suffered a crushing defeat on the first day of the battle at Gettysburg.

On many of the trains which stopped briefly at Fairmont practically every soldier was a German. These men, mostly huge fellows with blond beards, presented a rare sight to the townspeople here.

Each of these troop trains were run directly into Wheeling, where the men and equipment crossed the Ohio river on a pontoon bridge and entrained again for Columbus, Indianapolis and the South.

The old Fourth Division handled the movement without a hitch, except for some unavoidable delays along the line which gave the tired soldiers a chance to leave the box cars in which they were herded for exercise.

Our grandmother used to tell us of one of these trains suffering a breakdown early one morning opposite her home at Barnsville and of more than 40 officers and men having their breakfast at her home.

One thing about that troop movement which is not clear in our mind is whether the bridge at Johntown which was destroyed by the Confederate raiders in April of that year had been restored. Evidently it was.

Another great achievement of the B. & O. during the war days was the transportation of the Nineteenth Corps from Tennessee to the Virginia front in January, 1865. Almost the same number of men were moved, but the weather, instead of being balmy September was icy cold. The soldiers suffered greatly on the trip over the old Fourth Division.

The last great troop movement over the division was in the summer of '65 when 50,000 men passed through Fairmont enroute to their homes in the west.

It was in the late Eighties, the Nineties and the early Nineteen Hundreds that the deluxe passenger service of the B. & O. passed over the Fourth Division. The Chicago-New York expresses were all routed over this line. During the same years thousands of "emigrant trains" rolled past the local station bound for the west.

And now the old Fourth Division so rich in its memories and railroading achievements is to hear no sound safe the rumble of coal trains and occasional freights. But the old folks who live along the line will still see the ghosts of old Number 7, west bound for Chicago, and Number 8, eastbound to New York, roaring through the foggy nights. In the old days these trains used to pass at Fairmont about 3 o'clock in the morning. It was never bedtime in Fairmont for the young bloods till "seven" and "eight" had come and gone.

Good Morning!

About 1938

Fifty odd years ago our grandfather, Riley Fleming, lived on his farm which was about a mile north from the courthouse in what is now the populous section of Bellview here in Fairmont. From the time we were knee high to a grasshopper much of our time was spent there because our grandmother was everything to us and even now her memory is one of the closest sentimental and emotional ties we have with the past. Our grandfather was everything a little boy could desire.

When he was 15, back in 1840, he and another boy cut white oak and walnut timber on Buffalo Creek, fashioned themselves a sizeable raft, and in the Spring, on the first big freshet, cut her loose and floated all the way to New Orleans. There they sold their timber, took in the marvellous sights of the city and came home by steamboat, taking in all the sights enroute. Stories of this adventure were most impressive to our youthful mind, but they didn't thrill us as much as his claim, probably made to us exclusively, that he was half Indian.

To lend verisimilitude to this claim he seldom missed a visit of the meat wagon which came down from town once or twice a week as a convenience to the people who could not readily come up to do their marketing. Our grandmother did the regular shopping from the wagon, usually buying round steak, which she could make most delicious by ample pounding, careful cooking on the old coal stove, and serving with rich gravy and plenty of hot biscuits. Our grandfather would stand nearby until she finished with the meat man. Then he would saunter over to the wagon and select a few shank bones.

Our recollection is a bit vague as to how he prepared these bones for his exclusive consumption, but, it seems to us, that he placed them on a bed of hot coals until they were partially burned black and thoroughly roasted. It was while watching him gnaw these bones that we came to the belief that he was, in fact, part Indian. Many years later when we occasionally enjoyed the same delicacy more deliciously prepared in the Carleton Hotel, in Washington, we realized what a gourmet the old gentleman really was.

Our grandfather used to take us with him when he went to hunt squirrels along the ridge of Fort Hill, which rises majestically above Buffalo Creek a few miles from the old place at Bellview. Here he would show signs of a former occupation by the Indians by occasionally turning up a flint arrow-head or a fragment of broken pottery. He said the Indians occupied this country to hunt and fish and that they maintained a village and place of burial on Fort Hill. If he ever explained how the hill got its name we have forgotten, assuming naturally that it was fortified by the Indians for security against hostile tribes.

We do not believe there were any deer in this country in those days because we can recall our grandfather saying that the last deer ever in Fairmont was in 1840. He claimed that he heard the howl of a wolf during the hard winter of 1856 when the snow lay deep for many weeks, but this may have been a tale to make us scurry to bed on some winter night and quit pestering him with questions. But, as a rule, he was very patient with us.

Good Morning!

August 26, 1939

When the Spanish-American war was finally precipitated by the cautious President McKinley, amidst the sound and the fury of Hearst's New York Journal and Pulitzer's New York World, we popped into our house on Jefferson street, to find our dad at the foot of the stairs with a telegram in his hand. Mother, answering his call, was on the stair. The wire was an order to mobilize his regiment, the First West Virginia National Guard, at Charleston for preparation for active service. Dad said he didn't think he would go on account of her and the children, but Mother didn't take much of that kind of talk.

"Come up here and pack your trunk," she ordered. "You've been marching around here with the militia for 25 years, dreaming of active service, and now it looks like you're going to have it."

When the World War broke out, a Fairmonter, Senator C. W. Watson, was touring Germany with some kinfolks in a big Rolls Royce car. They arrived in Frankfort am Rhine the night before the blow fell. During the night, the hotel help was called to the colors, and the next morning the Senator and party cooked their own breakfast in the empty kitchens. During the day, the police confiscated their car for the use of the army, and a safe conduct was issued the party to cross the border into Holland.

After four years of service with the German armies, the Rolls Royce was recovered and shipped back to this country in tolerable good running order.

Good Morning!

October 15, 1939

Once or twice, here and there, we have advanced the thought that West Virginia's Number 1 problem to be tackled during the impetus of the coal boom, is its social problem.

In the old days a man could enter the mines with a fair prospect of making it a lifetime vocation. All he needed was a bit of horse sense and great physical strength. If he could load out his turn of ten tons, say, he was making enough to live on. With a good buddy, sometimes his stout son, he could shovel twenty tons into the mine wagons and have his place cleaned up before quitting time. Naturally he would have to watch his roof and do what the timber boss told him in the matter of placing props.

But the old miner, as we all used to know him, is passing off the stage. In one or two of her sketches Mary Gertrude Harrison made almost a saga of him standing at middle age with a lifetime of toil behind him and a black future to face No place for him in modern mining. It takes stout young high school trained lads to get the coal out these days . . .

Where are the men who followed Cal Tarleton through the death-filled mines at Monongah and lived to tell the tale? And the Jock McNeills and the Lee Fettys, who led the way through the valley and the shadow of death down Number 10 Right and up the Main Heading at Farmington?

Mostly the old timers have been displaced and younger men brought in to take over their work. And some of them —many of them have turned to relief and the WPA. And many are growing older, and poorer and shabbier; and the iron discipline of their home learned before the ikons in the old country, have been relaxed. Displaced, stranded and poor, they have become in many instances a pathetic addition to the Valley's social problems.

Good Morning!

November 14, 1939

The popular reaction to th film, "Drums Along the Mohawk," now showing at th Fairmont Theater here in Fairmont, may be due in part t the fact that the ancestors o several thousand people in thi town and county had had comparable experiences in the ol pioneer days.

Between 1770 and 1795 wa the period most of our pioneer took up lands in this sectio and the only difference between their experiences wit the Indians and the troubles o the Mohawk Valley people wa that most of the raids in th latter section were led in person by the British as a par of the strategy of the Revolutionary war. Down here th pioneers were plagued by Indians who mostly were i search of "bounty scalps," which the British paid for on delivery.

The last Indian seen in Marion county was in the year 1800. A large group of men were digging the mill-race and erecting the old original flour mill on Buffalo Creek, in what is now the Bellview section of Fairmont, when one spied an Indian on the high bluff across the creek on almost the exact spot where the mausoleum stands in Woodlawn Cemetery. The settlers gave chase and followed the brave to the mouth of Fishing Creek, on the Ohio, but never caught him.

Our grandmother told us this story, and she had it from her grandfather, a pious and truthful man. And it was his mill-race that they were digging.

After that time the people lived in peace for more that a decade. In 1814, however, all the men folks were called into military service to participate in the campaign of General William Henry Harrison, who whupped the British and their Indian allies at Tippecanoe and freed the region forever of the blood-thirsty Shawnee. Our boys, so far as we can recall, did not participate in the battle, but remained on garrison duty at Fort Meigs during the campaign.

We have often thought the state government should attempt the restoration of many of the old Indian Forts, which were widely scattered over the state. For instance, the whole section around Prickett's Fort would make a fine state park. Just how the fort and stockade could be restored with any degree of accuracy, we do not know. The historians and archivists might have some sketches which have come down through the years from the hand of some lad who whiled away the hours of his vigil with ochre or crayon, and whose work escaped the destructive hand of time.

The restoration of Captain Booth's Fort at Monongah, which was also the garrison for General Washington's frontier riflemen, might be effected by a project of the ever-alert civic club up there.

Our personal interest lies in Prickett's Fort because our grandmother used to say that her mother was born in the fort during the Indian alarm in 1793. Her name was Elizabeth Pindall, the daughter of great grandfather, Thomas Barns, on February 20, 1820, and she died August 9, 1854 in her 61st year.

Some of the Pindalls marched with Washington's regiment on the disastrous Braddock campaign; some distinguished themselves in the Revolution.

Good Morning!

November 29, 1939

Fred M. Torrey, Fairmont boy, and eminent sculptor, has seen to it that we have an invitation to attend the dedication of the memorial depicting the history of Kansas, which will be held in Topeka next week. Fred was the sculptor. Daggone him, when we used to play together in his daddy's shoe shop on Jefferson street 40 years ago, he told us that when he grew up he was going to be a policeman.

Good Morning!

December 11, 1939

Of growing concern to everybody in Northern West Virginia is the effect that mechanized coal mining will have on the economic structure of the area, for mechanized mining is no longer an experiment or a theory. It has come to this section to revolutionize the industry.

Concretely the machine will replace about half of the miners who are now employed in the various operations in the Fairmont field. It does not necessarily mean that the total number of men needed to produce coal will be reduced one half, but it certainly does mean that of the miners who are working today more than one half of them will permanently lose their jobs.

As we have known the personnel of coal mines, about six out of ten of all the men employed are known in the trade as loaders. It is the job of the loader to shovel coal into a mine car after somebody else has cut it and blown it out of the hill.

The main point of mechanization is that it is considerably cheaper to shovel this coal by machines than it is to have men to shovel it. The manual loading rate in this field is 66½ cents a ton. The machine savings include social security, compensation and other social advantages enjoyed by men. Just how much is saved all around by machines over men has never been clearly demonstrated, and will not be until the whole machine process is carried to the point where the coal is cut by machinery, loaded by machinery and transported by machinery into a mechanized washing and cleaning plant and then dumped by machinery into the railroad cars.

Mining camps as we have known them in northern West Virginia will vanish, and the modern miner will make his home in the cities. The population of such places as Fairmont, Morgantown and Clarksburg might increase, while the typical and picturesque mining towns may pass out of existence.

A tremendous social problem will result. A fair example of what is happening at this moment is that when a loading machine is installed it takes the place of about 60 loaders. The crew of a loading machine numbers 12 and the net result is that 48 men, mostly life-long coal miners, are tossed into the industrial discard. Counting four or five dependents to each coal loader, it is easy to see that with the installation of such loading machines about 200 people are suddenly stranded.

Good Morning!

December 19, 1939

In the old days snow was hailed with delight. A good foot of snow would make the roads passable again and the country people could hitch up their big sleds and drive to town in comfort and convenience, and the town people could get out their sleighs and spin along the streets and roads. Nearly everybody of any prominence or affluence kept a good horse and sleigh in those days, and some had two horse sleighs with just twice as many bells to make Winter music. On real cold nights all kind of conveniences were provided by a fellow to keep his girl warm on a sleigh ride. There would be hot bricks for her to keep her feet warm and thick woolen robes to wrap about her legs. It was nice to see them pass the Main street corner on a cold night, the horse breathing steam and the boy and girl half buried in their wrappings. Nobody ever thought of putting a wind-shield on a sleigh. When they got cold they stopped someplace and hitched, and after covering the horse with a heavy blanket, stomped in to warm up by the stove.

In our day the best track in our town, and withal the most dangerous, extended from the head of Pennsylvania avenue all the way to the suspension bridge at the foot of Madison street; or, if the track was better the other way, the sleds would frequently make the run all the way down to Buffalo Creek. The boys had "self-guiders" which would hold from six to eight. These self guiders were made with two sleds connected by a thick plank, 12 inches wide, which had to be straddled by the riders, boys and girls alike. The front sled was fastened to the seat in such a way that it could be maneuvered by foot-bars or hand ropes held by the boy who acted as pilot. Upon him depended the safety of the ride, although the boy who side swiped on the rear, was important in manipulating the rear of the load around curves. This rear boy guided with the inner sole of his right shoe, and it was his job to swing out at curves and then straighten her out again. Those who sat between the front and rear boys were supposed to keep their feet from the track, and only when a quick stop had to be made could they help.

The old self-guiders were thrilling but dangerous. Spills were frequent and broken bones not uncommon. The best sled we ever had was a home-made affair, about ten inches high and three feet long. The runners were neither too round nor too flat. George Ott made them in his shop on Jackson street. Round pipe-like runners had a tendency to break through the track crust and retard speed; the flat runners were too broad to keep slick. What we aimed for was a good steel runner curved enough so that at least a half inch of surface touched the track.

If we coasted by ourself we invariably rode belly-bumper, guiding with the toes of our shoes. With a boy passenger we usually rode side-wise and steered with the right foot, but when we had a girl we sat behind her and held her with both arms, while steering with both feet.

Those were the Winters when the snows came early and stayed late, and the streams froze over, and there was skating on Buffalo Creek, the river and on Fleming's fish ponds out the Granny Fisher Road.

Skating on Buffalo Creek was best, and the half mile stretch between the Shaft Mine and the woollen mill company store would be black with people. The store did a thriving business with cheese, pickles, crackers and cove oysters.

There seemed to be plenty to do in those days, but in looking back we are reminded that there were no radios, automobiles or motion pictures.

There was, however, in our grandmother's house, a contraption called the graphophone. The records were cylindrical, and each had an introduction, such as this:

"The Star Spangled Banner. Played by Sousa's Band for the Columbia Phonograph Company of New York and De Paris!"

After the introduction came the blare of the music. Our grandmother said she never reckoned she'd live to see the time you could hear music and voices coming out of a thing like that. The world was getting a little too fast for her, she said.

Good Morning!

December 21, 1939

The other day, in one of these columns, we mentioned a number of places in town which were on our beat when we were a reporter on this paper during the early years of the new century. There were a number of other places we covered, because, in those days, say 1904, there was a keener competition for local news.

As a night reporter we began the day about one o'clock and nearly always got home before daylight. During the afternoons we ran a beat through the court house, covering the trials and the justices' courts, copying vital statistics in the county clerk's office and poking in the vaults of the circuit clerk for interesting law suits to print. All of this would be turned in as early copy before dinner. The mayor's office, as the police station was then called and the county jail were looked over early in the night so that we would have a line on all police activities. Most police raids were made for collection purposes, but just before the convening of the grand jury there would be a great ado about getting things shipshape.

If the sinful places didn't slow up on their own accord the sheriff would make some sure 'nough raids to properly impress the court, who, chances are, was engaged at the very moment in writing a stinging charge to the grand jury. We used to go on a good many raids and managed to help a friend out of trouble.

There was no such thing in those days as the modern speakeasy. Some of the drug stores carried on a brisk trade behind the prescription case but this was usually for the convenience of those gents who didn't want to be seen in the barrooms. You could hardly do anything in the open then in the way of drinking, gambling and skylarking. The more popular saloons were those which could be entered by a back door. Take the old Marietta Bar, for instance. Nearly all of the so-called respectable trade used the hotel entrance on Main street. We were practically the only person in our set who boldly entered the regular door on Monroe street. A similar situation obtained at the Watson Hotel. The trade entered the bar through the hotel lobby. Berry Manear's saloon on Jefferson street could have done away with the Jefferson street entrance altogether. The trade went through the alley and doubled around to the back door.

A good many of the saloon keepers violated the ordinance against 11 o'clock closing time, or six o'clock opening time. Some even had things fixed for operating on Sundays from behind drawn blinds. On Christmas-perhaps also Thanksgiving Day and New Year's Day, Tom & Jerry was served in the saloons, sometimes on the house.

Faro bank was dealt in town as late as 1905 and 1906, though by that time most of the play had moved to Clarksburg. In 1904-5 the roulette wheels were clicking in full blast, though the play was not as great as in the lush times a couple of years before then.

As a very young reporter we kept in touch with all that was going on, and so far as we can remember were a welcome visitor in all the establishments. The trade mostly catered to by the gamblers and fancy houses was the oil field trade from Mannington and Fairview and from the coal men who lived in the almost inaccessible mine camps between pays. Paydays were once a month then instead of every two weeks, and when the boys came to town they had hot feet. The trade of the country people from the oil fields was not to be sneezed at. With an eighth of the oil from every well on the farm some of those folks had enough spending money to make themselves very popular in this town. One of the biggest sports of that era came from the Fairview section. He spent real dough. We met him on Main street yesterday and he borrowed a dime.

Skinners Tavern in those days was a real place, but every hotel had its merits at that time, when the town was filled with speculators of all kinds who were taking up coal, oil, gas and timber lands, and with investors who would buy anything so long as they could get a run for their money.

The biggest routine police problem of those days occurred during the season when the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company had to rebuild the "lower yards" to take care of the coal boom of 1902-3. Hundreds of foreign laborers were brought in for the work and on paynights the police were busy running in the drunks. Sometimes as many as fifty were arrested on a Saturday night. Believe it or not they were all taken care of in the two cage lockup on Cleveland avenue.

The fire department was a great source of news then. When a fire was reported a siren was blown at the brewery, with single blasts to indicate the ward in which the fire was located. It was a grand sight to see "Mollie" Abbott driving old Tom and Bob and hitting the gong at every jump, with Frank Reed, Blaine Boggess and Ed Jackson holding on the rear of the hose-wagon for dear life.

Every once in awhile we look over the current crop of young reporters and wonder how on earth they can find enough to keep them busy!

Good Morning!

June 13, 1940

In the midst of all the tremors of war there is a growing sentiment in this community for the acquisition of Fairmont Farms as a city park as well as the home of the city government. We venture the opinion that were it not for the excitement of the war, that sentiment for the purchase of the Farms property would have been crystalized before this. We do not believe there is any organized movement looking toward the purchase of this estate, but a good many people in passing have told us that it should, by all means, be acquired by the city. The homestead, it is suggested, could be used for the city hall to house all the city officials and the various departments. The extensive grounds would become a public park, a bird sanctuary, and as somebody put it, a joy forever for the people of ou town.

Good Morning!

December 4, 1940

One of the hotels in Clarks burg has a fine lobby displa of historical objects, mostly c the period of the Civil Wa but some going back to the be ginnings of our settlement ou here. Which set us to thinkin that it is about time for th people of Marion county fig uratively to go down in thei socks for long hidden object of lore to be used in connec tion with our county center nial which takes place yea after next. Perhaps the matte already is being attended t because our local historian notably Mr. E. E. Meredith, d not propose for the event t slip by without an adequat celebration.

Just what form the obser vance of our county's 100t birthday will take we have n notion, but it certainly will b a good time for the old fam ilies to rummage in their attic for objects that have survive the ravages of time and whic have a bearing upon the live and times of the folks wh lived here in 1842. We imagin some mighty interesting thing could be brought to light. W used to have a metal toke which was struck off in th Campaign of 1840 when ol William Henry Harrison drov the Democrats from power That was the "Tippecanoe an Tyler Too" campaign and thi section largely favored th Whigs. The old timers used t mention a great rally hel here during that campaign b John Tyler. The place of meet ing was in the grove of grea oak trees which stood on th slope of the hills which is nov marked by Pierpont Avenue Tyler was candidate for vic president on the Whig ticke and became president upon th death of General Harriso about a month after the inaug uration. It was quite an even for a candidate for vice presi dent to come into this remot section and people came fror miles around to hear th speaking. Our Uncle Jir Barns, who could recollect th event, related that enthusiasr ran so high that the excitemen killed one man, he being strick en while galloping along th road upon his horse.

In 1840 there was still plent of game in the local forests though we doubt it if dee were as plentiful as they ar oday. Foxes were numerous nd wolves would put in an ppearance on cold winter ights.

The "sea monster", which the ld timers used to tell about vith gusto was hooked in the Monongahela at the mouth of Buffalo Creek in the early Forties. Nobody ever made a atisfactory explanation of this o-called monster, but it was omething serpentine in shape nd many feet in length. When ve were a boy we heard the ale told and retold and, in the vords of Hamlet, we do, in part, believe it.

It was considered nothing n those days to catch a hundred pound catfish in Buffalo Creek. Our grandmother, who ived at Barnesville within a stone's throw of the old mill dam, used to tell us that when she was a girl of 12 or 14 she would help with the family washing, which was done on the stones below the dam. In the Spring of the year when the creek was roily she would bait a huge cat-fish hook with a chunk of pork and toss it into the creek below the shelving rocks. When she would hook a big, blue channel cat she would call for the men in the mill above her and they would come down and help her land it. Cut into steaks or fillets it was a great delicacy for folks who had been living pretty steadily on hog and hominy all Winter.

The War with Mexico which broke out in '46 did not cause any great amount of excitement in our country, though some of the boys went away to enlist in companies seeking service in the conflict. In '49 when gold was found in California there was plenty of excitement in these parts, though the excitement over western gold was not as great as that caused by the news of the coming of the railroad, which, many people thought, would line their pockets with gold. Many young men went to California in the years following the discovery, but for several years prior to '52 life here was sustained at high tension by railroad activities. It was believed on all sides that should the railroad touch our town it would mean wealth, prosperity and affluence to all alike.

Little did men then dream that in 100 years from the completion of the road the fabulous wealth of this section would vanish into thin air. The forests of mighty oaks, ashes, chestnuts, walnuts and other great trees would be levelled, the teeming streams would suffer a filthy pollution; the hidden wealth of coal, oil and gas then scarcely suspected of lying beneath the earth, would be found and expended. And most incredible of all, this fabulous wealth would not enrich, but instead would impoverish, our people, to an extent that not one person in a thousand descended from the Marion county men of the '40's would have, at the end of a hundred years, one single dollar to show for it.

Far better would it have been had our pioneers withstood the coming of the snorting iron horse and had continued to live, free and unmolested in their wilderness El Dorado. It took Nature millions of years to bring to fruition the Marion County of the Eighteen Forties and man but a single century to milk it dry!

Good Morning!

January 11, 1941

This is Saturday morning, January 11, 1941. A copy of this newspaper will be placed in the corner-stone of Fairmont's new federal building, to lie unmolested for one hundred years or more, slowly to gather the dust of the years and succumb to the ravages of time. In our mind's eye we can visualize an occasion in the year 2050 when this cornerstone gives again its contents to the air. The historian of that day may be interested in the Fairmont of 1941, and it is up to us who chronicle the daily happenings of our community to set forth those things which, to our mind, will guide this historian of the next century to a better understanding our town as it is today.

Fairmont is almost completely isolated from the outside world so far as public transportation is concerned. There are, it is true, occasional "passenger trains" on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and some transportation inovations called "busses" which crawl over the public highways carrying passengers for profit. Passenger transportation by air is nil at this season though one intrepid soul brings the mail once a day.

Fairmont still has street cars on her principal thoroughfares and inter-urban cars ply between our town and Clarksburg, making the run in an hour and some minutes. Our streets are not thoroughfares in the strict sense of the word but are used for the storage of private automobiles which are driven in town in the morning and taken out again at night.

Fairmont still has manual telephones. In the central exchange building of the telephone company a number of girls and women are employed night and day to make our telephone service possible.

Fairmont has a fine radio station with a large group of singers and minstrels and pedlars who use the radio to build up a large clientele of admirers before whom they make frequent appearances. The radio station, however, has fine chain connections with telegraphic news service wired direct to the studio.

Fairmont has a large supply of bituminous coal which is being rapidly removed from the ground and used for the purpose of making steam in railroad locomotives and in certain specialized industries. Little or no effort is being made to utilize the by-products of the coal. The men who own the coal mines are a hardy and intrepid race, swinging rapidly from poverty to affluence and back again. If, in 2050, you know a man of charm but with no truth in him, the chances are he is descended from a West Virginia coal operator. The men who mine the coal share the vicissitudes of their employers. They are, however, tremendously interested in politics and go to great lengths to assert their belief in the American form of government, which is a democracy where every man has an equal voice in government. In matters of more immediate concern to them, such as their own union, they are content to have no voice in its affairs and to enjoy no vestige of autonomy. It is one of those anomalies that make a proper prospective of this particular period so difficult to understand. The influence of the unionist in politics is tremendous today, but politics thrives in some unions more than in others. From the ranks of one union we have drawn the mayor of our town; the director of the water department of our town; the sheriff of our county; a representative from our district in the state senate; a representative from our county in the House of Delegates as well as a few others who hold lesser offices. These men are all interested in problems of national defense, especially in the training of men to become machinists, which is declared to be a long and difficult task. But when a wag suggested that they relinquish their offices and return to their machines, letting their offices be filled by men trained in politics and not in trades, the response was quite negligible.

At this writing we have no Burning Issues in our town and no self-appointed prophets to lead us from the morass of sin and corruption. The decade just ended marked a change in our approach to various social evils. From militant opposition we changed to a policy of laissez faire, the result being that sin has been on the wane for some time. The reason was advanced that it was no fun to sin and cut-up when nobody cared a damn. In our state it is against the law to buy hard liquor by the drink and this makes it more or less dangerous for our people to fare forth at night on icy streets lest they fall and cut themselves on broken glass. To obviate this danger many women carry bottles in large handbags, thus enhancing the safety factor.

Safety first is a watchword in this day and age, but about the time the coal mines became reasonably safe the owners installed automatic mining machines which tended to increase fatalities. But the automobile, which is owned without restriction by any individual who can meet the installments, destroys more lives and maims more people than all other local hazards put together. The mortality rate remains constant, too, since the longer we have automobiles the more we seem to take their devilishness for granted.

At this particular moment our community is in a fairly complacent mood. The 23,000 people who make it up seem to be very well satisfied with their lot. Nearly all of us are uniformly poor and there are no ostentatious rich in our midst to make us restless and unhappy. There is no difference in appearance between the rich and the poor and very little in action, but, as a rule, the poor are happier than the rich, the latter being at all times unhappy about the condition of their possessions. Our town has been in the depth of a depression off and on for 15 years, and the future as viewed from our existing store of natural resources, is not very bright, and yet, on every side, we find our well-to-do people disposing of their money and bonds in exchange for real estate, the future value of which depends upon the town's growth. This anomaly might be explained by a growing fear of currency inflation, which does not disturb the poor but frightens the rich.

So far as we know there is but one really rich man in this section. He is Uncle Mike Benedum who is presumed to have amassed $80 million of wealth. Nobody seems to envy him for what he has. This is because he has never assumed a competitive position with his neighbors. He was never president of the board of commerce or of the business men's association and his prominence came less from having his name in the papers as a member of this or that committee than from attending to his own business and being smarter than the other fellow. If you historians of A. D. 2050 think that this is a decadent period you might find the answer by studying the tendencies of our people to act in groups such as committees and to shun the individualistic way of life. In our town nearly everything is done by committees which frequently fail of accomplishment but condone such failure by the assertion that a committee had the matter under consideration. Committees, however, being like water, seek their own level.

We assume that these cornerstone ceremonies are in charge of a committee. The mayor of our city doubtless has issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens to assemble. Arthur Clinton Spurr, who looks after our fuel, power and transportation needs, indubitably will make a speech and Mr. Howard Hardesty, who is our local symbol of Progress will perform the usual rites. The Judge of the United States Court who will be domiciled in the building and the postmaster of the city will grace the occasion and a patriotic touch will be lent by the American Legion. Some visiting officials of the Government will lend an added touch to the occasion.

This, we think, is an unpropitious time in our community history to lay a cornerstone. Other generations have graced such occasions with the presence of the uniformed ranks of the Masonic lodge, the Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows; and music by competing bands and drum corps has been plenteous. Flowers, too, and a long and sonorous prayer for a continuous of the blessings bestowed upon us by an all-wise Providence. Other generation have laid things on a bit heavier than ours which may or may not be a good thing.

As this paper is carefully laid in the cornerstone for the enlightment of you folks in the next century, we feel we have about reached the peak of human development and civilization. Our apparel, for instance, proclaims our enlightenment. Feminine fashions see to it that the distinguishments of the sexes are fairly well covered, but beyond that dress is for adornment, comfort and warmth. The men adhere in general to the mode of the past two generations, the only innovation being zippers on the trousers and electric razors.

The chewing of tobacco and the rubbing of snuff in public is going out of fashion, but if the women, who are inveterate cigaret smokers continue to depend upon the men for both cigarettes and matches the men will doubtless return to their pristine habits.

In your day, Mr. Historian, it may be in the fashion to look down upon and to sneer at our form of government, but if you do hear such aspersions cast think you of one who loved Democracy well, and let our little voice from this marble tomb remind you of a time when government of the people, by the people and for the people had not perished from the earth!

Good Morning!

February 5, 1941

If we want to raise a little hell we go back a century or two, because the stature and probity of our ancestors are matters of paramount importance to us, and if, for example, a distinguished forebearer of a prominent local family is arraigned on the charge of mutilating the dead there are sure to be some sparks flying.

This present controversy concerns an incident which occurred almost 162 years ago, namely, the skinning of an Indian, or maybe two Indians. The point in dispute is whether Uncle David Morgan, skinned the two Indians after he killed them near Prickett's Fort in 1779. It all started when Ed Meredith put it in the Do You Remember column that John Phillips had a fine shot-pouch made from Indian hide which John thought was the only such pouch extant. Later Mr. Arnett produced a pouch which, he claims, came from the hide of the same Indian.

Spokesman for the Morgan family contend that after the killings Uncle David was in no shape for skinning. He had lost two or three fingers, cut off by one of the Indian's tomahawk and he was pretty well tuckered out from sickness before he tackled the red men. If the Indians were skinned at all the deed was done later by some of the men in the Fort who used their knives before the bodies were cast into the placid waters of the Monongahela. The controversy reached the court of last resort last night, namely the county Historical Society.

Personally we think it is a tremendously important matter, and the historical society should go to work at once to compile a list of all the men domiciled at that time in Prickett's Fort.

We think the present generation ought to know what they are marrying into. We are a mild believer in hereditary traits or throw-backs, as they call them, and it wouldn't surprise us much if there are not some potential Indian skinners walking our streets today just itching to tan some hide and make a few shot-pouches.

Uncle David Morgan has been absolved of the charge, but what of the rest? If we were a young man getting married and discovered that our blushing bride was five generations removed from an Indian skinner, we wouldn't keep a butcher knife on the place. The fact that there has been no skinning done in this country for several generations doesn't mean a thing. What are a few generations to heredity? It can skip five or six and take up again just where it left off!

The historical society, newly reorganized and rearing to go, can tackle no more important problem than this, and they ought to be helped out some by the DAR and by the Sons of the Revolution. We ought to be of some help ourself because our great grandmother was born in Prickett's Fort in 1791 or thereabouts, but all we can say is that we can pass a cutlery store without feeling an urge to buy a knife.

But after all we are homefolks and used to each other, and people have got to take us just as we are, strangers, we mean. If a considerable number of newcomers arrive here to join our industrial community they will have to take a chance on their skins.

But if Old Man Heredity goes on a rampage this might become the center of the shot-pouch indusrty. Who knows?

Good Morning!

March 15, 1941

One of our student friends at Fairmont College was telling us yesterday that in the debate on the question of marriage it was determined that a young couple, just embarking on the seas of matrimony, might make a go of it on an income of $1500.00 per year. In making a blackboard budget in which the expenses were kept with that amount, the items of shelter, food, rainment and such were passed over without much question, but when the matter of hospitality was brought up and a proper amount sought to budget for spiritous liquors a member of the faculty, Prof White, arose and said that it wasn't necessary for a single dollar to be budgeted for that purpose.

Thereupon the student debaters produced a West Virginia Blue Book to show that last year the people of our state spent thirteen million dollars for alcoholic beverages which amounted to six dollars and something per capita Under these circumstances they said some provision for liquor should be made in the budget Prof. White, overwhelmed by the avalanche of figures, had nothing more to say.

Good Morning!

March 19, 1941

The death of Cowboy Loye seems to mark the passing of a phase of local radio activity which one might say was born and died with him. He was essentially a merchant of the air, the personifications in radio of the almost extinct medicine show and ancient stree corner barker. He combined better than average histrionic ability with a native talent to reach the purse strings of the casual buyer. For his work he chose a good spot when he came to Fairmont, because in our section we root pretty deep in the traditions of the pas and many of us are unwilling to forsake a way of life far removed from the dizzy pace of modern living. Our love for old songs and "hymn chunes" clings to us in spite of the din of so called modern music.

The sound of his voice and the twang of his guitar turned our attention to him and reduced our resistance to the lure of his merchandise. As we vrite this there are literally housands of people sleeping nugly this cold morning under lankets Cowboy Loye induced hem to buy from him.

He was an honest merchant. He neither misrepresented nor overrated his stock. He merely sold us things we didn't particularly want by making a sentimental appeal to our purses.

Good Morning!

April 28, 1941

The death of Aunt Hat Whitely probably severed the last link in our town with those distant days of human bondage. It is hard to believe today, but Aunt Hat, when a child of five, stood in front of the courthouse where she was sold by the Sheriff to the highest bidder. Withal, however, her life was cast in pleasant places. During our acquaintance with her, which covered a period of many years., she was attached to the Clark family, or more properly, we might say, the Clark family were attached to her. She was of that rare type of colored person so difficult to recapture on stage, film or in literature, who becomes so indispensible to her white folks and their intimate friends that in the strictest sense she dominates the whole scene. In her little world she was the law and the prophet. So great was her maternal instincts that she gathered to her ample bosom every chick and child within her ken. But she ruled all her folks, big and little, with an iron hand.

Aunt Hat was doubtless a throwback from the much sung Mammies of the ante bellum. Those almost legendary figures of the old South are kept alive in song and story with a lavish sentimentality which is hard for the moderns to understand. To have known Aunt Hat Whitely, however, is to have known every beloved, tyrannical Mammy of the storied days.

We were surprised when they told us she was but 86 years old. We were sure she would be a hundred at least, because when we first came under her influence 50 years ago, she was Aunt Hat then and, in our eyes, an old woman.

In a changing world her passing will be noted with regret, and in, time, it will be a mark of distinction to have known her as one who was born in bondage and who considered the highest form of life the privilege to serve. It is not a paradox, but she was of a day when the colored people and their white folks seemed closer together than they are today. She lived in the time of Uncle Alfred Meade, Uncle Peter Fagans, Uncle John Jackson and Uncle Ike Davenport, who carried over with the turn of the Century an austerity and rectitude, but withal a kindliness which earned for them the love and respect of the community. These were men of great pride and deep religious feelings, and they lived their lives proud of their homes, their country and their people, and, we add it as an afterthought, proud of their race and of their color.

Good Morning!

May 20, 1941

The rail-birds, if you do not know, are those gentlemen who spend their waking hours roosting on the railings surrounding basement entrances to several Main street corner buildings. There are, or were, four of these railings, three at Main and Madison and one at Main and Monroe, but the latter railing never had the play enjoyed by the others. Much of the "atmosphere" at Main and Madison is due to the rail birds.

Very recently Jimmy Cain completed the elimination of one of these three at the Madison street corner, and it is understood that the property owners of all the other places but one are agreeable to quick action from the Street Director.

Cities grow modern through a long progression of changes and improvements. Way back yonder when we began to emerge from a sprawling village, there was a good deal of agitation to remove the hitching posts from Main street. This move was backed by the ultra progressives and opposed by the old residenters. Finally, when the big step was taken to pave Main street—this was in '94—not only were most of the hitching posts eliminated but many of the stately trees which shaded the old street were cut down, it being then considered countryfied to have trees standing in the way of progress. No modern, uptodate city stood for anything like that. So the trees and most of the hitching posts went with the laying of the brick. The horse blocks, however, remained, they being convenient for elderly and infirm persons or ladies to mount their nags.

And so, one by one the symbols of the Past gave way to modern progress. The watering troughs went and so did the corner fruit stands. The path of progress down through the years has been a torturous one but ever so often something is accomplished and a new milepost appears upon the highway of local advancement. And things have moved along. What with traffic conditions as they are it would hardly be possible today for Captain Neely's company of guardsmen to drill quietly and undisturbed at the corner of Main and Jefferson streets.

The convenient railings upon which the town's idle can air their tawdry feathers in the sunshine, will, thanks to Jimmy Cain soon be gone, but the railbirds in some form will remain with us. Shouldered to one side by the march of progress they will find other sunny spots in which to rest their weary bones. But much as we believe in progress and proud as we are of Jimmy Cain, we regret the passing of the railbirds. They added a touch of color to the local scene. Especially during political campaigns when the passing of a candidate would be the signal for them all to flutter down and scramble for the largess of his dimes.

The elimination of the railbirds is another step toward standardization, regimentation and whatnot, and it means to us that individualism is dead and the quaintness of human beings no longer is of the essence of life. Personally we like to hark back to the days when every man carried his sovereignty under his own hat; when he was distinctive in dress, in the way he wore his whiskers and his method of speech. We miss old Mr. Polly Q. L. Martin, ripping through the mud of old Main street on his jaded horse, whirling his cane about his head and piping his ancient battle cry of "Hot Cat Polly Q. L." It sounds like senseless jargon now but in those days every lad cried with delight when the old Union soldier appeared on the street. We miss our grandfather, the Hon. Fountain Smith with his high silk hat, dyed whiskers, austere demeanor and hair-trigger temper; and from a later day we miss Judge Winfield Scott Meredith, the Hon. U. N. Arnett, the Hon. Waitman H. Conaway, distinguished individualists all, who lent a tone to our town and left behind them a heritage of anecdotal philosophy still quoted where men meet and commingle.

Our modern rail-birds are not of the stuff they were made of, but in their way they too are individualists, preferring to roost and watch the world go by to bending their backs to the yoke of toil.

Spare us from the curse of standardization. Let us keep a few individuals like Anthony Van Sickle, who dipped fishes from the river, and Uncle Peter Fagans who tolled the bell of the Old Church on the Hill. And we are now thinking of a cousin of ours, now older on her farm in another state, but no whit less interesting who, in the old days "spiced the good a trifle with a little dust of harm;" who shocked and scandalized her pious kinry, but withal added a piquancy to the dull routine of small town life. And the saloon keeper on Jefferson street whose front door was closed and inhospitable but whose back entrance was so crowded that it needed a traffic cop. We wonder if the group of pious ladies who sat with our mother on her little Jefferson street porch were not indirectly responsible for much of that back door trade?

It is too bad that one by one the hand of progress carts away the altars of the Past; too bad we cannot keep some of the things that dreams are made on. Even the old smells are gone. The acrid odors from the Main street gutters, the aroma of lager beer permeating the air from the latticed doors of the old Marietta bar, and even the mud puddle which Uncle Randy Ross fell into, are all gone with the winds of a new course. Progress, say we, with reservations!

Good Morning!

February 20, 1943

Dr. George M. Hunter, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Mannington, doubtless will go into the books as our country's most learned and erudite citizen. But by no means is he native here, or to the manner born; that is, native to the rather circumscribed paths along which those of us who are native reach the years of our maturity. Dr. Hunter is a wanderer over the face of the globe. Boy and man he was one that went down to the sea in ships, and boy and man he has wandered over the surface of the earth, visiting and abiding in strange places and preaching the Word to heathen heretic Christian and sinner. His first voyage, more than 60 years ago, was from Scotland to the Sea of Azov, his last, the Lord knows when, to India, maybe, or from Rangoon to Mandalay, "where the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay!"

When Dr. Hunter came to Mannington the sun of his years was on the slant. In the books of his church they have his age at 80 plus, but when Mannington observed that if he needed a bit of exercise he would take a brisk stroll to Fairmont, 14 miles away, they put him down in their books at 60 minus.

Good Morning!

December 3, 1945

The Fairmont coal field is now about 50 years old and its development over that period was as fine an example of free enterprise as the country has ever seen. But the results, by and large, have been the depletion of a very large acreage (which never can be replaced) and economic disaster for hundreds of hardy souls who came near, though not quite, to hitting the jack-pot. One by one these individuals have fallen by the wayside. Most of them are now mere memories in the folklore of their industry, and their exploits and achievements are scarcely whispers in the vast corridors of Time.

Coal, like an inscrutable black beast lurking in the caverns of our hills and mountains, not only has wrecked the high hopes of those who sought to conquer him, but has snuffed out the lives of almost countless numbers of those who have attacked his hidden horrors with their picks and shovels. Once, almost 50 years ago, the intrepid Clarence Watson by marshalling 50 mines under one guiding hand, almost became his master. Almost, but not quite. Other individualists strove and failed and only a few succeeded after a fashion. The equation presented too many imponderables, too many factors for mere individuals, or for the power that mere individuals could muster.

The true story of these 50 years may never be written, for in the saga of American industry not many pages will be devoted to the might-have-beens.

The new year will mark roughly the beginning of the second 50 year period of the industry in our Valley, and its opening is indeed propitious. The dreams of the realists have come true and the tears have all been shed for the rugged individualists whose clay in our hillside graveyards makes a cover for the coal beds which lie beneath them.

It will be a new game these next 50 years. The optimists will say that the era of blood, toil, sweat and tears has come to an end and that the perils of the industry, whether to life and limb or to the pocketbook will be overcome by this new mobilization of wealth, science, common sense and a new brand of know-how. It will be a Noble Experiment in a basic industry where quick wealth and slow starvation, bare knuckles, the sharp stilleto and let-the-devil-take-the-hindmost, have prevailed from the beginning.

Good Morning!

July 15, 1946

If the people of Grant Town, who are so enthusiastic over forming a municipal government, are successful in their efforts next month, we hope one of the first things they do is to change the name of their community. Several reasons seem to suggest themselves for the change. One is you never know whether to write it Granttown, or Grant Town, though, after you once get it written you feel that the latter is correct. Another reason is that the name itself is a misnomer.

You would think at first blush that the town was named for General Grant, but that isn't true at all. It was named for a man named Grant from up at Boston, who either owned or operated the mine, and who, so far as we know, was not related to the General. If our memory serves this Grant was a wiry little man, probably a Scot, who had no whiskers, while General Grant was never without them, whiskers, we mean.

Personally, we have never liked the custom of naming coal mines as if they were pet animals. Just the other day we printed a picture of the last horse being hoisted out of the Nora Mine, of the Consolidation Coal Company. The horse was an unnamed, but faithful looking animal, which probably will pine away and die soon after being taken from the dark recesses of the mine, but, nevertheless, as nomenclature should go, it would have been more fitting had the horse been named Nora and the mine called something that would give a body a clue as to where it was located.

It is an old Consolidation Coal Company custom of giving mines feminine names. Ida May got its name from Miss Ida Watson, sister of Clarence W. Watson, then president of the company. Carolina was named for Mrs. Carrie Watson Fleming, the wife of Governor A. B. Fleming, and another sister of Senator Watson's.

We never thought it was very flattering to name a coal mine after a woman; that is, flattering to the woman and it usually is worse to name one after a man, though we recall, when the Elkhorn Company, in Kentucky, opened a new operation and called it the 'Colonel Tom Mine', that Tom Haymond, the recipient of the honor, was very much pleased. Names, however, are better than numbers because those who live in the mine houses would rather have a name than a numerical designation.

We used to know a very charming girl who took pleasure in telling her friends that she lived in 'Number Eight Patch,' which is the community on Chatham Hill, below Farmington. A number of other nice folks who lived there, would invariably avoid the use of the numeral and use the general designation of Farmington when asked their home addresses.

Once upon a time the name of Farmington itself was changed to suit the fancy of somebody connected either with the coal company or the railroad.

The new name of the place became 'Underwood,' in honor of Frederick D. Underwood, a B&O president, but nobody in Farmington was happy till they gave them back their old name. Something like this might happen at Grant Town. though it couldn't cause any confusion merely to drop the 'town' and retain Grant. It might be, though, if they keep "Grant" the name of Baxter, which lies just down the creek, should be changed to Lee, to indicate that Paw Paw is playing no favorites.

The B&O once changed the name of Barnsville to Barnstown, which caused a lot of people, including the old pioneer Barns family, to turn over in their graves. This situation was cured only by incorporating Barnsville into the city of Fairmont, and thus eliminating the new name, while the old was retained as a pleasant memory in the hearts of the people.

It may be that the name Grant, meaning the one from Boston, is surrounded by enough sentiment as to cause its retention by the people of the proposed new town, but we are a little doubtful.

When, and if, we become governor, we propose to ask authority of the legislature, to examine all the names, which industry and the railroads have bestowed upon our communities. The old names, given by the pioneers, are so much more charming and fitting that practically all the new names should be tossed onto the gob.

And we don't need any borrowed or imported names down here. The people who originally settled this country and gave us such place names as Palatine, White Day, Paw Paw, Boothsville, Teverbaugh, Barracksville, and a hundred others, were far superior in their selections than the industrialists and the railroaders. If, for example, somebody mentions James' Fork, you know what he is talking about. Change it to Number Nine and you are lost.

Good Morning!

December 3, 1946

Every year at about this time since this column first came into being at the beginning of 1925, its space has been devoted to appeals for contributions to The Times Christmas Fund. Prior to that time, that is, from 1911 on, we made these appeals elsewhere in the paper in various typographical arrangements, such as double columned front page editorials, as conditions seemed to warrant or the mood of the moment dictated. But either in or out of this column we have never let a year pass without doing our two cents worth, as the boys and girls would say, for the Fund.

We can remember the cold and snowy night when the Fund was born. Those immediately concerned with the accouchement (as we recall were Earl H. Smith, Joseph Lehman, Anna Regina Murphy (she was a little girl then), and Frank C. Dudley. Blaine Boggess, a fireman at the Central Station, and ourself, had been downstairs in the old Times building watching the snow swirling through Monroe street on the same sort of north wind which blew down last Sunday to bring an end to our autumn season.

We can recall Boggess coming into the office and stomping the snow from his feet and shaking the flakes from his heavy blue brass-buttoned coat. The talk turned to Christmas and he recalled the holidays when the two of us were kids together, getting up at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning to shoot our firecrackers along Main street between Moose Fleming's store and Cole Kerr's, where milk-shakes tasted as good Christmas mornings as any other time of the year.

Boggess recalled how many kids there were in those days who had no firecrackers or toys of their own, but who had their fun watching the more affluent kids celebrate the occasions. He seemed to recall any number of little boys and girls who were overlooked by Santa Claus, which omission sometimes caused them to grow up wondering about the cruel injustices of the world. Shortly he left us to walk the brief distance to the station there to make old Tom and Bob, the hose-wagon horses, comfortable for the night, and to keep vigil with Frank Reed, the chief, and a few others against the breaking out of any fires.

By and by we walked up stairs to the newsroom. Maybe the conversation with Boggess was repeated, or maybe it came up some other way. Maybe Fuzzy Knight, Ernie Scott or some of the other guys wandered in from the composing room. Just how it happened never will be known, but Earl Smith, the editor, gave the nod to old Frank Dudley and told him to plug for a fund that would be a guarantee against any empty stockings in the town that Christmas.

Dudley was an old timer, who had been trained in the craft by Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun. He had come to us that year from Kentucky, by the way of Charleston, where he had been lent by John Mayo to Clarence Watson's campaign for United States senator. Dudley did everything in the old fashioned manner, eschewing typewriters and pencils and sticking to pen and ink. He would have used quill pens had they been available.

Of all the genuises who drifted out of the Somewhere into the Here to work on the old Times, Dudley was one of the most charming. His little essays plugging for the first Fund laid down the doctrine that Santa Claus should be the patron saint of all little children, and that when Santa Claus started to play favorites something should be done about it. Dudley dozed at his work, falling to sleep with pen poised above his copy paper a dozen times during the night, but asleep or awake, his heart was with the kids.

Good Morning!

October 10, 1947

At one time Water street was a principal business thoroughfare on the East Side, but when the Monongahela Railroad was built 30 years ago a high retaining wall shut off the street and isolated it from the rest of the business section over there. Then with the construction of the high-level bridge Merchant street came into her own and Water street was left in a state of solitary isolation for many years.

The growth of industry on the East Side, however, has again projected Water street into a position of importance. It won't be long before an improved low level bridge and a new viaduct across Coal Run will cause diversion of much traffic to this street, and the days of its seclusion will come to an end.

Time was, after the business establishments and saloons deserted the old street, it was taken over by the Black Hand Society, which terrorized the Italian people of this section for several years. In the old days of state prohibition it thrived as a part of the city's tenderloin, being headquarters for illicit liquor, drugs, and for numerous brothels, both black and white. The tenements came after the more profitable renters moved out. The "houses" or most of them moved to Washington street; the liquor trade sought spots nearer to Main street and the dope traffic dried up under strict federal enforcement. The street was left to the dregs, mostly, and the flotsam and jetsam of an industrial community, which drifted into the eddies of this forgotten thoroughfare.

People lost interest in a riverside park because of the isolation of Water street from the rest of the town. It was only in recent years that traffic to and from the industries filled the street and caused so many people to wonder why Fairmont, who keeps her face clean, should be so dirty behind the ears.

Many changes have come to Fairmont with the expansion of her industries. Washington street became respectable several years ago and will, one of these days, be an important thoroughfare.

In 1914 when West Virginia went dry, Jackson street from Madison to Monroe was one of the busiest, rowdyist spots you could find in a day's journey. It not only was the center of the boot-leg liquor trade, but it was the gathering spot of hundreds of deep-south colored people then being brought up here to work in the mines. Gambling flourished in numerous spots and there were several convenient "houses" to enliven the scene. It was in that period that the Diamond Club, the largest colored gambling house in the state, was in operation, and some of the old timers recall that at one of the gaming tables every player had to produce a $20 bill before entering the game.

Life on Jackson street lasted till America entered the war in the spring of '17, and then there was a taming down for the duration. In 1920, the year of the runaway coal market, everything began to open up and gaiety was unconfined, but nobody felt it was necessary to leave Main street for anything they wanted.

That was the period of the 'cablines', when girls, riding in automobiles with discreetly drawn shades, openly solicited trade on Main street, and that was the period when a coal miner who didn't own a $15 silk shirt was a very humble citizen, indeed. Good bonded liquor could be had at $20 a quart at the Watson Hotel corner, and ordinary moonshine fetched $10 all over town . . .

It lasted with a few ups and downs till the spring of '24 when the bottom dropped out of the coal business, and stayed out till the eve of World War II. It was the swinging of the pendulum from one extreme to the other. On Water street, "the Lion and the Lizard kept the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."

Good Morning!

January 19, 1957

Some people have been telling us that Fairmont was a more attractive place in which to live 40 to 50 years ago, and the reasons they give have to do with the fact that, in those days, nearly everything around here was "home owned," whereas today the "absentee landlords" rule the roost. Personally we think this indictment is faulty, and we are probably qualified to speak because we have lived through both eras. The absentee owners came in when the home boys, for reasons largely beyond their control, were no longer able to keep their ships afloat. The great post-war coal boom in 1920 was certainly the direct cause of the smaller independent coal producers hitting the skids. The main reason was because they couldn't foresee the end of $10 and $12 coal and continued to expand when they should have gone to the lisle bank with their earnings.

The weakening of the strong position of Consol Coal under Senator Watson probably can be traced to Consol's purchase of a vast and expensive acreage of smokeless coal in southern West Virginia. The Watsons knew everything that was known about the low sulphur coals here in Fairmont except that it couldn't be successfully mixed with smokeless Pocahontas. This hastened the day when Consol passed into the hands of Mr. Rockefeller and ultimately to Pittsburgh Coal and the Hanna interests. In these deals Fairmont lost her identity as one of the principal coal capitals of the country, and her reputation for gracious living and hospitality, along with the ability to mine and market good coal.

Personally, we cannot speak as one of the real sufferers in the collapse of the great coal boom. We had left town on the day after Harding was elected President. We were a partner in a very promising coal mine that was just getting in production, and while standing in the National Bank watching some of the Republicans cavorting around in celebration of the Harding victory, Sam Brady put his arm around our shoulders and told us not to give a thought to the coal business hereabouts while on our trip. "This market is here to stay," he said, "and you, probably, will never see the end of it."

That evening we caught the train for New York and a day or so later boarded the Olympic with Senator Watson and a few others for Europe. A week later when we walked into our quarters in the Ritz Hotel, in London, Watson showed us a cablegram he had just received. It related that the coal boom, which was supposed to last forever, had busted higher than a kite. Watson had nothing more to say except to call a waiter and order up some rum and hot water. "Good drink", he commented when he smacked his lips over the brew. "You can't beat it in cold weather."

It wasn't cold at all. A warm, drippy evening was what London had to offer. The cold he was thinking of was back in the coal fields here at home!

In the old days around Fairmont, when nearly everything was "home owned," we had quite a reputation as a lively town, full of hospitality and good living. The highest social pinnacle reached was probably the formation of the Holly Club by Brooks Fleming and Billy Rathbun, around 1910. Social standing had much to do with getting on the invitation list but the sure blackball was liquor on the breath. In the eyes of the managers that was the cardinal sin.

At every formal ball "breath-smellers" were posted by the elevator in the Masonic Temple, to detect and report any violator of the rule. When a young blade was found guilty he was immediately ejected if he were a stag, but permitted to stay, on pain and penalty, if he were the escort of an acceptable girl, but his name was dropped from the invitation list of future dances.

In brief, the Holly Club assumed a high social standing, and its fame spread far and wide throughout West Virginia.

Fairmont was always "home" to Clarence Edwin (Ned) Smith, who was born here July 11, 1885, a son of the late Gen. Clarence Linden Smith and Margaret Virginia Fleming Smith. His grandfather was a prominent businessman in the early days of Fairmont, and on his mother's side his ancestry ran back through the Barns family to Capt. Philip Pindall, a soldier in the French and Indian War and a captain of Maryland militia in the Revolutionary War.

Smith attended the public schools here—one of them later to become the old Newspaper Building—and went to Fairmont High School. He completed his preparatory work at Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, Va., and in 1904 and 1905 attended the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

Soon after that he became a "cub reporter" on the Times, owned and edited by his father, Gen. Smith, and the late Owen S. McKinney. One of his first major assignments was to cover the Monongah mine disaster of Dec. 6, 1907, and it was in that connection a few years ago that he and the late Patrick H. McDonnell, federal probation officer and a survivor of the explosion, went to Hollywood to take part in a "This Is Your Life" program on television.

His older brother, Col. Earl H. Smith—later a state senator and commanding officer of the 201st Infantry—also was in the newspaper business and when this country entered World War I, he went on active duty with C. E. Smith becoming editor of The Times.

Smith continued as editor hroughout the rest of his life, lthough he held other offices imultaneously. He became resident of the Index Publishg Co., which owned The Times, on the death of the last urviving member of the origial firm of Smith & McKinney.

When The Times and West irginian merged in August, 926, Smith became vice president of the Fairmont Newsaper Publishing Co., a position he held until the press of busiess in Washington forced him o relinquish it.

He also became editor for some two years of the Wheeling Register, holding that position when the Democratic paper was merged with the News to form the present News-Register in 1935 under the ownership of the late H. C. Ogden, who also had become the chief stockholder in the Fairmont newspapers.

His early training in the newspaper field and his later education combined with his devotion to classical literature and his extensive travels to give Smith a distinctive touch as a writer and editor and brought him renown in the profession he followed.

Not long after he became a staff member of The Times, Smith became one of the younger members of a group of Democratic political leaders which for many years played the principal roles in that party's affairs in West Virginia. He was a close associate and confidante of the late U. S. Sen. Clarence Wayland Watson, with whom he traveled extensively in this country and abroad. In later years he was a political ally of the late U. S. Sen. Matthew Mansfield Neely.

His first formal appearance on the political scene came in 1910 when he was elected to the common council of Fairmont.

During the 12 years he served on the Board of Education, the Fairmont school system made its greatest strides to that time. Most of the buildings now in use were constructed during that period, and plans were made for the present Fairmont Senior High School.

Smith attended his first Democratic National Convention in an official capacity in 1912 at Baltimore when Woodrow Wilson was nominated for President of the United States. He also was on the staff at the 1916 and 1920 conventions.

More than two years before the 1924 convention, The Times proposed John William Davis, a native of Clarksburg, for the Democratic presidential nomination—the first newspaper in the country to do so. Davis's name was thereafter prominently displayed daily in the paper's editorial page masthead.

He played a leading role in the famous convention of 1924 at Madison Square Garden, when Davis obtained the nomination after a long deadlock between Alfred E. Smith and William G. McAdoo. During the campaign of that year, he served on the committee which welcomed Davis at an appearance here and for his official notification ceremonies in Clarksburg.

Smith was first elected a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1928 in Houston and headed the West Virginia delegation as chairman. He also served as chairman of the state delegation at the Chicago convention of 1932 when Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated for the first time.

Thereafter he was elected regularly as a delegate to the convention, attending those in 1936, 1940, 1944, 1948, 1952, and 1956. In most instances he ran from the First West Virginia Congressional District and had only nominal opposition.

One of the youngest U. S. marshals in the country, Smith was confronted with a variety of problems arising out of the war situation. He was responsible for the detention of enemy aliens in the district—many of whom had come from the Balkan countries to work in the coal mines.

Labor violence also made its appearance and Smith was often required to enforce federal injunctions forbidding interference with war production. On one occasion he commanded a "task force" which brought an entire trainload of pickets from a trouble spot in the Northern Panhandle to Parkersburg for arraignment in U. S. District Court.

He also led posses which sought train-robbers and more than once delivered men convicted of that crime to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta. Some of his most vivid columns dealt with a famous train robbery at Central Station and the eventual capture and imprisonment of the bandits.

After serving as chairman of the West Virginia delegation which helped to nominate Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York for President in 1928, he became a close friend of the candidate and of James A. Farley, later Democratic national chairman and power in the early Roosevelt administration.

When the Democrats returned to power in Washington in 1933, Smith was one of the state's leading figures in the party. He was rewarded with a position as secretary of the American section, International Joint Commission, a quasi-judicial body which dealt with United States-Canadian affairs. In this connection he frequently traveled to Ottawa, where the Canadian section had its headquarters.

Smith's most important federal appointment came from President Roosevelt in 1935 when Congress enacted the Guffey Coal Bill. The National Bituminous Coal Commission was created to stabilize the industry and Smith was made one of its "public" members.

Always interested in dramatics, Smith was one of the founders of the Marion County Little Theater. He produced and directed a number of plays, some of which were given in a third floor auditorium of the old Newspaper Building. He also participated in some of the performances and took the role of a judge in "The Night of January 16" which the local amateurs produced in the Marion County Circuit Court room.

In earlier days, his office in the old Times Building on Monroe Street was a mecca for touring theatrical figures. Many who were later to become stars, such as Forrest (Little Fuzzy) Knight, Ginger Rogers and others, left mementoes of their visits.

The early 1920's found him as co-owner of Ravine Park, where the Mid-City Parking Lot is now located. Fairmont's first major amusement park was built on property owned by the Smith family and had the late Lawrence (Reno) Fleming, nationally-known minstrel man, as its manager.

He held a life membership in Fairmont Lodge No. 294, B.P.O. Elks, presented to him two years ago in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of his iniation. He also was a member of the National Press Club in Washington, D. C., the Press Club of Charleston and the Fort Henry Club.

Smith held rank as a Kentucky colonel and was a member of the West Virginia Society of the Sons of the Revolution. He died June 19, 1959 after a long illness which became critical due to complications which followed generalized arterio-sclerosis. He was 73 years old.

PREDICTIONS ◆ ◆ ◆

By Thelma (Mrs. Victor) Shaw

Past President of the National Conference on Social Welfare

What will Marion County, the State of West Virginia, and the world be like in 2063? Will mankind be co-existing? Will mankind be existing? Will the dark races be free in deepest Africa? In deepest South? In farthest North? An what is Venus really like—a super world, or just a lot more of Texas, Florida, or California?

Any attempt to forecast the future calls for a calm, analytic mind, the cool capacity for detachment and withdrawal from the pressures of the present, and a panoramic view of both the past and current trends and developments.

Dipping into the history of the formation of our State and County, one finds a sense of continuity, of on-going purpose, of common sense. Here was a strong, under-current of religious faith, acknowledged as a great inheritance and a continuing source of power.

And now in 1963, we recognize that along with all the bad things, a great many good things have been happening to the human race these last hundred years, and that we in Marion County have helped these good things to happen.

What about 2063? I have neither the brains nor the wit of a prophet, but this I believe: We shall know nothing but confusion, doubt, fury and frustration unless we stand on the steady platform of faith in the eternal that goes beyond trust in the temporary.

And that means having faith that God knows His people need decent homes to live in, food to eat, work to do, rewards for their labors, health for their bodies, light for their minds, and joy for their hearts. It means knowing that, for the most part, God chooses to work through people rather than through miracles and that we must offer ourselves to be instruments of His intent. And surely this in not stark survival, mere existence in bomb shelters. His intent is that we shall have life and have it more abundantly; that men shall be free and in 2063, as now, **Montani Semper Liberi!**

By J. E. "Ned" Watson

Attorney and Member of the State Legislature

I predict that during its second century West Virginia will really earn its nickname as "The Switzerland of America." Located as the State is, near the heavily populated areas of the country, we will exert every effort to develop its natural resources to become a vast playground attracting tourists the year around.

The manufacturing of chemicals and their by-products along with the mining of our minerals shall continue to be our main industry. This development will continue to grow along the valleys of our three main rivers, the Ohio, Kanawha and Monongahela.

Because of our geographic makeup and the assessability of thousand and thousand of miles of vast mountains and woodlands, the development of recreational facilities is the next natural step to take.

I believe our population will increase, although certain areas will continue to decline as the production of its mineral resources becomes more mechanized and they are depleted.

By D. H. Davis, President

Mountaineer Coal Company

The myriad changes that have taken place in the coal industry during the past 100 years point quite clearly to what we may expect during the next century.

First, we must recognize the fact that energy requirements have been doubling every 10 years. This trend is likely to continue for some time.

Next, we must recognize that coal is our most abundant source of energy. The known reserves of crude oil within the United States are limited, and vast amounts of this fossil fuel must be imported from foreign countries to supply the local demand. Natural gas, too, is in limited supply when compared with coal reserves. Here, again, it is necessary for massive amounts of fuel to be imported from Canada via long-distance pipelines. Atomic energy does pose a threat to the coal energy market, but our citizenry is now being informed of the great potential danger of atomic power plants. No less an authority than David E. Lilienthal, former chairman of AEC, said recently, "Moreover, the waste materials from atomic power plants —the atomic ashes, so to speak—are furiously radioactive. After all these years no entirely satisfactory technical way has been found to treat them so they will be safe, or even for their safe transportation from power plants to underground storage. The underground storage of these deadly and massive wastes continues to constitute a potential source of danger to the population. . . ."

Coal, however, is a safe and plentiful fuel. In Marion County alone, there are nearly a billion tons of coal reserves. Even at an accelerated rate of mining, these reserves would last far into the next century.

Research into new uses for coal, which was almost totally lacking during the past 100 years, will be continued with mounting intensity as new discoveries are made during the period ahead. Gasoline and chemical compounds are distinct possibilities for increasing the use of coal.

Mining methods, marketing and transportation methods will be greatly improved in the years ahead. Even coal's natural solid state may be altered by liquefaction or gasification, the latter possibly in place. We in the coal industry have confidence that coal will continue to be a valuable and economical source of energy.

By Chris Gore
Commercial Manager
C & P Telephone Co. in Fairmont

There is every reason to believe, according to my crystal ball, that West Virginia will show substantial economic progress in the next hundred years. Over and above industrial growth and other factors affecting economic progress additional impetus will undoubtedly be added by governmental assistance in the form of expanded road programs, State and Federal Parks, and recreational improvements which will encourage private investment in motels, restaurants, gasoline stations, etc., to lure out-of-state visitors and induce West Virginians to vacation in their own state. Such a program of development, I feel, can and will be realized. The net inflow of tourism is likely to increase because (a) the population of other states is increasing while that of West Virginia is declining, (b) tourism and recreational activities are growing rapidly—more rapidly than personal income—and (c) West Virginia is a sparsely populated area, well suited for such activities.

Palatine Park is a Long Awaited Clean-Up Project

by

Mrs. James B. Clinton and
Mrs. Philip Johnson

Fairmont's beautiful Palatine Park is a dream, at long last, come true. The former Water Street slum district, bordering the east bank of the Monongahela river, with its disgraceful, unsightly buildings, a spot notorious for crime, has been transformed into an area of beauty. And so, civic pride replaces shame.

It was through funds raised by an eight hundred thousand dollar revenue bond issue that the City Board of Directors cleared the approximately four-acre tract, constructed Everest Drive, named for Lt. Colonel Frank K. Everest, Jr., and rebuilt the Low Level bridge. This project was completed in 1957 and the bond issue is being paid off by tolls from the rejuvenated bridge.

When the need for developing and landscaping the proposed City Park arose, it was most logical for the Directors to solicit aid from the recently-formed Women's Division of the Greater Fairmont Development Association which had for its aim the promotion of social, civic, cultural and economic interests of Fairmont and surrounding territories.

Mrs. David Carson, then President of the Women's Division, named Mrs. E. L. Manigault and Mrs. Philip Johnson, Board members and ardent gardeners, as Co-Chairmen of the project to work in cooperation with the City Fathers.

With equipment specially purchased, the city assumed responsibility for grading, fertilizing and seeding the entire plot in preparation for planting. Water lines were laid and electric conduits installed.

In the interim, the Co-Chairmen, recognizing the importance of a master plan for development, consulted with landscape architects in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. Finally, in 1958, the plan submitted by Mr. Frank C. Harris of Bridgeport, West Virginia, was approved by the Women's Division and the City Board and accepted as the best adapted to the unusual topography of the area, as well as incorporating the features envisioned by the Co-Chairmen as vitally necessary for the lasting beauty and utilitarian value of the Park.

A public appeal for funds to further the project met with gratifying response. Many contributions were made for special plantings in memory of loved ones, their names to be inscribed on a bronze plaque permanently located in the Park.

In the spring of 1959, John Dieckmann & Sons of Wheeling, under contract, planted the area according to specifications. An avenue of white dogwood extends along beautiful Everest Drive forming a background for the masses of flowering shrubs covering the slopes dropping down into the main tract. Evergreens and flowering trees are placed along the river banks and at various vantage points throughout the Park.

Two artistically curved tiers of concrete steps provide the main entrance, leading through an elliptical grouping of low-growing junipers to an Overlook extending out over the Monongahela river. Winding walks and effective lighting are salient features of the plan.

At the north end, a semi-circle of Douglas firs frames a huge community Christmas tree which, when lighted, spreads a message of cheer to all Fairmont at holiday time. And located near the south end of the Park is a beautiful fountain, one of the outstanding features of the over-all design.

As the work progressed, public interest and enthusiasm has grown. This has been evidenced by the generous contributions of trees, shrubbery, bulbs and flowering plants donated by corporations, business firms, organizations, garden clubs and interested individuals. The men at the toll house have planted and maintained gay borders of annuals near the bridge and have rendered invaluable service in keeping a watchful eye on the Park. From a small nucleus, the Park has developed into a communtiy project.

The colorful fountain, the generous gift of the Business and Professional Women's Club, represents a great expenditure of money, time and effort. Miss Mary Hamilton, a past president of the Women's Division and Mrs. Ann Haney, a Board member, both active in the Business and Professional Women's Club, inspired the project and acted as Co-Chairmen. The entire club has worked zealously as a unit to see the fountain realized. Funds were raised by sponsoring a concert, rummage and candy sales and by individual donations. When the lighted fountain plays at night it will present a spectacle of rare beauty.

The construction of the spacious Overlook designed to meet Fairmont's great and long-felt need of a prominent place to stage band concerts, pageants and public celebrations, became the project and contribution of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Initial funds to defray the cost were raised from the Miss Fairmont Beauty Pageant and various other projects. Substantially built of brick and concrete, it has proved an expensive venture even though much material was donated. But the Jaycees, with their usual zest, met the challenge and performed most of the hard labor themselves.

Because of its historical significance, Palatine Park was the name selected by popular vote for this beautifully reclaimed area. The establishment of a City Park Commission to meet the future needs of Palatine Park and other areas which may be developed later, is in the planning stage. Members of the Park Committee of the Women's Division serving with the Co-Chairmen are Mrs. James B. Clinton, Mrs. Frank K. Everest, Miss Mary Hamilton, Mrs. Ann Haney and Mrs. Earl Thompson.

On Sunday afternoon, May 26, 1963, Palatine Park was formally dedicated and opened to the public. For this occasion, music was furnished by the combined East and West Side High School Bands, colorfully lined up on the new Overlook. The lovely fountain was presented to the City of Fairmont and put into operation, for the first time, in an impressive ceremony. It seems noteworthy that Palatine Park has attained reality just when the State of West Virginia is celebrating its Centennial.

The beauty and utilitarian value of the Park will prove their worth for public use for the first time when the famed American Wind Symphony of Pittsburgh, sponsored by the Junior League of Fairmont, Inc., presents a series of concerts from June 1-8 as one of Fairmont's Centennial contributions.

Picture, if you will, the over-all glamourous setting! Assembled on a barge, swaying gently on the Monongahela river, the orchestra, inspired by the brilliant lighting, spraying fountain and generally beautiful outdoor auditorium, will play to the enraptured audience gathered along the river and in the Park.

'Tis then that our Community will feel a real surge of civic pride.

Water Street (above) and Palatine Park (below)

BOOTHSVILLE

The Town That Was Left Behind

By Elinor W. Carroll

Boothsville, the town that was left behind, was once one of the major industrial and commercial centers of Marion County. A complete and thriving community a hundred years ago, progress passed it by when rail and river transportation favored other towns of the county. Today it is a quiet village on Route 73, quickly passed by motorists who are unaware of its former glories.

Lying on the meanders of Booth's Creek where Marion County adjoins Harrison and Taylor Counties, it was laid out early in the Nineteenth Century by Robert Reed, a forceful character who came here as a young man from Haydentown, near Smithfield in Pennsylvania. The founder of Boothsville was the son of Hugh Reed, a tailor, and his wife, Mary Somers. He had learned the tanners' trade from his grandfather, Joseph Reed, and he set up a tannery here. A man of great executive ability, he was also the new town's postmaster.

Robert Reed built a beautiful house with a fine mantel and elegant stairway. He next built a tavern, which he operated in addition to his tannery. By his first wife, Sarah Ann Winter of Bridgeport, he had two children, Olive Mandeville, who married Benjamin Carroll Bartlett, and Bolivar, who married Jennice Johnson. By his second wife, Malinda Riggs, he had four children, Virginia, who married Furman Harr; Minerva, who married Frank Holt; Lewis, a bachelor; and Caroline, who married Seymour Harr. From them descend innumerable Marion County residents.

In 1825 Robert Reed was joined by his young nephew, Joseph Reed (1818-1909), son of his brother Rezin, who was sent to his uncle to learn the tanning trade. The Pennsylvania school this youngster had attended was once visited by the Marquis de Lafayette, who shook hands with all of the pupils, telling them: "This will not mean anything to you now, but it will some day." Many today can recall "shaking the hand that had lain in the hand of Lafayette."

When ten or twelve years old Joseph Reed carried the mail between Uniontown and Clarksburg. Later he went to Ohio, then back to Fayette County, but returned to Boothsville and rented his uncle's tannery, which he later bought. He also engaged in the mercantile business. One of his ventures was the purchase of a large tract of timber, which he cut and took downriver in rafts to points as far distant as St. Louis, Missouri.

Joseph Reed married Minerva Lowe and they were the parents of eleven children: Cincinatus, who died at the age of fourteen; Robert Lowe Reed, a merchant-trader, (father of Attorney Robert Sydney Reed of Fairmont) who married first, Belle Dean, and second, Eva Briscoe; Mary Ellen, who married George F. Clelland; James Rezin, who moved to Spokane, Washington; Eliza Adaline; Cephas, a farmer-trader, who married Clarissa Nixon; Malinda Ann, who married C. H. Meredith, parents of the late E. E. Meredith, local newspaperman and historian; Almira, who married first John Wilson and second, James B. Elliott; Arthur, a trader, who married Nelia Taylor; Clara, who married D. Price Smith; and Joseph, a school teacher, who married Anna Carter.

But many other families besides those of the Reeds lived in Boothsville in its heyday, and many glamorous figures settled there. There was the poor but aristocratic widow who lived alone beyond the Hall graveyard. She placed dough masks on her face to keep her skin soft. Her only source of income was the stockings which she knitted. Some of these she took to the store and traded for yard lengths of narrow black silk, from which she made a Sunday dress when she had enough.

Then there was the man of mystery, who came to Boothsville and married a local girl. He never revealed his origin. They had three aristocratic daughters, one of whom taught the town's subscription school. Two of the daughters went to Philadelphia and became noted artists.

Fred Martin Torrey, the noted Chicago sculptor, was also a Boothsville boy. His father was a shoemaker there, before moving to Fairmont. Among the other shoemakers of the town were Harry Kendall and Ed Bartlett.

Boothsville at its height boasted two cabinet makers, the Davies; a wagon maker, Mr. Gaskins; Mr. Russell, the gunsmith; a watchmaker; and a hatter. There were two millinery stores and three dressmakers. The blacksmiths were Enoch Snider, Mr. Ribbitts, Mr. Barracks and Bill and John Wilson. Flour was ground in either of two mills which operated with big water wheels. One, owned by the grandfather of Judge Harry E. Watkins, burned one night and caused a great sensation.

The tannery continued to be one of the main establishments. Twenty great vats of oak ooze were laid out in orderly rows, with tanbark walks between them. Here the skins were soaked and scraped by Joseph Reed, who went around his work wearing a leather apron.

The tavern built by Robert Reed was enlarged into a hotel with an annex. Guests were largely drummers, including bow-legged Mr. Cruikshank. About the year 1880 the lower room of the annex was used as a court of justice for a trial involving John Martin, half-Indian, whose family created a stir by attending without hats.

Churches, denominations and politics were important in old Boothsville. The Baptist Church was considered the aristocratic one. It had a cupola, a fenced hitching lot and racks for light buggy robes. There were the Southern Methodists and the "Old Side" Methodists. In the latter church the men sat on one side and the women on the other, with long seats at the back for mixed families. This church had two stoves and an organ.

Boothsville had three big stores during its most active period. Every fall and spring the storekeepers went to Baltimore to buy goods wholesale. At first they brought their wares back by wagons, but later the merchandise came by rail to Bridgeport. Once, more than a hundred years ago, Benjamin Carroll Bartlett, one of the early merchants, brought back two seamless sheets, then a novelty. His wife, Olive, made them into quilts, as a seamless sheet was too wonderful not to be seen. Her exquisite quilting of the marvelous sheet is preserved today.

The people of the countryside were well-to-do and good customers of the stores. It was a great thing to go down and see the newly arrived goods, whether or not one wanted to buy. Calicoes, percales and ginghams would be on dis-

☞ Recent Aerial Photo of Fairmont by J. Dale Stewart, Monongahela Power Company.

BOOTHSVILLE

play. On a long pole across the store hung elaborate quilted petticoats. One still remembered was quilted up for the width of a foot, and on it was chain-stitched an applique of dark blue velvet oak leaves. On another pole were gaily colored scarves for both men and women, considered excellent for giving at Christmas. Fine handkerchiefs could also be bought. One still in existence was white silk with a pale blue border and a brocade of the U. S. Capitol in its center. Still another pole carried carpet chain in many colors, as every woman of the country side made her own rag carpets.

The largest of the stores in Boothsville ninety years ago was the "Red Store" kept by Mr. Lowe and C. E. Bartlett. It handled practically everything: molasses, wagons, sewing machines, pianos, Disston saws and hardware and Ferry seeds for the whole countryside, The Red Store had a special room for boots and shoes. Another flourishing store was that of Elias Martin.

Perhaps the most famous of the establishments was that kept by jolly Bob Reed. He was a corpulent, red-cheeked man with a square-cut beard and his deals were legendary. Once he bought up a great number of sample boots, all for the left foot, at a very low price. He tied them up in pairs and sold them for twenty cents. Purchasers then took them to one of the town's shoemakers, to have the sole of one shoe reversed, which resulted in a usuable pair of shoes. Bob Reed also bought flood-damaged goods at Wheeling and made a good profit on his sale. After the Civil War he bought up a lot of swords and sold them to farmers of the neighborhood to use in harvesting corn. Bob Reed was ready for a laugh and maintained his good humor in all his deals. His unorthodox methods paid off handsomely.

Lake's 1886 Atlas of Marion and Monongalia Counties shows Boothsville to have had approximately seventy-five buildings at that time, lining both sides of the Morgantown and Bridgeport Turnpike. Dr. D. C. Coplin and Dr. J. C. Barnes had their residences there. Other names, in addition to those already mentioned, included Nixon, Burnett, Henry, Bunner, Smith, Lambert, Hartley, Coon, Crim and Constable. Boothsville may have dwindled from its former position of eminence in Marion County, but descendents of those early residents may well be proud to have had their roots in the town of Boothsville.

A PREDICTION

By Mrs. Brooks Fleming Jr.

GREEN HILLS GARDEN CLUB

Let us gaze into the crystal ball of the Future, search for images reflected there, and discuss briefly the changes which are surely to come to Fairmont with the passage of one hundred years.

Pessimists may prophesy doom: Men from Mars or some other planet may annililate us; pestilence, disease or some natural catastrophe may destroy us, or the dreaded Atom Bomb may extinguish all life as we know it. These dark shadows are on the opposite side of our crystal ball so we ignore them and look on the brighter side.

Conservation in its every aspect will, in those far-away days, truly be "everybody's business." Human conservation will then, as now, be of the greatest concern for it affects the youth of each community and the future of every community.

Education will be broadened and specialized. This being a shrinking world, languages will be taught from early years. Selected groups will go on to higher education in the professions; in the humanities, in the arts and in scientific fields. Trade schools will assume greater importance and will bridge a void in the educational systems of most cities, as they exist today. Character building organizations and courses of religious instruction will be emphasized in order to strengthen and develop leadership qualities. There will be an equality of opportunity for all, based on intellect and skills. It will be of vital importance that educational institutions adequately meet the needs of the times with due emphasis on ethics, culture and learning. Students now spend one fourth of their waking hours in schools. Institutions of learning will be surrounded by attractively designed grounds.

Since we already spend much of our leisure time out of doors it is logical to assume that homes and home grounds will be planned with this in mind. Terraced gardens and out-door living areas may be cut out of our steep and rocky slopes and will lend interest to the natural contour of the land.

Private and public grounds and the streets of Fairmont, will be properly landscaped for year-around enjoyment, with billowing blossoms in the spring, brilliant foliage in the fall, graceful bare trunks and branches outlined against the sky in winter. Native plant material will be used profusely. Local garden club members have taken the lead. Interested citizens have cooperated in an effort to improve the physical appearance of our city, as well as to encourage the estiblishment of more play grounds, parks and recreational facilities. Many more of these will be required as man's working hours decrease. A Central Planning Board will be in existence. All members, including public spirited women, will have some knowledge of art and city planning. This Board will approve all major changes in the appearance of our town and its suburbs.

Fairmonters in another century will have even greater pride in their city and in their state. The splendor of our encircling hills, now disfigured in many places by the scars of strip mining, will have been restored and all open spaces will be improved and jealously guarded. In order to make travel to our town more attractive, super-highways will be planned along scenic routes, to supercede monotonous speedways. Unsightly roadside litter and junk yards will have disappeared, as a result of the enforcement of even stricter state laws. Outdoor advertising will be orderly, controlled and restricted to areas where necessary for commerce, education, or the instruction of the travelling public, but never, never, never to obstruct views of the countryside. Steep, raw roadside slopes will be graded to prevent erosion, then planted with trees, shrubs and vines selected for hardiness and minimum care.

Our town has long been recognized for the dedicated service of its volunteer workers in religious, community and welfare programs. This service will be increased as time goes on. Volunteers will stand strong and ready in any need of emergency.

We look hopefully and with faith to the future of Fairmont. We strengthen our spiritual and moral values, realizing that, for a time, we are conservators of the good things of the earth for those who come after us.

Carlyle wrote this appropriate passage: "Nothing that was worthy in the Past departs, no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies or can die, but lives on and works through endless changes."

MARION COUNTY COAL PRODUCTION

Year	No. of Mines	No. of Men Employed	Tons Produced	Mine Production Ranking In State	County Prod. Rank In State
1890.........	Not available	Not available	455,728	Not available	6
1895..........	"	"	1,342,136	"	3
1900..........	"	"	3,277,016	"	3
1905..........	"	"	3,642,239	"	3
1910..........	"	"	4,715,897	"	4
1915..........	"	"	6,707,544	"	4
1920..........	56	6,033	5,474,382	Federal #1 Third	4
1925..........	39	5,956	7,142,006	Federal #1 Thirtieth	9
1930..........	25	5,826	7,455,845	Federal #1 First	5
1935..........	17	6,959	6,863,500	Federal #1 First	5
1940..........	14	5,487	9,039,387	Federal #1 Second	5
1945..........	24	5,170	9,613,771	Federal #1 Barrackville #41 First	7
1950..........	22	5,239	8,615,855	Federal #1 First	8
1955..........	18	3,691	9,049,976	Ida May #44 Second	4
1960..........	17	2,753	9,047,433	Federal #1 Sixth	5
1962..........	16	2,391	9,139,383	Federal #1 Fifth	5

Year of Most Production — 1941 — 11,966,427 Tons

Year Most Men Employed — 1937 — 7,178 Men
(since records available)

Data Compiled by:
Northern W. Va. Coal Association, Fairmont, W. Va. from Annual Reports of W. Va. Dept of Mines and other sources

6-11-63 by John Lucas

FAIRMONT'S POPULATION

From Records

1828 — 12 families.
1838 — 16 families.
1843 — 18 families.
1845 — 70 dwellings and five stores.

Census

1850 — 683
1860 — 704
1870 — 621
1880 — 900
1890 — 1,023
1900 — 5,665
1910 — 9,711
1920 — 17,851
1930 — 23,159
1940 — 23,097
1950 — 29,346
1960 — 27,477

Marion County

1880 — 17,198
1890 — 20,721
1900 — 32,430
1910 — 42,794
1920 — 54,571
1930 — 66,655
1940 — 68,683
1950 — 71,521
1960 — 63,717

WHICH MARION?

There are Marion counties in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin as well as in West Virginia.

There are cities named Marion in Ohio, Indiana, Kansas and Iowa and Point Marion in Pennsylvania. There are villages of that name in Georgia, Illinois, Kansas, Mississippi and Texas.

There are townships named Marion in Arkansas, Illinois (2), Indiana (10), Iowa (4), Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Ohio (11), Pennsylvania (4) and Wisconsin (3).

There are post villages named Marion in Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, North Carolina, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia.

Indianapolis is located in Marion county Indiana.

1863

1963

1455